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AMERICANISM

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHENEVER we stand in need of intricate knowledge, balanced judgment, or delicate analysis, it is our comfortable habit to question our neighbors. They may be no wiser and no better informed than we are; but a collective opinion has its value, or at least its satisfying qualities. For one thing, there is so much of it. For another, it seldom lacks variety. Last year the *American Journal of Sociology* asked two hundred and fifty 'representative' men and women 'upon what ideals, policies, programmes, or specific purposes should Americans place most stress in the immediate future,' and published the answers that were returned in a Symposium entitled, 'What is Americanism?' The candid reader, following this symposium, received much counsel but little enlightenment. There were some good practical suggestions; but nowhere any cohesion, nowhere any sense of solidarity, nowhere any concern for national honor or authority.

It was perhaps to be expected that Mr. Burghardt Du Bois's conception of true Americanism would be the abolishment of the color line, and that Mr. Eugene Debs would see salvation in the sweeping away of 'privately owned industries, and production

for individual profit.' These answers might have been foreseen when the questions were asked. But it was disconcerting to find that all, or almost all, of the 'representative' citizens represented one line of civic policy, or civic reform, and refused to look beyond it. The prohibitionist discerned Americanism in prohibition, the equal suffragist in votes for women, the biologist in applied science, the physician in the extirpation of microbes, the philanthropist in playgrounds, the sociologist in eugenism and old-age pensions, and the manufacturer in the revision of taxes. It was refreshing when an author unexpectedly demanded the extinction of inherited capital. Authorship seldom concerns itself with anything so inconceivably remote.

The quality of miscellaneousness is least serviceable when we leave the world of affairs, and seek admission into the world of ideals. There must be an interpretation of Americanism which will express for all of us a patriotism at once practical and emotional, an understanding of our place in the world and of the work we are best fitted to do in it, a sentiment which we can hold — as we hold nothing else — in common, and which will be forever remote from personal solicitude and resentment. Those of us whose memories stretch

back over a half a century recall too plainly a certain uneasiness which for years pervaded American politics and American letters, which made us unduly apprehensive, and, as a consequence, unduly sensitive and arrogant. It found expression in Mr. William Cullen Bryant's well-known poem, 'America,' made familiar to my generation by school readers and manuals of elocution, and impressed by frequent recitations upon our memories.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

There are eight verses, and four of them repeat Mr. Bryant's conviction that the nations of Europe united in envying and insulting us. To be hated because we were young, and strong, and good, and beautiful seemed, to my childish heart, a noble fate; and when a closer acquaintance with history dispelled this pleasant illusion, I parted from it with regret. France was our ally in the Revolutionary War. Russia was friendly in the Civil War. England was friendly in the Spanish War. If the repudiation of state debts left a bad taste in the mouths of foreign investors, they might be pardoned for making a wry face. Most of them were subsequently paid; but the phrase 'American revoke' dates from the period of suspense. By the time we celebrated our hundredth birthday with a world's fair, we were on very easy terms with our neighbors. Far from taunting us with shameful words, our 'haughty peers' showed on this memorable occasion unanimous good temper and good will; and *Punch's* congratulatory verses were among the most pleasant birthday letters we received.

The expansion of national life, fed by the great emotions of the Civil War,

and revealed to the world by the Centennial Exhibition, found expression in education, art, and letters. Then it was that Americanism took a new and disconcerting turn. Pleased with our progress, stunned by finding that we had poets, and painters, and novelists, and magazines, and a history, all of our own, we began to say, and say very loudly, that we had no need of the poets, and painters, and novelists, and magazines, and histories of other lands. Our attitude was not unlike that of George Borrow, who, annoyed by the potency of Italian art, adjured Englishmen to stay at home and contemplate the greatness of England. England, he said, had pictures of her own. She had her own 'minstrel strain.' She had all her sons could ask for. 'England against the world.'

In the same exclusive spirit, American school boards proposed that American school-children should begin the study of history with the colonization of America, ignoring the trivial episodes which preceded this great event. Patriotic protectionists heaped duties on foreign art, and bade us buy American pictures. Enthusiastic editors confided to us that 'the world has never known such storehouses of well-selected mental food as are furnished by our American magazines.' Complacent critics rejoiced that American poets did not sing like Tennyson, 'nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth'; but that, as became a new race of men, they 'reverberated a synthesis of all the poetic minds of the century.' Finally, American novelists assured us that in their hands the art of fiction had grown so fine and rare that we could no longer stand the 'mannerisms' of Dickens, or the 'confidential attitude' of Thackeray. We had scaled the empyrean heights.

There is a brief paragraph in Mr. Thayer's *Life and Letters of John*

Hay, which vividly recalls this peculiar phase of Americanism. Mr. Hay writes to Mr. Howells in 1882: 'The worst thing in our time about American taste is the way it treats James. I believe he would not be read in America at all if it were not for his European vogue. If he lived in Cambridge he could write what he likes, but because he finds London more agreeable, he is the prey of all the patriotisms. Of all vices, I hold patriotism the worst, when it meddles with matters of taste.'

So far had American patriotism encroached upon matters of taste, that by 1892 there was a critical embargo placed upon foreign literature. 'Every nation,' we were told, 'ought to supply its own second-rate books,' — like domestic sheeting and gingham. An acquaintance with English authors was held to be a misdemeanor. Why quote Mr. Matthew Arnold, when you might quote Mr. Lowell? Why write about Becky Sharp, when you might write about Hester Prynne? Why laugh over Dickens, when you might laugh over Mark Twain? Why eat artichokes, when you might eat corn? American school-boys, we were told, must be guarded from the feudalism of Scott. American speech must be guarded from the 'insularities' of England's English. 'That failure in good sense which comes from too warm a self-satisfaction' (Mr. Arnold does sometimes say a thing very well) robbed us for years of mental poise, of adjusted standards, of an unencumbered outlook upon life.

II

It is strange to glance back upon a day when we had so little to trouble us that we could vex our souls over feudalism and fiction; when — in the absence of serious problems — we could raise pronunciation or spelling into a national issue. Americanism has done with

trivialities, patriotism with matters of taste. Love for one's country is not a shallow sentiment, based upon self-esteem. It is a profound and primitive passion. It may lie dormant in our souls when all goes well. It may be thwarted and frustrated by the exigencies of party government. It may be dissevered from pride or pleasure. But it is part of ourselves, wholly beyond analysis, fed upon hope and fear, joy and sorrow, glory and shame. If, after the fashion of the world, we drowsed in our day of security, we have been rudely and permanently awakened. The shadow of mighty events has fallen across our path. We have witnessed a great national crime. We have beheld the utmost heights of heroism. And when we asked of what concern to us were this crime and this heroism, the answer came unexpectedly, and with blinding force. The sea was strewn with our dead, our honor was undermined by conspiracies, our factories were fired, our cargoes dynamited. We were a neutral nation at peace with the world. The attack made upon our industries and upon our good name was secret, malignant, and pitiless. It was organized warfare, without the courage and candor of war.

The unavowed enemy who strikes in the dark is hard to reach, but he is outside the pale of charity. There was something in the cold fury of Mr. Wilson's words, when, in his message to Congress, he denounced the traitors 'who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life,' which turned that unexpansive state-paper into a human document, and drove it straight to the human hearts of an injured and insulted people. Under the menace of disloyalty, Americanism has taken new form and substance; and the President's message, like the potter's wheel, is moulding this force into lines of strength and

resistance. We have seen all we want to see of 'frightfulness' in Europe, all we want to see of injustice, supported by violence. We are not prepared to welcome any scheme of terrorization in the interests of a foreign power, or any interference of a foreign power with our legitimate fields of industry. Such schemes and such interference constitute an inconceivable affront to the nation. Their stern and open disavowal is the shibboleth by which our elections may be purged of treachery, and our well-being confided to good citizenship.

Of all the countries in the world, we and we only have any need to create artificially the patriotism which is the birthright of other nations. Into the hearts of six millions of foreign-born men — less than half of them naturalized — we must infuse that quality of devotion which will make them place the good of the state above their personal good, and the safety of the state above their personal safety. It is like pumping oxygen into six million pairs of lungs for which the common air is not sufficiently stimulating. We must also keep a watchful eye upon these men's wives, — when they are so blessed, — and concentrate our supreme energy on uncounted millions of children, whose first step toward patriotism is the acquirement of a common tongue.

We are trying fitfully, but in good faith, to work this civic miracle. Americanization Day is but one expression of the nation-wide endeavor. When Cleveland invited all her citizens who had been naturalized within a twelve-month to assemble and receive a public welcome, to sit on a platform and be made much of, to listen to national songs and patriotic speeches, and to take home, every man, a flag and a seal of the city, she set a good example which will be widely followed. The

celebrations at Riverside, California, and New York City's Pageant of the Nations had in view the same admirable end. Sentiment is not a substitute for duty and discipline; but it has its uses and its field of efficacy. Such ceremonies perseveringly repeated for twenty years might work a change in the immigrant population of to-day, were we secure from the fresh millions that threaten us to-morrow. That the Fourth of July should be often selected for these rites is perhaps inevitable; it is a time when patriotism assumes a vivid and popular aspect; but Heaven forbid that we should rechristen Independence Day, Americanization Day! However ready we may be to welcome our new citizens, however confident we may be of their value to the Republic, we are not yet prepared to give them the place of honor hitherto held by the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The name which perpetuates the memory of that deed is a sacred name, and should be preserved no less sacredly than the national life which was then committed to our keeping.

It is no insult to the immigrant to say that he constitutes one of the perils of Americanism. How can it be otherwise? Assume that he is a law-abiding citizen, that he knows nothing of the conspiracies which have imperiled our safety, that he does not propose to use his vote in the interests of a foreign power, and that the field of hyphenated politics has no existence for him. For all these boons we are sufficiently grateful. But how far does he understand the responsibilities he assumes with the franchise? how far does he realize that he has become part of the machinery of the state? and how far can we depend upon him in our hour of need? He knows, or at least he has been told, that he may not return home to fight for his own country, if he seeks Amer-

ican citizenship. He must resist a natural and a noble impulse as the price of his coveted 'papers.' But will there spring in his heart a noble, though not very natural, impulse to fight for us if we call our sons to arms? Can we hope that his native intelligence, unshackled by any working knowledge of our language, will grasp our national policy and our national obligations; and that — free from conscription — he will voluntarily risk his life in behalf of a government for which he has no inheritance of fidelity?

We have opened our doors to unrestricted immigration, partly because capitalists want plenty of cheap labor, which is not a good reason; and partly because the immigrants want to come, which is not a sufficient reason. They also — despite the heart-rending conditions depicted by Miss Kellor in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January — want to stay. Those who return to the higher standards of Europe do not materially affect the situation. They stay, and either surmount their difficulties, or, succumbing to them, fill our asylums, hospitals, and almshouses. For many years, foreign economists must have looked with relief at the countless thousands of derelicts who were supported by the United States instead of by their own governments. But even the satisfaction we have thus afforded does not wholly justify our course. Is it worth our while to fill the air with clamor over eugenics and birth-control, to build barriers around a marriage license, and to dramatize impassioned pleas for sterility, when the birthrate of the Republic is nobody's concern? If the survival of the fittest means as much to the commonwealth as to the family, why should we fiddle over pathology while the nation burns?

Miss Kellor is not the only kind-hearted American who holds her countrymen to blame for the deficiencies of

the immigrant. Her point of view is a common one, and has some foundation in fact. She censures us even for his dirt, though if she had ever listened to the vitriolic comments of the police, she might revise her judgment on that score. 'Can't you *do* anything?' I once asked a disconsolate guardian of the peace, who stood on a fine hot day contemplating the forth-flung garbage of the Israelite. To which he made answer: 'Did ye iver thry to clane out a sthable wid a toothpick?' And as this had not been one of my life's endeavors, I offered no further comment. But Miss Kellor touches a vital truth when she says that Americans will never weld a mass of heterogeneous humanity into a nation, until they are able to say what they want that nation to be, and until they are prepared to follow a policy intelligently outlined. In other words, Americanism is not a medley of individual theories, partial philanthropies, and fluid sentiment. A consistent nationalism is essential to civic life, and we are not dispensed from achieving consistent nationalism by the difficulties in our way. No multiplication of difficulties makes an impossibility. Upon what props did the Venetians build the fairest city of the world?

III

We cannot in this country hope for the compelling devotion which has animated Germany; still less for the supreme moral and intellectual force which is the staying power of France. Mrs. Wharton has best described the intelligence with which Frenchmen translate their ideals into doctrine. They know for what they stand in the civilized world, and the first 'white heat of dedication' has hardened into steel-like endurance. To the simple emotions of men who are defending their homes from assault have been

added the emotions of men who are defending the world's noblest inheritance from degradation. 'It is the reasoned recognition of this peril which is making the most intelligent people in the world the most sublime.'

The problems of England are so closely akin to our own problems, and her perplexities are so closely akin to our own perplexities, that we should regard them with insight and with sympathy. We too must pause in every keen emergency to cajole, to persuade, to placate, to reconcile conflicting interests, to humor conflicting opinions, — termed by those who hold them, 'principles.' We too must forever bear in mind the political party which is in power, and the political party which waits to get into power; and we must pick our way as best we can by the cross-lights of their abiding hostility. We too must face and overcome the doughlike resistance of apathy. I have been told — though I refuse to believe it on hearsay — that British laborers have asked what difference it would make to them whether they worked for British or for German masters. It is quite true that British pacifists and British radicals have not only put this question, but have answered it; greatly to their own satisfaction, in American periodicals; but American periodicals are not mouthpieces of the British workmen. I make no doubt that if we were fighting for our lives, there would be found American pacifists and American radicals writing in British periodicals that no great harm would come to America if she submitted passively to invasion; and that whether their country's cause were right or wrong, the slaughter of her sons was a crime, and the wealth of her capitalists was a sufficient reason for refusing to do battle for her liberty. The painful certainty that we should never be free from the babbling of treason, any more than

England is free from it now, makes Americanism (the Americanism which means civic loyalty founded on civic intelligence) shine like a far-off star on a very dim horizon.

At present disloyalty founded upon ignorance meets with more attention than it deserves. Why, after all, should two thousand people assemble in New York to hear Miss Helen Keller say that, in the event of invasion, the American workman 'has nothing to lose but his chains'? He has his manhood to lose, and it should mean as much to him as to any millionaire in the land. What new and debilitating doctrine is this which holds that personal honor is the exclusive attribute of wealth, and that a laborer has no more business with it than has a dog! The fact that Miss Keller has overcome the heavy disabilities which nature placed in her path, lends interest to her person, but no weight to her opinions, which give evidence of having been adopted wholesale, and of having never filtered through any reasoning process of her own. It is always agreeable to hear her speak about good and simple things. When she said in Philadelphia that happiness does not lie in pleasure, and that, although she did not expect to be always pleased, she did expect to be always happy, by doing what she could to make those about her happy, we gave our hearty concurrence to sentiments so unexceptionable. It was the way we ourselves should have liked to feel, and we knew it was our own fault that we did not. But when in New York she adjured workingmen never to enter the United States army, and informed us that all we needed for adequate defense were shooting galleries 'within reach of every family,' so that we could all learn — like the old ladies in *Punch* — to fire a gun, there was something profoundly sad in words so ill-judged and so fatuous. It cannot be

a matter of no moment that, in the hour of our danger and indecision, thousands of people stand ready to applaud the disloyal utterances which should affront every honorable man or woman who hears them.

The *Yale Review* quotes the remark of a 'foreigner' that Americans are always saying, 'I don't care.' The phrase is popular and sounds disheartening; but if we spare ourselves concern over trivial things (if, for example, we were not excited or inflamed by Captain von Papen's calling us 'idiotic Yankees'), it does not follow that big issues leave us unmoved. If they did, if they ever should, the word Americanism might as well be obliterated from the language. The consistent nationalism for which it stands admits of no indifference. It is true that the possible peril of New York—as defenseless as a soft-shell crab, and as succulent—is not an ever-present care to San Francisco. It is true that San Francisco's deep anxiety over Japanese immigration and land-ownership was lightly treated by New York. And it is true that Denver, sitting in the safety zone, looks down from her lofty heights without any pressing solicitude about either of her sister cities. But just as the San Francisco earthquake wrung the heart of New York, so the first gun fired at New York would arm the citizens of San Francisco. Only it might then be too late.

The Christmas cartoon of Uncle Sam holding a package marked 'Peace and Prosperity,' and saying with a broad smile, 'Just what I wanted!' was complacent rather than comprehensive. We want peace and we want prosperity, but they are not all we want; partly because their permanency depends upon certain corollaries, and partly because we do not, any more than other men, live by bread alone. The things of the spirit are for us, even

as for heroic and suffering France, of vital worth and import. If we could say with certainty, 'All is gained but honor,' there are still some of us who would feel our blessings incomplete; but, as it chances, the contempt meted out to us has taken the palpable form of encroachment upon our common rights. Until we can protect our industries from assault and our citizens from butchery, until we can couple disavowal of past injuries with real assurance of safety in the future, peace limps, and prosperity is shadowed. With every fresh shock we have received, with every fresh sorrow we have endured, there has come to us more and more clearly the vision of a noble nationalism, purged of 'comfort-mongering,' and of perverted sentiment.

Cynical newspaper writers have begun to say that the best way to make Americans forget one injury is to inflict on them another. This is hardly a half-truth. The sinking of the *Ancona* did not obliterate from our minds the names of the *Falaba*, the *Gulflight*, the *Frye*, the *Hesperian*, the *Arabic*, and the *Lusitania*. Neither has the sinking of the *Persia* buried the *Ancona* in oblivion. And it is not simple humanity which has burned these names into the tablets of our memories. The loss of American lives through the savage torpedoing of liners and merchant ships might be doubled and trebled any summer day by the sinking of an excursion steamer, and we should soon forget. A country which reports eight thousand murders in a single year is not wont to be deeply stirred by the perils which beset our munition-workers. But when Americans have gone to their deaths through the violence of another government, or in the interests of another government, then the wrong done them is elevated to the importance of a national calamity, and redress becomes a national obligation. Because we do

not wearily reiterate this patent truth does not mean that we have forgotten it. If words could save, if words could heal, we should have no fear, or shame, or sorrow. Nothing is less worth while than to go on prattling about a consistent foreign policy. The cornerstone of civilization is man's dependence for protection on the state which he has reared for his own safety and support.

IV

The concern of Americans for America (I use the word to symbolize the United States) must be the deep and loyal sentiment which brooks no injustice and no insult. We have need of many things, but first and foremost of fidelity. It is a matter of pride and pleasure that some of our foreign-born citizens should excel in art and letters; that, under our tutelage, they should learn to design posters, model statuary, write poems, and make speeches. These things have their admitted place and value. The encouragement which is given them, the opportunities which are made for them, the praise which is lavished upon them, are proofs of our good-will, and of our genuine delight in fostering ability. But the real significance of the 'Americanization' movement, the summoning of conferences, the promoting of exhibitions, the bestowing of prizes, is the need we all feel of unification, the hope we all cherish that, through the influence of congenial work, immigrants and the children of immigrants will become one in spirit with the native-born. We could make shift to do without the posters and the symbolic statuary; we could read fewer poems and listen to fewer speeches; but we cannot possibly do without the loyalty which we have a right to demand, and which is needful to the safety of the Republic.

For the main thing to be borne in

mind is that Americanization does not mean only an increase of opportunity for the alien, an effort toward his permanent well-being. It means also service and sacrifice on his part. This is what citizenship entails, although voters and those who clamor for the vote seldom take into account such an inexorable truth. The process of assimilation must go deeper than the polling booth and the trade union can carry it. Democracy forever teases us with the contrast between its ideals and its realities, between its heroic possibilities and its sorry achievements. But it is our appointed road, and the stones over which we perpetually stumble deny us the drowsy perils of content. When we read Dr. Eliot's noble words in praise of free government and equal opportunities, we know that his amazing buoyancy does not imply ignorance of primaries, of party methods, and of graft. With these things he has been familiar all his life; but the creaking machinery of democracy has never dimmed his faith in its holiness. Remediable disorders, however grievous and deep-seated, afford us the comfort of hope, and the privilege of unending exertion.

To no one ignorant of history can the right of citizenship assume any real significance. In our country the ballot is so carelessly guarded, so shamefully misused, that it has become to some men a subject of derision, to many, an unconsidered trifle, to all, or almost all, an expression of personal opinion, which, at its best, reflects a popular newspaper, and, at its worst, stands for nothing less hurtful than stupidity. A recent contributor to the *Unpopular Review* reminds us soberly that, as the democratic state cannot rise above the level of its voters, and as nationality means for us merely the will of the people, it might not be amiss to guard the franchise with reasonable solicitude,

and to ask something more than unlimited ignorance and the absence of a criminal record as its price. If every man — alien or native-born — who casts his ballot could be made to know and to feel that 'all the political forces of his country were mainly occupied for a hundred years in making that act possible,' and that the United States is, and has always been, the nation of those 'who willed to be Americans,' citizenship might become for us what it was to Rome, what it is to France, — the interpretation of honor, the symbol of self-sacrifice.

A knowledge of history might also prove serviceable in enabling us to recognize our place and our responsibility among the nations of the world. No remoteness (geographical remoteness counts for little in the twentieth century) can sever our interests from the interests of Europe, or lift from our shoulders the burden of helping to sustain the collective rights of mankind. We know now that the menace of frightfulness has overshadowed us. We know that, however cautiously we picked our steps, we could not, and did not escape insult and injury. But even if we had saved our own skin, if we had suffered no destruction of property, and if none of our dead lay under the water, the freedom of Europe, the future of democracy, and the rights of man would be to us matters of concern.

It is true, moreover, that friendship

and alliance with those European states whose aspirations and ideals respond to our own aspirations and ideals are as consistent with Americanism as are friendship and alliance with the states of South America, which we are now engaged in loving. It is not from Bolivia, or Chile, or Venezuela, or the Argentina that we have drawn our best traditions, our law, language, literature, and art. We extend to these 'sister Republics' the arms of commercial affection; but they have no magic words like *Magna Charta* and *le Tiers État* to stir our souls an inch beyond self-profit. When we count up our assets, we must reckon heavily on the respect of those nations which we most respect, and whose good-will in the past is a guarantee of good-will in the future. It is worth our while, even from the standpoint of Americanism, to prove our fellowship with humanity, our care for other interests than our own. The civilization of the world is the business of all who live in the world. We cannot see it crashing down as it crashed in the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Ancona*, and content ourselves with asking how many Americans were drowned. Noble standards, and noble sympathies, and noble sorrows have their driving power, their practical utility. They have counted heavily in the destinies of nations. Carthage had commerce. Rome had ideals.

OUR DRIFTING CIVILIZATION

BY L. P. JACKS

I

LORD Bryce, in his Presidential Address to the British Academy, made the following remarks:—

‘Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. Mankind increases in volume, in accumulated knowledge, and in a comprehension of the forces of nature; but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions becomes more striking and more tragic. Enormous nations are concentrated under one government and its disasters affect the whole. A great modern state is like a gigantic vessel built without any watertight compartments, which, if it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock.’

The meaning these words convey to my mind is that the power of control which modern states possess over the course they are taking is inadequate to the immense forces which need direction, and to the magnitude of the issues involved. As states become more and more unmanageable, history becomes more and more of a drift—whither we know not.

If proof were wanting that civilization has really been caught in a drift, what more striking proof could be im-

agined than that presented by the present war? Looking at the origin of this war, not in the details of its causation but in the broad mass of all the forces, historical, political, economic, which have brought it to pass, I for one cannot resist the conclusion that it is the result of a drift. Every ship has had its steersman who may have done his best to keep a definite course, but the whole fleet has been caught by an invisible current which has swept it on to the final catastrophe.

And the war, of course, is only one instance. If we take the history of the last hundred years, and mark the important points of arrival reached by civilization during that period, we shall find the same conditions. At the end of each great interval of its progress, civilization has waked up with a kind of shock to find itself where it was. From moment to moment, from year to year even, the shock was not felt; but a generation has usually been enough to make civilization rub its eyes and stare about it in wonder. By the end of that time society was always where at the beginning it had not intended to be; and often where it would not have been had it known what was coming. Make your intervals long enough, and the image will rise before you of a sleepy traveler suddenly roused from his slumbers by a jolt of the carriage—which has possibly thrown him into the middle of the road—and calling out to gods and men to tell him where he is.

There is a vast literature at the pre-

sent day, — I am, alas, only too well acquainted with it, — a literature which threatens to choke our libraries and to cause all quarterly magazines to be published twice a week — a literature to which theologians, philosophers, playwrights, novelists, and sociologists make incessant contributions — which might be truthfully described as the literature of ‘Where are we?’ — or, to be strictly accurate, the literature of ‘Where the devil are we?’ In all this literature we encounter civilization as a drifter at the mercy of currents. Whether some conscious power other than the will of man regulates the course of the drift, is a question I do not here discuss. Enough that it does not appear to be regulated by the conscious will of man.

The war, I repeat, is only a last instance of the drift, — a most impressive instance indeed, which may end by giving civilization a jolt violent enough to wake the dead. If it be objected that the war cannot be set down entirely to drift because there were powerful parties in Europe who wanted war and schemed to bring it about, the answer is that though there were parties who wanted war, there was no party who wanted *this* war, such as it has turned out to be — not even the gentlemen who rule the roost at Potsdam. The war they wanted and schemed to bring about was a very different sort of war from this. Even they must feel a shock of surprise at finding the world where it now is. Indeed, I doubt if there are any people in Europe in this moment who are more conscious of the small control they have over the course of history than are the gentlemen who rule the roost at Potsdam.

II

In considering the unmanageableness of the modern state, we must give

attention to a point which is not actually mentioned by Lord Bryce, though it is implied in what he says. We must think, not only of the enormous *mass* of the state, as measured by the number of its people and the variety of its interests, but also of the equally enormous *momentum* with which it moves forward on its path. A force of control which would have been ample to arrest or deflect the movement of an ancient city-state, would be brushed aside and leave no visible effect in the tremendous onrush of a movement backed by the massed wills, passions, impulses, and habits of a hundred million men. It may be true, as St. James says, that the rudder of a great ship is always a very little thing. But there is a great difference between the rudder of a dreadnought and the rudder of a coracle. I admit that moral forces do not work by the quantitative scale; at the same time there is no denying that a moral force which could deflect a modern state, say from the path of industrial civilization, and set it going in the path of artistic civilization, would have to be of a very unusual kind. To stop or even to turn these tendencies aside is extremely difficult, not merely because the masses engaged are so stupendous, but also because of the incalculable force they have gathered during the long period they have been in motion.

It seems to me that these considerations give a new setting to the ancient question of democracy *versus* oligarchy.

At first sight we might suppose that the new setting is in favor of democracy. Between the enormous mass, volume, and momentum of a state containing sixty or a hundred million people, and an oligarchic power consisting of the wills of twenty or thirty men, the disparity is preposterous. But when we think of such a state under democratic control, the disparity seems to

vanish. Since the community is now self-governing, the masses to be guided and the guiding masses are roughly equal; and however big the community may grow, the controlling forces will grow in an equal proportion. Democratic states therefore can never be too big for their rulers, for the rulers and the ruled are now one.

But this simple formula, which underlies so much of the political reasoning of our time, is not supported by a study of the facts. This will soon convince us that only a very small part of the political forces of a democracy is available for the guidance of the total state, for what I will call 'mass-policy.' By far the greater part of those forces, often amounting to nearly the whole, is expended in sectional controversy within the state itself, in the conflict of rival interests and in the warfare of innumerable groups. It is the way of all democracies to become preoccupied with the adjustment of their internal balances, the result being that of the total political force available very little is left over for the work of imperial guidance — far less, in fact, than is sometimes found in oligarchic states. Adequate force for the guidance of the total mass may be there, but it is used up on other things. Much of it indeed is not strictly *used* at all, being simply nullified by mutual oppositions, and so may be struck out of the account so far as mass-policy is concerned.

This was distinctly the state of things in Great Britain before the war. How much of the immense political energies of the British democracy went into the guidance of the Empire as such? Singularly little; so little, in fact, that had there not been in the country an unacknowledged oligarchy which has done its best to look after these things, they would have been left to take their course. Another instance is afforded by the United States at the

present moment. The various currents of opinion in the American democracy regarding the war have canceled one another and produced a virtual equilibrium. The neutrality of the United States does not represent the massed wills of one hundred million citizens resolutely determined to be neutral. 'Neutralized' rather than 'neutral' would be the correct description of their attitude. It is the negative that remains after the mutual destruction of positives, the President being the interpreter of a state of rest brought about by the action of opposing forces. The state of rest, however, is only relative; for it is precisely when democratic communities are thus brought to an apparent standstill through the action of inner oppositions that they fall into the sweep of invisible world-currents, and drift into situations where they never wished or expected to find themselves. This also is the time when a Napoleon gets his chance, if the state happens to be one that breeds that kind of man. The capture of the entire political forces of a vast democracy by a single man would be an impossible feat if the forces in question were all acting together and concentrated on a single point. But what a Napoleon has to deal with is not the total force of the democracy, but only the feeble residuum which has been left over from the battlefield of internal controversy.

The whole matter, therefore, is one which deserves serious consideration by those who advocate democratic control of mass-policy. To secure effective guidance of the whole, we must first suppose that the democracy takes a real and intelligent interest in the question of its total movement, as well as in that of its internal balance, — a condition which is hardly characteristic of the immense democratic states of modern times; and, furthermore, we must suppose that the democracy, be-

ing so deeply interested, is of one heart and will in the matter. This second assumption is more perilous even than the first. The guiding force actually available for mass-policy is most commonly the will of a majority checked and held under restraint by the will of the minority — a very different thing from the combined will of the whole people.

These conditions, which are inherent in all forms of majority rule, may work well enough when the question is one of internal balance, but be wholly inadequate to meet the problems of mass movement, especially when the mass has the enormous bulk and momentum of a modern state. You can neither effectively make war, nor effectively keep the peace, by a majority of one. The almost inevitable result is a policy of 'watchful waiting,' which, strictly speaking, is not a policy at all, but only another name for yielding to the drift and observing where it takes you — or not observing, as the case may be.

The American democracy is by no means a solitary example of this. The truth is that all democracies tend to watch and wait upon the results of their mass-movements. The British public, as I have said before, has often done so, and might have settled down into a fixed habit of doing so, had it not waked up one morning to find itself in the midst of a world-war. Be that as it may, the war has served the purpose of showing us all once more that the interests of great states are fundamentally concerned with their mass-movements, and that no adjustment of their internal balance will render them secure, so long as the whole mass is adrift.

How democracy, which is essentially a theory of internal balance, can adapt itself to cover these greater issues, is one of the most challenging political

problems ever presented to the mind of man. Needless to say, the immense size of modern states has carried it far beyond the point at which it was left by Aristotle. Meanwhile we must guard ourselves against treating the problem as simpler than it really is.

III

The general question of the control exercised by states — or society — over the course of their history is far too vast and complicated to be discussed in the space at my disposal. I propose therefore to narrow the discussion within more manageable limits. I shall raise the question so far only as it affects two things, which are closely connected — the growth of *knowledge* and the growth of *wealth*.

First then as to the growth of knowledge. Here our question at once divides itself into two. How far is the knowledge we have gained, through the development of the sciences and the spread of education, the kind of knowledge man hoped and intended to gain when he set himself the task of finding out about this universe all he possibly could? Has the discovery corresponded, or approximately corresponded, to expectations? Or has humanity, in its search for knowledge, been like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to find his father's asses and found a kingdom? Or, again, have we set out to find a kingdom and found asses? Or, once more, are our actual discoveries to be described in terms intermediate between these extreme figures of speech? Or, lastly, did man set out simply to *find*, without any expectations at all regarding *what* he would find, or any questions as to whether it would be worth finding? That is the first half of the question. The second is: having made his discoveries, whatever they may have been, what degree

of control has man exercised as to the *uses* and *applications* which those discoveries might be made to serve?

Let us begin with the first. When we take the stages in the growth of knowledge one by one, we find that considerable control has *de facto* been exercised. Men have always asked themselves definite questions and sought definite answers. What is the distance of a given planet from the sun? What is the nature of the cholera bacillus? What is the economic value of free trade? In all these single cases men understood the question they were asking and the kind of answer that would satisfy them. But taking the larger sweeps in the march of mind, we look in vain for anything which can be said to have controlled their length, their direction, and their issue. When Malthus propounded his theory of population nobody foresaw or could foresee that this theory, germinating and fructifying in the mind of Darwin, would gradually lead on to *The Origin of Species* and the doctrine of biological evolution. When the Cobdenites propounded the doctrine of free trade, nobody foresaw or could foresee the immense number of economic questions which the application of free trade would provoke, or the quality or quantity of economic knowledge resulting from the attempt to answer them. Or, to take an example from another field, when Kant propounded his philosophy he was utterly in the dark with regard to the long series of philosophic reactions which would follow, some of them ending in doctrines which were clean opposite to his own, and which, had they been mentioned to him, he would have found staggering and incredible.

In fact, whenever we consider the growth of knowledge in broad sweeps and masses, we can hardly help being reminded of what Seeley said about the growth of the British Empire: 'It has

grown in a fit of absence of mind.' You cannot put your finger on any individual statesman, or on any individual generation of Britons, who may be said to have foreseen, or expected, still less to have consciously determined, that the British Empire should be exactly what it is to-day. Nor can you put your finger on any man of science, or on any philosopher, or on any school or group or series of such, who can be held responsible either for the range or the quality of the knowledge now possessed by the human mind. Similarly, if the question be raised of any new idea, doctrine, or discovery, 'What will this lead to in the way of further ideas, doctrines, or discoveries?' the answer must be, 'God alone knows'; or, if you don't believe in God, 'Nobody knows.'

Looking at the matter then, not piecemeal, — for then a different answer would be forthcoming, — but in this large, synthetic, comprehensive way, I think we are justified in saying that man has exercised no control, and been able to exercise none, over the growth of knowledge as a whole. The history of knowledge has been the history of an adventure. Man has embarked on the quest for knowledge without knowing to what issues it would lead. He has assumed, though perhaps with no very clear notion why he assumed it, that whatever knowledge might come his way would be worth having. All our educational efforts, all that we do to promote the march of mind, all the work in our laboratories, all the reflection in our studies, are based on that assumption — that tremendous assumption. As to its grounds I have now nothing to say, for the question would carry us down to the fundamental problems of life. Enough that the history of knowledge as a whole has been a surprise. And I do not see how it can ever be anything

else. The presence of controlling purpose which we detect when considering the details, is matched by an equally conspicuous absence of purpose — that is, of human purpose — when we consider the total growth or mass-movement, unless we introduce religious considerations which lie beyond the ambit of this paper.

I pause only to indicate, not to discuss, the consequences of this view. It will be granted that the course of human history is largely dependent on the growth of knowledge. The state of the world at any given moment, the events that are happening, and the character of those events, are always to be partly explained, and sometimes wholly explained, by the range and the quality of the knowledge there and then in the possession of man. We all know how a single scientific discovery might at any moment change the face of civilization and cause every statesman, economist, and social reformer to recast his problems. The present war, again, owes something of its magnitude, and many of its most characteristic features, both moral and physical, to knowledge which has been placed at the disposal of the belligerents by the positive sciences. Every great event indeed is unintelligible, and as time goes on becomes more and more unintelligible, until we read it with reference to the existing state of knowledge. What follows then is obvious. If man has no control over the total growth of knowledge, to that extent there must be an element of adventure in the general course of history.

IV

Having given a negative answer to the question whether man, up to date, has controlled the growth of knowledge, I now proceed to the sequel: has man, *de facto*, controlled the *uses* and

applications to which knowledge has been put?

Here the facts are much more confusing and difficult to bring to focus; and I am afraid I shall be driven to hacking my way through a multitude of distinctions, the full setting out of which would fill a volume. Only the broadest of them can be so much as mentioned.

In the first place we may note that knowledge gained by one set of persons, or by one generation, with a view to a certain application is often appropriated by another set of persons, or by a later generation, for an application quite different from that originally in view. For example, the nature of the cholera bacillus is investigated by a number of bacteriologists for no other purpose than the humane one of checking a fearful disease, and the discoveries are applied accordingly in the cause of sanitation. Later on, however, this same knowledge is made use of by somebody for poisoning wells in wartime. In like manner the nature of chlorine gas was, I believe, originally studied with a view to facilitating a process in manufacture. Had the investigators foreseen that their discoveries might be used later on for a peculiarly hideous form of warfare, I think it not improbable that some of them would have promptly smashed their apparatus and poured the contents of their phials down the sink. One is reminded of the warning which the Psalmist addresses to the man who heapeth up riches and knoweth not who will gather them. The Psalmist warns him that he walketh in a vain show — and we shall presently return to that warning in the concluding part of my paper. But might we not address the same warning to the man of science, or to a scientific age, which heapeth up knowledge and knoweth not who will apply it or to what purpose it will be applied?

Of course a great deal of scientific investigation has been undertaken with the avowed aim of inventing high explosives and other such means of making things uncomfortable for our neighbors, and is now being applied to the very purpose for which it was intended. But even here the want of control is manifest, if it be true, as I am told it is, that many of these devilish devices will ultimately be found of use in sanitation, in industry, in the arts, and in other means of promoting the Kingdom of Heaven. On the whole, however, we must admit that most of the scientific work of the century has been undertaken for what we may call good ends, and has been encouraged and supported by the public in the belief that it would be applied accordingly. To a large extent the public has been justified, and the scientists have been rewarded by seeing their work produce the very results that they hoped for — or even better results. And at the same time the unexpected by-products of science have been little less than amazing.

But when once more we look at the facts, not piecemeal, but in their totality; when we remember the long intervals, often amounting to the lifetime of one or two generations, which intervene between the birth of knowledge and its final applications; when we think of the distance and the difference which separate the users of knowledge from its discoverers, again it seems to me that, so far as the will of man is concerned, we are in the presence of a drift and not of an ordered course. The main illustration of this is to be found in those immense captures of knowledge made by the forces which promote war and carry it on — a fact of the most sinister significance. Of all the single applications made of the immense growths of knowledge since the birth of modern science, this is prob-

ably the most extensive, and, I might almost add, the most effective for its purpose. Whoever is responsible for this particular by-product, we may say with confidence that it is not the work of the lovers of knowledge — not the work of the discoverers of knowledge — not the work of those whose stake in knowledge is greatest and rights over it most indefeasible — not the work of those whose motto has been, 'Let knowledge grow from more to more.' It is not their work and it does not correspond with their intentions. It has been done, so to speak, behind their backs, while they were looking another way. From their point of view this is something more than a surprise or disappointment — it is a tragedy. Nor can we say that all this diversion of knowledge has been sanctioned by a *consensus humani generis*. I can think of no form of the common will which has definitely brought it to pass. The public has watched one bit of knowledge after another being captured for these ends without protesting against the capture; but the total result represents something which has not been willed by anybody, — not by any group of states, or by any single state, or by any party of assignable individuals within the state.

You may say that it has been done by militarists. But this again is true only when the process is considered piecemeal. It is true that the German militarists are responsible for the first use of chlorine gas as a means of poisoning and torturing thousands of men, and that they therefore have controlled that particular application. But if you think of the whole scientific apparatus of modern warfare, you will have before you an immense and undesigned monstrosity, which has come into being by small contributions, and which the militarists, now that they have it on their hands, hardly know what to

make of. As a whole it is not their doing. It is the result of a drift. And though there have always been people who held that war was the highest state of man, and were quite willing therefore that knowledge should become the handmaid of war, yet even they have never maintained that precisely this sort of war, on this scale, and with this stupendous equipment of destructive apparatus, was the highest state of man. War with bows and arrows and with armies not exceeding ten thousand men on either side would satisfy their thesis just as well as war which puts all knowledge under contribution to make its engines more destructive, and which sweeps men off the earth in millions.

Accumulations of knowledge are public property in a sense in which nothing else is. But they are subject to no effective public control. Every one, broadly speaking, has access to them; and every one, except within certain narrow limits, can make what use of them he will. He can invent new uses which are unaffected by the legislative restrictions upon the known uses up to date. Thus the applications are left to drift.

This appears to me the outstanding anomaly of civilization. For knowledge, as we all know, is the most deadly of weapons as well as the most useful of tools. What one nation gains for humanity by using knowledge as a tool another nation can always undo by using it as a weapon. The idea that the uses of wealth ought to be under public control has of course long been familiar. But few persons have paused to consider how the same argument might be applied to knowledge, which by its nature is public property already. Whatever good you might do — I am not sure myself that you would do much good — by putting wealth under public control, would be liable to be undone at any moment if you left knowledge at large. Controlled wealth and

uncontrolled knowledge are an utterly unworkable pair of horses. A single individual armed with superior knowledge may always show himself, and has often shown himself in the past, more than a match for all the laws, regulations, restrictions, social systems and what not, by which the state may try to control his dealings with wealth — or indeed with anything else.

I freely grant that we are now on the borderland of wild ideas, the happy hunting ground of the crank, the maker of abstractions, and the raiser of ghosts. But if we gaze steadily at the wilderness before us we shall presently become aware of certain definite questions which stand out amid the confusion like a few tall and scattered trees growing in the midst of an impenetrable jungle. One of the questions will be this: Is there vested in the race any kind of power which enables it, or might enable it, to control the application of knowledge? If there be such a force, the sooner it wakes up and gets to business the better for humanity. If there be no such power, if the passage from knowledge to application is essentially a drift, then one can only say that the future of civilization is extremely precarious, unless indeed there be some power other than ours which looks after us in matters where we seem so little able to look after ourselves.

To take but one example, no single discovery of modern times is more pregnant with results than that of the means of aerial navigation. But the possible results are of all kinds — some most attractive, others appalling. Must we just take them as they come? Or can we choose? We see what has happened already. Conceivably aircraft might have been used, at once, as a means of greatly increasing the security of human life. As a matter of fact they were at once seized upon for the opposite purpose. It looks as though

humanity had merely discovered a new and more effective means of committing suicide; and this or something like it would be the view taken by that excellent friend of sociologists in distress — the visitor from another planet. Are we to rest content with this kind of inadvertence? If so, the day may not be far distant when the further developments of aircraft will be such as to destroy the last vestige of security for civilized life. With such an instrument at their disposal the predatory instincts of men and nations, which are by no means dead, as current events are showing, will have a chance such as they never had in the darkest ages of savagery. 'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.' I need hardly point out that this saying applies to nations, and to governments, as well as to individuals. It is probably the best single explanation of the present war that could be found. Aircraft, at all events, are potentially a means either of good deeds or of ill. Has humanity no power of deciding for which class of deeds they shall be used? And aircraft, of course, are only one instance among thousands.

That I may not be accused of merely raising phantoms without indicating how they might be exorcised I will here make a practical suggestion; but I do so acutely conscious that I am on the borderland of wild ideas. Is it conceivable that civilized nations should come to an agreement absolutely prohibiting the use of aircraft as weapons of war? I make the suggestion, without committing myself to any view on the likelihood of permanent peace or its desirability. It may be that wars will recur from time to time. It may be that they are in some way necessary to the development of mankind. But even if this be true, it by no means follows that the kind of war we are now witnessing is bound to recur, or that this is the kind

of war most necessary to the development of mankind. It does not follow that the wars of the future must be ever more bloody and more destructive. It does not follow that the wars which do most good to human character are precisely those which are waged with the deadliest weapons — the wars in which a single man by pressing the button of a scientific machine can blow the souls out of ten thousand enemies whose faces he has never seen. I know the point is debatable, but certainly all that I have ever heard about the good moral effects of war would be as true or truer if war were still an affair of long knives, slings, tomahawks, catapults, battering rams, and single combats. However, I must content myself with the suggestion about aircraft;¹ and leaving to imagination the endless vista of possibilities that lie beyond, I pass to the concluding portion of my paper.

V

The facts and questions which confront us in the sphere of wealth merely repeat in another form the facts and questions already encountered in the sphere of knowledge. Just as man has deliberately set himself to the pursuit of knowledge, but has not controlled the total knowledge which has resulted, or its form, but has been taken by surprise in regard to both; so too we find that man, industrial man, having deliberately set himself to the pursuit of wealth, has presently found himself in possession of an amount of wealth, and of a kind of wealth, which he never contemplated or designed. Though I

¹ I have pressed this suggestion on several occasions, and have been told in reply that it is impracticable. But if civilized nations cannot agree about a small matter such as this, is it in the least likely that they can agree about those vastly greater questions involved in the proposal for a "League of Peace"? I continue therefore to press the point. — THE AUTHOR.

have read a great deal in the economists about the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, I have never found one of them who tried to conceive the amount of wealth which might have to be dealt with. They argue as if the amount made no difference to the argument. As an outsider I venture to think that it does make a great difference. A community whose annual income is reckoned at two thousand millions will find itself confronted with a vast number of political and economic problems which would not exist if the income were a tenth of that sum. To speak of one or two things only: the more wealth you have, the more danger you run from robbers both domestic and foreign; and the larger and stronger will be the box you require to keep your wealth secure. Again, the more wealth a nation has, the more suspicious it is apt to be about other nations nearly as rich as itself, and the more jealous about those which are somewhat richer. Once again, the more wealth a nation has, the more it wants, and the more determined it is to increase its store.

I ask the reader to save me the trouble of tiresome exposition by using his imagination. He will find that differences of amount make a vital difference to every group of questions before the economist; they bring new questions and change the form of old ones, especially when they are differences to be measured by thousands of millions. When national wealth acquires these stupendous proportions, forces and passions begin to work which were not there before. It follows that, if you lose control over the total amount, to that extent you lose control over the whole economic situation. And my point is that control has been lost, or rather it has never been possessed. No industrial community has ever made up its mind how rich it wished to be. Still

less has it asked whether, even if the limit were assigned, it has any power to compel arrest when the limit was reached.

No economist has, so far as I know, ever raised the question whether the process of producing wealth, if pressed beyond a certain point, might not turn out to be self-defeating. Industrial civilization has gone blindfold into the whole enterprise. If anybody could have told J. S. Mill in 1850 that two generations afterwards Europe would be financing a war to the tune of six thousand million pounds a year, — a sum which 'is as unrealizable by us as are the distances of the fixed stars,' — or if he could have been told that in 1915 Great Britain alone would be bearing taxation of nearly four hundred million annually, with the prospect of more to come, I venture to say that Mill would have found the statement as staggering and incredible as Kant would have found that vision of the after-effects of his philosophy which we imagined in the parallel field of knowledge. Could you have persuaded Mill of the truths of these figures, the effect upon him would have been profound. He would have walked over to see Carlyle with a yet whiter face than he had on the night when he came to confess the accidental burning of the first volume of *The French Revolution*. And Carlyle would have understood his terror; for he, along with Ruskin, saw the trouble ahead, and never doubted that industrial civilization was shooting the rapids and would soon find itself in the whirlpool.

'The Whirlpool.' That brings me to the final stage of the parallel between knowledge and wealth, which is, that just as civilization has lost control of the applications of knowledge, so too it has lost control of the applications of wealth. The facts are before our eyes. The accumulated wealth of industrial

civilization is at this moment being swept down into a bottomless gulf. That is the application, at the rate of six thousand millions per annum, of the wealth produced and distributed by the labors of uncounted multitudes of brains and hands. Is it the intended application? Or does it represent something which has been done behind the back of industrial man, which those who produced this wealth — or the great majority of them — never contemplated for a moment, and which, had they ever foreseen it as possible, would have thrown a wet blanket over the whole industrial enterprise of the modern world? It is the latter. What a tragic disillusion of the hopes, aspirations, and theories of those who have put their hands and brains, their intellectual and it may be also their moral endowments into the great industrial enterprise, to have to tell them at the end of their labors that what they were doing all this time was mainly to build up the commissariat of a world-war! Could there be a more conclusive instance of the want of control on the part of society over the application of its wealth? The words of the Psalmist which I have already quoted seem to me very true when taken as addressed to the industrial age from which we are emerging. 'He walketh in a vain show:

he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.' They were heaped up in the belief that they would make somebody happy. They have been gathered for the war.

I am aware that this paper raises a question without providing an answer. As the reader has already perceived, the statement of the question has been sufficiently difficult. I am not afraid to confess my ignorance in these matters; and though it is unseemly to infer other people's ignorance from one's own, I cannot help thinking that we all know less about these things than we are prone to imagine. In the present confused state of the world it may be that a confession of ignorance is the best contribution one can make to the progress of knowledge. Something will be gained if we can realize the questions before us. For aught any of us knows to the contrary, it may be in accordance with the plan of the world's history that the present age should end with a note of interrogation. For my own part I should be content to have it so, provided I could read clearly the terms of the question behind that portentous stop. With the question before us we should not be wholly in the dark. And the next age would have its work in providing the answer. These things are not beyond the wit of man.

THE SYRIAN CHRIST

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

JESUS CHRIST, the incarnation of the spirit of God, seer, teacher of the verities of the spiritual life, and preacher of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, is, in a higher sense, 'a man without a country.' As a prophet and a seer Jesus belongs to all races and all ages. Wherever the minds of men respond to simple truth, wherever the hearts of men thrill with pure love, wherever a temple of religion is dedicated to the worship of God and the service of man, there is Jesus' country and there are his friends. Therefore, in speaking of Jesus as the son of a certain country, I do not mean in the least to localize his Gospel, or to set bounds and limits to the flow of his spirit and the workings of his love.

Nor is it my aim in these papers to imitate the astute theologians by wrestling with the problem of Jesus' personality. To me the secret of personality, human and divine, is an impenetrable mystery. My more modest purpose in this writing is to remind the reader that, whatever else Jesus was, as regards his modes of thought and life and his method of teaching, he was a Syrian of the Syrians. According to authentic history Jesus never saw any other country than Palestine. There he was born; there he grew up to manhood, taught his Gospel, and died for it.

It is most natural, then, that Gospel truths should have come down to the succeeding generations — and to the nations of the West — cast in Oriental

moulds of thought, and intimately intermingled with the simple domestic and social habits of Syria. The gold of the Gospel carries with it the sand and dust of its original home.

From the foregoing, therefore, it may be seen that my reason for undertaking to throw fresh light on the life and teachings of Christ, and other portions of the Bible whose correct understanding depends on accurate knowledge of their original environment, is not any claim on my part to great learning or a profound insight into the spiritual mysteries of the Gospel. The real reason is rather an accident of birth. From the fact that I was born not far from where the Master was born, and brought up under almost the identical conditions under which he lived, I have an 'inside view' of the Bible which, by the nature of things, a Westerner cannot have. I know this, not from the study of the mutilated tablets of the archæologist and the antiquarian, precious as such discoveries are, but from the simple fact that as a sojourner in this Western world, whenever I open my Bible it reads like a letter from home.

Its unrestrained effusiveness of expression; its vivid, almost flashy and fantastic imagery; its naïve narrations; the rugged unstudied simplicity of its parables; its unconventional (and to the more modest West rather unseemly) portrayal of certain human relations; as well as its all-permeating spiritual mysticism, — so far as these qualities are concerned, the Bible might all have been written in my

primitive village home, on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon some thirty years ago.¹

You cannot study the life of a people successfully from the outside. You may by so doing succeed in discerning the few fundamental traits of character in their local colors, and in satisfying your curiosity with surface observations of the general modes of behavior; but the little things, the common things, those subtle connectives in the social vocabulary of a people, those agencies which are born and not made, and which give a race its rich distinctiveness, are bound to elude your grasp. Social life, like biological life, energizes from within, and from within it must be studied.

And it is those common things of Syrian life, so indissolubly interwoven with the spiritual truths of the Bible, which cause the Western readers of holy writ to stumble, and which rob those truths for them of much of their richness. By sheer force of genius, the aggressive, systematic Anglo-Saxon mind seeks to press into logical unity and creedal uniformity those undesigned, artless, and most natural manifestations of Oriental life, in order to 'understand the scriptures.'

'Yet show I unto you a more excellent way,' by personally conducting you into the inner chambers of Syrian life, and showing you, if I can, how simple it is for a humble fellow countryman of Christ to understand those so-

¹ I do not mean to assert or even to imply that the Western world has never succeeded in knowing the mind of Christ. Such an assertion would do violent injustice, not only to the Occidental mind, but to the Gospel itself as well, by making it an enigma, utterly foreign to the native spirituality of the majority of mankind. But what I have learned from intimate associations with the Western mind, during almost a score of years in the American pulpit, is that, with the exception of the few specialists, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a people to understand fully a literature which has not sprung from that people's own racial life. — THE AUTHOR.

cial phases of the scriptural passages which so greatly puzzle the august minds of the West.

II

In the Gospel story of Jesus' life there is not a single incident that is not in perfect harmony with the prevailing modes of thought and the current speech of the land of its origin. I do not know how many times I heard it stated in my native land and at our own fireside that heavenly messengers in the forms of patron saints or angels came to pious, childless wives, in dreams and visions, and cheered them with the promise of maternity. It was nothing uncommon for such women to spend a whole night in a shrine 'wrestling in prayer,' either with the blessed Virgin or some other saint, for such a divine assurance; and I remember a few of my own kindred to have done so.

In a most literal sense we always understood the saying of the psalmist, 'Children are a heritage from the Lord.' Above and beyond all natural agencies, it was He who turned barrenness to fecundity and worked the miracle of birth. To us every birth was miraculous, and childlessness an evidence of divine disfavor. From this it may be inferred how tenderly and reverently agreeable to the Syrian ear is the angel's salutation to Mary, 'Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women! — Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

A miracle? Yes. But a miracle means one thing to your Western science, which seeks to know what nature is and does by dealing with secondary causes, and quite another thing to an Oriental, to whom God's will is the law and gospel of nature. In times of intellectual trouble this man takes refuge in his all-embracing faith, — the

faith that to God all things are possible.

The Oriental does not try to meet an assault upon his belief in miracles by seeking to establish the historicity of concrete reports of miracles. His poetical, mystical temperament seeks its ends in another way. Relying upon his fundamental faith in the omnipotence of God, he throws the burden of proof upon his assailant by challenging him to substantiate his *denial* of the miracles. So did Paul (in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Acts) put his opponents at a great disadvantage by asking, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?'

But the story of Jesus' birth and kindred Bible records disclose not only the predisposition of the Syrian mind to accept miracles as divine acts, without critical examination, but also its attitude toward conception and birth, — an attitude which differs fundamentally from that of the Anglo-Saxon mind. With the feeling of one who has been reminded of having ignorantly committed an improper act, I remember the time when kind American friends admonished me not to read from the pulpit such scriptural passages as detailed the accounts of conception and birth, but only to allude to them in a general way. I learned in a very short time to obey the kindly advice, but it was a long time before I could swing my psychology around and understand why in America such narratives were so greatly modified in transmission.

The very fact that such stories are found in the Bible shows that in my native land no such sifting of these narratives is ever undertaken when they are read to the people. From childhood I had been accustomed to hear them read at our church, related at the fire-side, and discussed reverently by men and women at all times and places. There is nothing in the phraseology of

such statements which is not in perfect harmony with the common, everyday speech of my people.

To the Syrians, as I say, 'children are a heritage from the Lord.' From the days of Israel to the present time, barrenness has been looked upon as a sign of divine disfavor, an intolerable calamity. Rachel's cry, 'Give me children, or else I die,' does not exaggerate the agony of a childless Syrian wife. When Recceca was about to depart from her father's house to become Isaac's wife, her mother's ardent and effusively expressed wish for her was, 'Be thou the mother of thousands, of millions.' This mother's last message to her daughter was not spoken in a corner. I can see her following the bride to the door, lifting her open palms and turning her face toward heaven, and making her affectionate petition in the hearing of the multitude of guests, who must have echoed her words in chorus.

In the congratulations of guests at a marriage feast the central wish for the bridegroom and bride is invariably thus expressed: 'May you be happy, live long, and have many children!' And what contrasts very sharply with the American reticence in such matters is the fact that shortly after the wedding, the friends of the young couple, both men and women, begin to ask them about their 'prospects' for an heir. No more does a prospective mother undertake in any way to disguise the signs of the approaching event, than an American lady to conceal her engagement ring. Much mirth is enjoyed in such cases, also, when friends and neighbors, by consulting the stars, or computing the number of letters in the names of the parents and the month in which the miracle of conception is supposed to have occurred, undertake to foretell whether the promised offspring will be a son or a daughter. In that

part of the country where I was brought up, such wise prognosticators believed, and made us all believe, that if the calculations resulted in an odd number the birth would be a son, but if in an even number, a daughter, which, as a rule, is not considered so desirable.

Back of all these social traits and beyond the free realism of the Syrian in speaking of conception and birth, lies a deeper fact. To Eastern peoples, especially the Semites, reproduction in all the world of life is profoundly sacred. It is God's life reproducing itself in the life of man and in the living world below man; therefore the evidences of this reproduction should be looked upon and spoken of with rejoicing.

Notwithstanding the many and fundamental intellectual changes which I have undergone in this country of my adoption, I count as among the most precious memories of my childhood my going with my father to the vineyard, just as the vines began to 'come out,' and hearing him say as he touched the swelling buds, 'Blessed be the Creator. He is the Supreme Giver. May He protect the blessed increase.' Of this I almost always think when I read the words of the psalmist, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!'

Now I do not feel at all inclined to say whether the undisguised realism of the Orientals in speaking of reproduction is better than the delicate reserve of the Anglo-Saxons. In fact I have been so reconstructed under Anglo-Saxon auspices as to feel that the excessive reserve of this race with regard to such things is not a serious fault, but rather the defect of a great virtue. My purpose is to show that the unreconstructed Oriental, to whom reproduction is the most sublime manifestation of God's life, cannot see why one should be ashamed to speak anywhere in the world of the fruits of wedlock, of a 'woman with child.' One might as well

be ashamed to speak of the creative power as it reveals itself in the gardens of roses and the fruiting trees.

Here we have the background of the stories of Sarah, when the angel-guest prophesied fecundity for her in her old age; of Rebecca, and the wish of her mother for her, that she might become 'the mother of thousands'; of Elizabeth, when the 'babe leaped in her womb,' as she saw her cousin Mary; and of the declaration of the angel to Joseph's spouse, 'Thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son.'

Here it is explained, also, why upon the birth of a 'man-child,' well-wishers troop into the house, — even on the very day of birth, — bring their presents, and congratulate the parents on the divine gift to them. It was because of this custom that those strangers, the three 'Wise Men' and Magi of the Far East, were permitted to come in and see the little Galilean family, while the mother was yet in childbed. So runs the Gospel narrative: 'And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, — gold, frankincense, and myrrh.'

So also were the humble shepherds privileged to see the wondrous child shortly after birth. 'And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.'

In the twelfth verse of the second chapter of the Gospel of Saint Luke, the English version says, 'And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' Here the word *clothes*

is somewhat misleading. The Arabic version gives a perfect rendering of the fact by saying, 'Ye shall find a *swaddled* babe, *laid* in a manger.'

According to general Syrian custom, in earliest infancy a child is not really clothed, it is only swaddled. Upon birth the infant is washed in tepid water by the midwife, then salted, or rubbed gently with salt pulverized in a stone mortar especially for the occasion. (The salt commonly used in Syrian homes is coarse-chipped.) Next the babe is sprinkled with *rehan*, — a powder made of dried myrtle leaves, — and then swaddled.

The swaddle is a piece of stout cloth about a yard square, to one corner of which is attached a long narrow band. The infant, with its arms pressed close to its sides, and its feet stretched full length and laid close together, is wrapped in the swaddle, and the narrow band wound around the little body, from the shoulders to the ankles, giving the little one the exact appearance of an Egyptian mummy. Only a few of the good things of this mortal life were more pleasant to me when I was a boy than to carry in my arms a swaddled babe. The 'salted' and 'peppered' little creature felt so soft and so light, and was so appealingly helpless, that to cuddle it was to me an unspeakable benediction.

Such was the 'babe of Bethlehem' that was sought by the wise men and the shepherds in the wondrous story of the Nativity.

And in describing such Oriental customs it may be significant to point out that, in certain localities in Syria, to say to a person that he was not 'salted' upon birth is to invite trouble. Only a *bendûq*, or the child of an unrecognized father, is so neglected. And here may be realized the full meaning of that terrible arraignment of Jerusalem in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Eze-

kiel. The Holy City had done iniquity, and therefore ceased to be the legitimate daughter of Jehovah. So the prophet cries, 'The Lord came unto me, saying, "Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations, and say, Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem; Thy birth and thy nativity are of the land of Canaan; thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite. And as for thy nativity, in the day thou wast born — neither wast thou washed in water to supple¹ thee; thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all. No eye pitied thee, to do any of these things for thee, to have compassion upon thee; but thou wast cast out in the open field, to the loathing of thy person, in the day thou wast born."'

III

And how natural to the thought of the East the story of the 'star' is! To the Orientals 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' and the stars reveal many wondrous things to men. They are the messengers of good and evil, and objects of the loftiest idealization, as well as of the crudest superstitions.

I was brought up to believe that every human being had a star in heaven which held the secret of his destiny and which watched over him wherever he went. In speaking of an amiable person it is said, 'His star is attractive' (*nejmo jeddeeb*). Persons love one another when 'their stars are in harmony.' A person is in unfavorable circumstances when his star is in the sphere of 'misfortune' (*nehiss*), and so forth. The stars indicated the time to us when we were traveling by night, marked the seasons, and thus fulfilled their Creator's purpose by serving 'for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.'

In every community we had 'star-

¹ *Cleanse* in the Revised Version. — THE AUTHOR.

gazers' who could tell each person's star. We placed much confidence in such mysterious men, who could 'arrest' an absent person's star in its course and learn from it whether it was well or ill with the absent one.

Like a remote dream, it comes to me that as a child of about ten I went out one night with my mother to seek a 'star-gazer' to locate my father's star and question the shining orb about him. My father had been away from home for some time, and owing to the meagreness of the means of communication in that country, especially in those days, we had no news of him at all. During that afternoon my mother said that she felt 'heavy-hearted' for no reason that she knew; therefore she feared that some ill must have befallen the head of our household, and sought to 'know' whether her fear was well grounded. The 'star-arrester,' leaning against an aged mulberry tree, turned his eyes toward the stellar world, while his lips moved rapidly and silently as if he were repeating words of awful import. Presently he said, 'I see him. He is sitting on a cushion, leaning against the wall and smoking his *narghile*. There are others with him, and he is in his usual health.' The man took pains to point out the 'star' to my mother, who, after much sympathetic effort, felt constrained to say that she did see what the star-gazer claimed he saw. But at any rate, mother declared that she was no longer 'heavy-hearted.'

In my most keen eagerness to see my father and his *narghile* in the star, at least for mere intellectual delight, I clung to the arm of the reader of the heavens like a frightened kitten, and insisted upon 'seeing.' The harder he tried to shake me off, the deeper did my organs of apprehension sink into his sleeve. At last the combined efforts of my mother and the heir of the ancient astrologers forced me to believe

that I was 'too young to behold such sights.'

It was the excessive leaning of his people upon such practices that led Isaiah to cry, 'Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flames.'

Beyond all such crudities, however, lies the sublime and sustaining belief that the stars are alive with God. The lofty strains of such scriptural passages as the nineteenth Psalm and the beautiful story of the star of Bethlehem, indicate that to the Oriental mind the 'hosts of heaven' are no mere masses of dust, but the agencies of the Creator's might and love. So the narrative of the Nativity in our Gospel sublimates the beliefs of the Orientals about God's purpose in those lights of the firmament, by making the guide of the Wise Men to the birthplace of the Prince of Peace a great star, whose pure and serene light symbolized the peace and holiness which, in the 'fullness of time,' his kingdom shall bring upon the earth.

IV

Of Jesus' life between the period spoken of in the narrative of the nativity and the time when he appeared on the banks of the Jordan, seeking to be baptized by John, the New Testament says nothing. One single incident only is mentioned. When twelve years old, the boy Jesus went with his parents on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In this brief but significant record, of all the filial graces which Jesus must have possessed one only is mentioned in the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke, where it is stated that he went down to

Nazareth with his parents 'and was subject unto them.'

This seemingly casual remark is full of significance. With us in Syria, *ta'-at-el-walideen* — obedience to parents — has always been youth's crowning virtue. Individual initiative must not overstep the boundary line of this grace. Only in this way the patriarchal organization of the family can be kept intact. In my boyhood days in that romantic country, whenever my father took me with him on a 'visit of homage' to one of the lords of the land, the most fitting thing such a dignitary could do to me was to place his hand upon my head and say with characteristic condescension, 'Bright boy, and no doubt obedient to your parents.'

The explanation of the origin of sin in the third chapter of Genesis touches the very heart of this matter. The writer ascribes the 'fall of man,' not to any act which was in itself really harmful, but to disobedience. Adam was commanded by his divine parent not to eat of the 'tree of knowledge of good and evil'; but he did eat, and consequently became a stranger to the blessings of his original home.

This idea of filial obedience has been at once the strength and weakness of Orientals. In the absence of the restraining interests of a larger social life this patriarchal rule has preserved the cohesion of the domestic and clannish group, and thus safeguarded for the people their primitive virtues. On the other hand, it has served to extinguish the spirit of progress, and has thus made Oriental life a monotonous repetition of antiquated modes of thought.

And it was indeed a great blessing to the world when Jesus broke away from mere formal obedience to parents, in the Oriental sense of the word, and declared, 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.'

v

Of Jesus' public ministry and his characteristics as an Oriental teacher, I shall speak in later papers. The remainder of this article must be devoted to a portrayal of the closing scenes in his personal career. The events of the 'upper room' on Mount Zion, and of Gethsemane, are faithful photographs of striking characteristics of Syrian life.

The Last Supper was no isolated event in Syrian history. Its fraternal atmosphere, intimate associations, and sentimental intercourse are such as characterize every such gathering of Syrian friends, especially in the shadow of an approaching danger. From the simple 'table manners' up to that touch of sadness and idealism which the Master gave that meal, — bestowing upon it the sacrificial character that has been its propelling force through the ages, — I find nothing which is not in perfect harmony with what takes place on such occasions in my native land. The sacredness of the Last Supper is one of the emphatic examples of how Jesus' life and words sanctified the commonest things of life. He was no inventor of new things, but a discoverer of the spiritual significance of things known to men to be ordinary.

The informal formalities of Oriental life are brimful of sentiment. The Oriental's chief concern in matters of conduct is not the correctness of the technique, but the cordiality of the deed. To the Anglo-Saxon the Oriental appears to be perhaps too cordial, decidedly sentimental, and over-responsive to the social stimulus. To the Oriental, on the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon seems in danger of becoming an unemotional intellectualist.

Be that as it may, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go' and to give free course to his feelings. The

Bible in general, and such portions of it as the story of the Last Supper in particular, illustrate this phase of Oriental life.

In Syria, as a general rule, the men eat their fraternal feasts alone, as in the case of the Master and his disciples at the Last Supper, when, so far as the record goes, none of the women followers of Christ were present. They sit on the floor in something like a circle, and eat out of one or a few large, deep dishes. The food is lifted into the mouth, not with a fork or spoon, — except in the case of liquid food, — but with small 'shreds' of thin bread. Even liquid food is sometimes 'dipped up' with pieces of bread formed like the bowl of a spoon. Here may be readily understood Jesus' saying, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.'

'Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.' The posture of the 'beloved disciple,' John, — so objectionable to Occidental taste, — is in perfect harmony with Syrian customs. How often have I seen men friends in such an attitude. There is not in it the slightest infringement of the rules of propriety; the act was as natural to us all as shaking hands. The practice is especially indulged in when intimate friends are about to part from one another, as on the eve of a journey, or when about to face a dangerous undertaking. They then sit with their heads leaning against each other, or the one's head resting upon the other's shoulder or breast.

They talk to one another in terms of unbounded intimacy and unrestrained affection. The expressions, 'My brother,' 'My eyes,' 'My soul,' 'My heart,' and the like, form the life-centres of the conversation. 'My life, my blood are for you; take the very sight of my eyes, if you will!' And lookers-on say admiringly, 'Behold, how they love one an-

other! By the name of the Most High, they are closer than brothers.'

Was it, therefore, strange that the Master, who knew the deepest secret of the divine life, and whose whole life was a living sacrifice, should say to his intimate friends, as he handed them the bread and the cup on that momentous night, 'Take, eat; this is my body'; and 'Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood'? Here again the Nazarene charged the ordinary words of friendly intercourse with rare spiritual richness and made the common speech of his people express eternal realities.

The treachery of Judas is no more an Oriental than it is a human weakness. Traitors can claim neither racial nor national refuge. They are fugitives in the earth. But in the Judas episode is involved one of the most tender, most touching acts of Jesus' whole life. To one familiar with the customs of the East, Jesus' handing the 'sop' to his betrayer was an act of surpassing beauty and significance. In all my life in America I have not heard a preacher interpret this simple deed, probably because of lack of knowledge of its meaning in Syrian social intercourse.

'And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.' At Syrian feasts, especially in the region where Jesus lived, such sops are handed to those who stand and serve the guests with wine and water. But in a more significant manner those morsels are exchanged by friends. Choice bits of food are handed to friends by one another, as signs of close intimacy. It is never expected that any person would hand such a sop to one for whom he cherishes no friendship.

I can never contemplate this act in the Master's story without thinking of 'the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' To the one who carried in his mind and heart a murderous plot against the loving Master, Jesus hand-

ed the sop of friendship, the morsel which is never offered to an enemy. The rendering of the act in words is this: 'Judas, my disciple, I have infinite pity for you. You have proved false, you have forsaken me in your heart; but I will not treat you as an enemy, for I have come, not to destroy, but to fulfill. Here is my sop of friendship, and "that thou doest, do quickly."' "

Apparently Jesus' demeanor was so cordial and sympathetic that, as the evangelist tells us, 'Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spoke this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, "Buy those things that we have need of against the feast," or that he should give something to the poor.'

Thus in this simple act of the Master, so rarely noticed by preachers, we have perhaps the finest practical example of 'Love your enemies' in the entire Gospel.

Is it therefore to be wondered at that in speaking of Judas, the writer of St. John's gospel says, 'And after the sop Satan entered into him'? For, how can one who is a traitor at heart reach for the gift of true friendship without being transformed into the very spirit of treason?

Again, Judas's treasonable kiss in Gethsemane was a perversion of an ancient, deeply cherished, and universally prevalent Syrian custom. In saluting one another, especially after having been separated for a time, men friends of the same social rank kiss one another on both cheeks, sometimes with very noisy profusion. When they are not of the same social rank, the inferior kisses the hand of the superior, while the latter at least pretends to kiss his dutiful friend upon the cheek. So David and Jonathan 'kissed one another, until David exceeded.' Paul's command, 'Salute one another with a

holy kiss,' so scrupulously disobeyed by Occidental Christians, is characteristically Oriental. As a child I always felt a profound reverential admiration for that unreserved outpouring of primitive affections, when strong men 'fell upon one another's neck' and kissed, while the women's eyes swam in tears of joy. The passionate, quick, and rhythmic exchange of affectionate words of salutation and kisses sounded, with perhaps a little less harmony, like an intermingling of vocal and instrumental music.

So Judas, when 'forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed him,' invented no new sign by which to point Jesus out to the Roman soldiers, but employed an old custom for the consummation of an evil design. Just as Jesus glorified the common customs of his people by using them as instruments of love, so Judas degraded those very customs by wielding them as weapons of hate.

Perhaps nowhere else in the New Testament do the fundamental traits of the Oriental nature find so clear an expression as in this closing scene of the Master's life. The Oriental's *dependence*, to which the world owes the loftiest and tenderest scriptural passages, finds here its most glorious manifestations.

As I have already intimated, the Oriental is never afraid to 'let himself go,' whether in joy or sorrow, and to give vent to his emotions. It is of the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to suffer in silence, and to kill when he must, with hardly a word of complaint upon his lips or a ripple of excitement on his face. He disdains asking for sympathy. His severely individualistic tendencies and spirit of endurance convince him that he is 'able to take care of himself.' During my early years in this country the reserve of Americans in times of sorrow and danger, as well

as in times of joy, was to me not only amazing, but appalling. Not being as yet aware of their inward fire and intensity of feeling, held in check by a strong bulwark of calm calculation, as an unreconstructed Syrian I felt prone to doubt whether they had any emotions to speak of.

It is not my purpose here to undertake a comparative critical study of these opposing traits, but to state that, for good or evil, the Oriental is preëminently a man who craves sympathy, yearns openly and noisily for companionship, and seeks help and support outside himself. Whatever disadvantages this trait may involve, it has been the one supreme qualification that has made the Oriental the religious teacher of the whole world. It was his childlike dependence on God that gave birth to the twenty-third and fifty-first Psalms, and made the Lord's Prayer the universal petition of Christendom. It was also this dependence on companionship, human and divine, which inspired the great commandments, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

Now it is in the light of this fundamental Oriental trait that we must view Christ's utterances at the Last Supper and in Gethsemane. The record tells us that while at the Supper he said to his disciples, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer,' — or, as the marginal note has it, 'I have heartily desired,' and so forth, which brings it nearer the original text. Again, 'He was troubled in spirit, and testified and said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' 'This is my body . . . This is my blood . . . Do this in remembrance of me.' We must seek the proper setting for these utterances, not merely in the upper room in Zion, but in the deepest tendencies of the Oriental mind.

And the climax is reached in the dark hour of Gethsemane, the hour of intense suffering, imploring need, and ultimate triumph in Jesus' surrender to the Father's will. How true to that demonstrative Oriental nature is the scriptural record, 'And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'

The faithful and touching realism of the record here is an example of the childlike responsiveness of the Syrian nature to feelings of sorrow, no less striking than the experience itself. It seems to me that if an Anglo-Saxon teacher in similar circumstances had ever allowed himself to agonize and to sweat 'as it were great drops of blood,' his chronicler in describing the scene would have safeguarded the dignity of his race by simply saying that the distressed teacher was 'visibly affected'!

The darkness deepened and the Master 'took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with me." ' Three times did the Great Teacher utter that matchless prayer, whose spirit of fear as well as of trust vindicates the doctrine of the humanity of God and the divinity of man as exemplified in the person of Christ: 'O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt!'

The sharp contrast between the Semitic and the Anglo-Saxon temperament has led some unfriendly critics of Christ to state very complacently and confidently that he 'simply broke down when the critical hour came.' In this assertion I find a very pronounced misapprehension of the facts. If my knowledge of the traits of my own race is to be relied on, then in trying to meet this assertion I feel that I am entitled

to the consideration of one who speaks with something resembling authority.

The simple fact is that while in Gethsemane, as indeed everywhere else throughout his ministry, Jesus was not in the position of one trying to "play the hero." His companions were his intimate earthly friends and his gracious heavenly Father, and to them he spoke as an Oriental would speak to those dear to him, — *just as he felt*, with not a shadow of show or sham. His words were not those of weakness and despair, but of confidence and affection. The love of his friends and the love of his Father in heaven were his to draw upon in his hour of trial, with

not the slightest artificial reserve. How much better and happier this world would be if we all dealt with one another and with God in the warm, simple, and pure love of Christ!

As the life and words of Christ amply testify, the vision of the Oriental has been to teach mankind not science, logic, or jurisprudence, but a simple, loving, childlike faith in God. Therefore, before we can fully know our Master as the cosmopolitan Christ, we must first know him as the Syrian Christ.

[The title of Mr. Rihbany's next paper will be 'Bread and Salt.' — THE EDITORS.]

ARCHÆOLOGY FOR AMATEURS

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

I

THE science of archæology has always been under a cloud. It has been considered a pastime for the rich, a speculative something, offering a field only to him who can put a simon-pure archæologist in either pocket, and start for Mycenæ or the Pyramids. But it is a mistake to look upon it thus, as if it were only a form of relaxation for a wholesale druggist who has been ordered south. There is a kind of archæology in which even the humblest may indulge, — no shovels, no dispensations from inimical governments, neither holes nor sand-fleas; and yet as full of specimens and speculation as the other, and to the full as interesting to readers of the Sunday supplements.

There are, of course, preliminary steps. You have to warm up. But that may be cleverly enough done, with no real physical discomfort. Do but keep dropping out, in casual talk, hints of the Triassic period, and monoliths and palæolithic wastes, and you will soon find yourself in shape. If possible see Stonehenge or Avebury, and while you browse about there, overturn a lichen-covered stone or two. You are almost certain to find the claw-marks of a prehistoric turkey on the other side of it. A few such finds will greatly hearten you and ripen you for Dartmoor.

We caught the fever in a little place called Glastonbury, in the West Country. My good Porthos and I were walking English bicycles all over that region, now and then hopping on and going on

a few hundred yards, getting a puncture, stopping, borrowing a basin of water, inflating and submerging the inner tube for bubbles, and finally clapping on a rubber patch. The younger generation in America knows nothing of all this, for over here the bicycle is not extant any more. An archæologist would be attracted to it. But it takes more than a generation for anything to become palæolithic in Devon.

Four miles short of Glastonbury we came to a flat rim. We located a thorn, part of a safety-pin, and a bit of broken quartz here and there about the tire; and while Porthos was blowing into the tube and listening for expirations, I went off to borrow a basin of water. In pursuit of this basin, I broke through a blackthorn hedge. And there was the archæologist.

He was a short man in gray clothes, with a lavender tie, and he radiated an earnestness which would kill skepticism at a hundred yards. I had faith in him even before I saw the box. It was a common soap-box with a slit big enough to insert a bicycle wheel. A sign said that if you put in sixpence, and breathed a prayer for the Taunton Museum, you could go on to the diggings.

The archæologist had seen me put in my sixpence, evidently; for he leaned rather guiltily in the door of his new hut.

'Sorry, old chap,' he said, 'there is n't much to see, you know; not really. Of course, a little later —'

I looked into the hut.

'What I want,' I said, 'is a basin of water. Flat tire. Ah, here's just the caper.'

There was a basin on the floor, like a special miracle; and nothing but a rotten piece of wood floating in it.

'I'll just chuck this out,' I said; and I had almost done it, when the archæologist gave out a wail which I have reason to believe is frequent with him in his native haunt.

'My dear fellah — really — priceless treasure — 55 B.C. — I could n't think —!'

Even then I could n't understand that I had happened on a real archæologist. It's one thing to look at a jaw-bone in a museum under a dusty glass; and quite another to be right in at the resurrection, so to speak. There was certainly a hole or excavation there, — a black rectangle about twelve feet by six, and six deep. I looked into it. A row of men were picking away delicately at the black soil with peculiar trowels. Everything seemed somehow unusual and special, from the excavation right down to the archæologist himself. You might have been deaf and dumb, or he might have been deaf and dumb, and yet you would have felt all through you that he was n't digging a cistern. The wild light in his eye, or the shape of the trowels, might have warned you that this was n't the entrance to a new subway. I was enchanted; and I left Porthos to play in the road all alone with his inflated rubber circle.

'But look here,' I said, 'what is this — ah — fragment in the basin?'

'It's the stake-end of a hut-pole,' said the archæologist. 'This was a lake village, you see; the tides flowed clear down here from Bristol in those days; and they could only build their huts on these knolls.'

'Then these must have been islands,' I ventured.

'They *were* islands,' said the archæologist with rising significance.

'Then they must have used boats,' I cried, in a wild fever of surmise.

'Canoes,' shrieked the archæologist. 'Dugouts. We've traced 'em into that cornfield, and we can't dig there. There's tombs there, too; burial urns. Sure of it. The story of a past age. But the fool will grow corn there.'

'Corn!' I gave out a thunderclap of comment.

The frantic archæologist was drawn toward me by the heartiness of my contempt for corn. He quieted himself with an effort.

'They were planting corn in the Roman amphitheatre at Dorchester till a few years back,' he said. 'Mr. Hawke finally rooted it up, and got down to the chalk-bottom of the arena. He dug two dead gladiators out of the south side of the parapet. They were in a sitting posture, and one of them measured seven inches from jaw-bone to jaw-bone. The teeth were all there, except the bicuspid. Come in and talk with Mr. Hawke.'

We bolted into the shack, which was of new unpainted matched boards, against which these recovered relics looked more antiquarian than ever. If you put a good old New England grindstone down on that floor, and were specially careful with it, you would instantly suggest a period before Adam. There were stones of every description in there: long flat smooth ones, for rubbing skins; fat round dented ones for moulds; and little polished ones for playing games — probably checkers. If some one should go and salt down an old checker-board in that hole in the night, it would relieve those fellows mightily. They would know it was checkers then. Mr. Hawke was in a side room, absorbed in trying to select a pot from a boxful of burnt-clay shards, which would have made fifty pots. But now certainly, if Mr. Hawke could reconstruct a pot, he could do what all the king's horses and all the king's men could n't do. He washed each piece clean, examined the jagged edge of it, and then another jagged edge, and then another jagged edge. Still, this was the Mr. Hawke who had bade defiance to the cornfield in the Roman ring at Dorchester, and as each edge was washed clean, I kept fancying that his bright blue eye had detected

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something complementary about it. My heart thumped at the bare possibility of a pot. He drew another piece from the heap, and cried aloud with pleasure.

'A design,' he said. 'Could anything be more delicate, more perfect?'

I leaned over his shoulder. I have heard that simplicity is at the heart of architecture. If it is also at the heart of design, then this design was perfect. It consisted of two parallel lines, which had obviously once gone clear round the pot.

'Shade of Euclid!' I breathed in my excitement.

'And we turn up something like this every day,' said the second archæologist tumultuously.

'What a life!' I exclaimed reverently.

'I sometimes fear the stimulus is too great,' said Mr. Hawke. 'Once in so often I have to steal away to South Devon to rest. But even there I have the temptation of Dartmoor.'

He was assailed on every hand. It was as bad as if these stone men were actually at him with their bludgeons.

'What of Dartmoor?' I inquired.

'A great palæolithic waste,' he returned. 'Sacred circles, pounds, stone avenues, necropolises, I believe, if we could get down to them. Dartmoor. Ah, it's too much. The treasury is too rich. But the restrictions of the Duchy would drive me frantic. It's owned by the Duchess of Cornwall.'

He did n't want to say that she was not an excellent lady; no Englishman would; but he hurried off the topic.

'See here.'

He lifted an urn nearly whole, containing some black matter in the bottom. 'We have every reason to believe,' he announced, 'that this was bread.'

'Baked a little too brown?' I suggested.

He thwarted my forefinger.

'Two thousand years,' he reminded me.

He hurled time at me in great ruthless clods. I was stunned.

'Or here.'

He pointed out two large flat stones.

'A mirror-mould for bronze mirrors,' he said.

He bent toward me with fever in his eyes. 'To-morrow we shall have the mirror,' he said.

I supported myself against the jamb of the door.

Suddenly there was commotion outside, and a man came in bearing a complete skull in his hands. He was not even going to trust himself to wipe the dirt from it. The archæologists gave vent to their strangled wail again, and Mr. Hawke took the skull. I had been about to say, 'Alas, poor Yorick!' but the ignoble flippancy froze on my lips.

'Outside again?' Mr. Hawke shouted to the laborer.

'Outside, sir; yes, sir.'

'We can no longer doubt,' said Mr. Hawke. 'You see, Horace?'

He showed the first archæologist the top of the skull, where there was a great jagged hole.

'All of them like that,' said Mr. Hawke. 'All of them.'

He opened a cabinet, and there were six more skulls, and they one and all bore this same cruel rent in the very middle of the cranium.

'Do you see anything peculiar in that hole?' said Horace, turning to me.

I looked more closely at the hole, and I said that, now my attention had been drawn to it, there was something peculiar about it.

'It's a spear-hole,' they cried together. And Mr. Hawke went on, 'These fellows must have gone to war. When they killed a man, they cut off his head, and ran their spears into it; and then set up their spears on the walls surrounding the town.'

They knew this, it seemed, because they always found these punctured skulls just outside the limits of the town, where they had fallen when the spears rotted. Indeed, this was how they had discovered the limits of the town. They had, as it were, killed two birds with one stone.

I went out, and had another look into the black pit.

'Well, good day,' I said. 'I'm in rather a hurry to begin.'

'Begin what?' said the second archæologist.

'I'm going to Dartmoor with a pick and shovel,' I said. 'Damn the Duchy! Hang the — ah — duchess!'

He clasped my hand.

'Don't forget the British Museum,' he implored me.

II

Within a week we were at Dartmoor, having come upon it from the south — from Plymouth.

In the purple time of night, we descended upon Chagford, where it nestled in a clouded hollow under the crown of a green hill. Its white stone cots twinkled in the long twilight; the magic stillness of the night countryside and the towering impassivity of the giant tor, Nattadown, Chagford's protector, were deepened by a sweet ring of bells, which came up muffled out of nowhere; although we might fancy, among the shapes wavering through the gloom, some weathering belfry, which should prefigure its old verger swaying among his plush-covered nimble ropes of red and white. The blurred road ran ahead of us, deep between its hedges; a sweet cold wind followed it, bearing on its wings hawthorn, and the sound of clumping footsteps. The place was like lost Germelshausen, visible upon this night only in a hundred years.

Gaining the town, we were refused admittance to the Three Crowns, say what we might in extenuation of our stubble chins. We moved stealthily upon the King's Arms, and held consultation in a dark passage there. Alas, the King's Arms was full, egg-full, of literary and fisher folk from London town.

Finally, holding our courage in both hands, we rapped at the whitest of the white cots. A lady answered us. I said in a voice manly and persuasive and gentle and gently humorous, enfolding her, as it were, in an appreciation of our plight, that we were archæologists, groping in darkness. The Three Crowns was full (God pardon me), the King's Arms was full, and the night promising cold. She hesitated; I made as if to turn away, in stoical but none the less despairing realization that I asked too much. But stay: a smile edged that lip, a sweet willingness informed every corner of that pink and white and lovely being, and overmatching, in her low native Devon, the sweet modulation of my own tones, she bade me step into her parlor. What is it Hazlitt hath said about a parlor: 'To hold to the universe by a dish of sweet-breads, and to be known by no other name than "the gentleman in the parlor."' Surely we were known by no other name than that, nor any the less well received in consequence.

We came to rest, however, in the kitchen. The peace of that Devon was as profound as a confession of St. Augustine. Our host, a huge man, with brown eyes, said perpetually, 'Yes, yes,' with the intonation of 'Hear, hear'; and once roused himself, getting up, intellectually, on one elbow, to ask, 'Who was this Darwin? An odd name, now; yes, yes,' — and then relapsing, expiring, but continuing to thwart vacuum of the space which his material presence had invaded.

His wife, very pretty, and more intelligent, was rather proud of her archæologists, who were so bold in tampering with the system of this Darwin. Her cheeks were pink and white beyond analogy, shadowed each by a brown curl which fell past either temple. She sewed deftly, illuminated by the fire in the grate. She was like a vignette, in her preciseness of line.

She invited me into the arm-chair; I took it. Abashed by that proximity, she proposed a cup of tea. The pot boiled; her husband continued in accordance with a judicious selection of the laws of Aristotle, Harvey, and Sir Isaac Newton. When I was on the point of pouring the tea into a cup, she made a sudden exclamation. I looked wildly up, and my eye fell first upon the old clock, which was kept an hour fast to please the children (children, saith the elderly essayist with a sigh, as of lavender and lost years, can always give Time a handicap), and then upon her face. She hovered over me, timid but desperately put about. Her husband's brown eyes blinked inscrutably, near together in an inscrutable face. I held the pot halted in mid-air.

'In Devonshire,' she said, with one hand upon her dress, of a blue and white print, 'in Devonshire we pour the tea upon the milk.'

But I could only think of a poem by Robert Herrick. 'Loathed Devonshire,' indeed. Let him look to his little buttery, and within, his little bin.

Thus we see that archæology is a thing of phases, like a malignant fever.

III

We decided to make a preliminary ramble without the pick and shovel. We said nothing very coherent in defense of this determination, but the truth is we were both afraid of meeting with the duchess. Whenever I think

of a duchess, I think of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, and I remember that she spoke harshly to her little boy, and beat him when he sneezed.

A steep road spiraled out of Chagford toward the moor, fragrant with hawthorn, and bordered by small white-washed cots, with war-thick walls, and thatch heavy with green moss. Near the top of the hill was a stone basin, which a brook overflowed with crystal water. The petal of a bluebell twirled in an eddy, and Porthos, pleased as a wood-nymph, but bulkier and hairier, pillared himself on a vast yellow forearm, and drank.

Struck by the simple picture of man communing with nature, I dragged out the *Golden Treasury*, and read a lyric of Shelley's. This is always disheartening to Porthos. He is one of those, for example, who hold that the Person from Porlock ought to have knocked sooner on poor Sam's door.

And shortly we were upon the moor. I had expected a plain; but the moor rolled under us in great brown waves of heather-covered granite. There were both gorse and heather there, but which was gorse and which was heather was not for a mere archæologist to settle. Suffice it that either the gorse or the heather was spiky, and either the heather or the gorse was in yellow bloom. Sheep, and wild moor ponies, and little shaggy colts, like animals from a Noah's ark, were dotted over it — all of them, even the little colts, with their tails solemnly presented to the prevailing quarter of the wind. For the wind that sweeps the moor is bitter, and never dies.

Now when a moor like this, or a waste of any kind, figures in a book, there is always some lofty-spirited person who ranges it, drawing deep breaths of the wild wind that blows there, cheeks glowing, hair and skirts fluttering about her (it is usually a

woman; there's not much you can say about a pair of peg-top trousers in a high wind). Now when we left the road, this was precisely what we were going to do — we were going to range the moor. But after a mile or two of wading through spiky gorse (or heather), struggling up a hill, walking a dozen steps across the top, and plunging down, with the prospect of a worse rise dead ahead, — after an hour or two of this, a man begins to lay the mænad-viking idea up to the other fellow. It becomes time to pose as a sane man led away by the folly of others.

I said, 'Look here; there's a mire dead ahead, Fox Tor Mire. Had n't we better bear ship?'

'Bit sodden, eh?' said Porthos. He was encouraged by my giving in to place his foot on a rock, and look proudly out over the landscape, with an Eric the Red light in his eyes.

Fox Tor Mire was a bit sodden; it was yellow, rheumy, full of hummocks, quiverings, and unpleasant fissures.

'If we keep on,' he continued, 'we strike Cranmer Pool.'

'Nothing there,' I answered, 'but a letter-box, and the reflections of the last fool who went out there, on finding himself so far from home. Now my idea is to investigate some of these tors. That one on our left, for instance.'

These tors were great piles of splintering granite, and they could be seen to crown nearly all the hills about us. We singled one out, and walked toward it a long time, the camera assaulting my spine every time I took a hummock, and the bog creeping steadily through my canvas shoes. A gleam of sun fell on one distant hill, and the hill seemed soft, dune-like, colored a leprous yellow, like Arabia on the road to Mecca; its granite top like some hideous dis-jointed lizard, or again, coming nearer, like a monolithic throne, with jagged

side-arms. And finally it was like nothing at all but a ruined peak of stone.

We found ourselves upon a huge ridge, with a sky-line as long and gentle as the sky-line of Vesuvius, upon which sat four of these giant tors, weathered by wind and rain into strange likenesses, shifting with the point of view into things still more vast and fanciful. No mind could rest upon these bold outlines, these ragged crevices, these square lichen-grown towers and fallen battlements, without conjecture — least of all an archæologist's. The might of speculation alone could lift back these fragments into the places they had once filled, and invest them with significance dreadful or heroic. What the Druid with his beard or the stone man with his bludgeon could not do, the archæologist will do by the simple movement of an eager and pursuing mind. When the orgasm is upon him, in a very turgescence of conjecture he will re-create the ages, and bring forward and put under a glass and the public guardianship a whole civilization smothered under tumbled stone.

We went back through time twelve thousand years, and with less start than a man would get for a twenty-four-foot running jump; and behold, we were sitting on top of the hut of a man of the stone age.

'The man who would be fool enough to deny,' said Porthos, 'that this place has been lived in, deserves to be made to live in it himself.'

A big slab of granite projected like a natural roof from the solid rock; and an immense block had been pushed in under this roof, failing the wall of rock by perhaps two feet. The space thus enclosed was about two by two by eight; and at our end a triangular wedge of granite had fallen back, which might once have fitted nicely over this opening. Porthos, on his hands and knees,

was half in, and his voice rang hollowly there.

'Something in here,' he cried, strangled. He wormed his enormous body farther in. The very taps of his shoes were interested. After a time he came out, disheveled, raked fore and aft by the clammy stone. He gripped an object tightly in one heavy fist. This object was covered with dirt, and glinted. It was a whiskey bottle — Black and White '96.

'Glass,' said Porthos, disillusioned. *This was the stone age!*

'But look here,' said Porthos, 'there's a shelf in there — for a club or a baby. Two could lie side by side once you get in. And there seem to be flint markings on the roof.'

We proceeded excitedly to the northern entrance. There was something tremendously tertiary about that. There was, to begin with, a stone very like an elementary door there. In my paper 'Palæolithic Propositions' (subsequently altered to 'Triassic Trifles') for *The Archæologist*, I was very particular about the shape of this door. Projecting from the rock at the left of the door was a rudimentary hinge. The door weighed nearly half a ton. We were able seamen, but we could n't stir it from its bed. It is quite apparent, therefore, that the former tenant, who could put out a hand leisurely and lift his door onto its hinge, must have been of no common physical powers. We were at last able, by tearing away dirt and lichen, to discover the depression or socket in the door which had been calculated to receive the hinge. Its measurements were right for that purpose.

While I was bringing the magnifying glass to bear on this, Porthos had started on the run for the second tor. This was huger than the other, though not so fruitful. The huts here were in the form of right angles with two openings leading away from the angle.

'No cul-de-sac for him,' said Porthos exultingly. 'If a dinosaur drove him in here, and hung around, he'd go out there.'

And indeed there was a screen of rock interposed, so that he could make good his escape without the dinosaur's seeing him. A flight of something like worn steps — they were worn steps — led up to this abode; and the palæolithic one had collected upon his roof an assortment of boulders to hurl down upon his enemies. The hillside was strewn with those he had already thrown, and yet he had died prepared, with ammunition on his roof. What colossal courage, to support life in the midst of such menace!

Some of these stone tenements were outlying from the tor itself, and the plumbing was more open. We easily determined that these had been let out. In one of them we found three flints lying on a shelf. What could be easier than to come to the conclusion that this had been a three-flint apartment, with light housekeeping privileges. The tenant had left the rent on the parlor mantel. *Tempus fugit*, and it is better form now to put it on the piano under the bust of Beethoven. But we live and learn.

Suddenly we came upon a masterpiece of craft. A block of stone weighing many tons had been raised at one end, and a wedge of stone inserted.

'A trap,' cried Porthos. 'Nothing could be plainer. You put some succulent root under there; the dinosaur, endeavoring to extract it with his trunk, dislodges the wedge, and down comes the rock. Then you steal up with your club and clout him.'

'Had a dinosaur a trunk?' I wondered.

'Of course,' retorted Porthos. 'They would n't have been fools enough to lay a trap for a trunk, if there had n't been any trunk, would they? He could have

worked it out with his tail, anyhow.'

I stared stupefied into the vista opened by this rending logic.

It was about then that we stumbled upon that curious and seemingly desultory heap, which later figured so conspicuously in the pages of *The Archaeologist* as the dinosaur-dodger. In appearance it was crustacean, not unlike a giant turtle. At either end of the ellipse was cut or fashioned a hole, large enough to admit the human animal. The theory which my colleague advanced with such learning and elaboration, and which was so bitterly contested by envious minds, was this: The dinosaur in full charge is stopped by this aperture, through which his prey has squirmed. Irate, he rushes around the obstruction, only to see the chase disappearing through the other hole. Picture the enraged animal lumbering time after time around this structure, panting, reeling, a mist coming before his eyes; until he sinks fainting, either in a death-agony induced by over-exertion, or at least in a fatigue rendering him helpless before a blow from the thong-bound flint which should dispatch him. Could any disinterested mind hear of this theory without a thrill of instant and unconditional belief?

IV

But we return to the moor, the granite setting to this mute and moving drama of the cunning of the past. The sun was gone from the brown and gray and yellow peaks; and down all the folds and valleys of the moor a mist was rolling swiftly in. Rightly are these stolid moor-men called the children of the mist. Living in the vague, pixies affright them; dragons of the air trail scaly golden tails across the murky sun; shapes and horrors swim disembodied in the rolling seas of fog, and sit on the tops of the ancient stone crosses

that lean everywhere about. All the heather (or gorse) shivered in a rising wind, and a cold rain fell. We picked out the most rain-proof of the stone angles, and crawled in, oppressed with the darkly secret portents of that place. The sun behind the mist threw a bronze light on Porthos's sallow cheek; and I thought how many dreadful faces must have hung in that opening, glaring out with eyes of terror upon the wild moor and what might be moving on it.

Porthos tore a leaf from his notebook; and after a while he took his pipe out of his mouth and read.

'This is only one patch,' he said. 'Take a culture of it: "Looking out, even as he must have, at the rain-driven moors, I saw from that ancient shelter the mighty and sullen outlines of the hills, rising and falling, growing fainter and more faintly blue, until even the black tors were blotted out; and nothing remained but this suggestion, through the mist, of something menacing and baleful. I felt the awful presence of enormities, such as must lurk in all uncertain shapes in that dim place. The trickle of the rain, and the touch of that cold stone, — this man at least could have had no better shoulders than I, or he must have moved to larger quarters, — the touch of that stone, and the pouring of the wind through the cracks, and the stirring of the heather, gave me a full sense of that ancient desolation out of which we spring. The thought of such a place in the cold grasp of winter, before the discovery of fire, is intolerable; but there he had to stay. For only in that ponderous and gloomy shelter was he free to sleep, free from the menace of animals so huge that they could whisk down the walls of modern houses in a breath. You can trace his efforts," and so on.'

Porthos relit his pipe complacently.

'It's taller than the Metropolitan Tower,' I gasped.

At this point a harsh laugh rang among the tors outside. I seized the stone bludgeon and we peered out.

It was the archæologist of Glastonbury, Mr. Hawke; only now there was none of that bright radiance about him; his blue eye was dull and sneering, and his chin unshaven. He wore a long rubber mackintosh, which was shining wet. He was chewing at the chance flame of his mustache.

'It is like the end of legitimate endeavor in a noble field,' he said. His face blazed with new and fierier light. 'I could show you more even than you have discovered,' he cried, 'but you'd probably bash my head in with that silly stone club of yours. You'd accuse me of being a Druid. Look.'

He reached out a hand to a square of solid stone larger than any of the others, weighing many tons; and he rocked it back and forth without effort. 'A Druid stone, I suppose,' he cried scornfully. 'Don't you conceive the multitude clamoring about the Druid, and his long beard in the wind. "A miracle!" they cry, and he puts out his hand and rocks that stone. Pah! That for your snap-judgments. You would spend your time better grinding these rocks into pumice. I have been years upon this moor, and I can find nothing new. And you come here overnight, and write a history of the stone age.'

He was like something molten and snapping. The sun, mooning through the mist, struck his rubber coat into rivulets of sparks. He was invested in an authority greater than the duchess's own. The jealousy of a scientist is like no other jealousy on earth.

'What is it, then?' we cried savagely.

'Weathering,' he yelled. 'The wind and the rain and the fibre of the stone. That's what it is. That's where you get your tors and your logan-stones and

your right angles. Weathering. Get it straight, and go back to America.'

The archæologist was moving off.

'Go to the British Museum,' he said in a miserable voice. 'Tell 'em you want to write about the tors of Dartmoor. They'll let you in; and they'll find you the books. Then you take one of their quill-pens and draw a picture of a donkey.'

My grip upon the thong-bound flint tightened.

'We know you now,' said Porthos, transfigured with rage. 'There's not a solitary thing that you or anybody else can say in your defense. You've read Schopenhauer. You hate yourself. You're the sort of chap that would go paddling around Plymouth Bay in a canoe, making soundings to prove that our forefathers could n't have stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. You're the fellow who smashed that charming myth of the Charter Oak of Connecticut. You were a member of the city council that refused to spray arsenic on the Washington Elm. And let me tell you something. In this world everything's conjectural; and of two conjectures the prettiest is the truest, and the truest stands. If I say a servant threw a bucket of water over Sir Walter Raleigh's head when he was smoking, where's the use in your saying that he was too poor to keep a servant? Which is the statement that will stand? If you say the wind spun this hole here in the rock, and I say a maiden was chained here, and her tears fell one by one until they fashioned it, which one of us will the Lord Mayor of London have out to lunch? Which of us will appear under the heading "Interesting Personalities," with a picture of the basin underneath? Answer me that.'

The archæologist had stopped.

'Oh, I say,' he countered, disgruntled, 'there's no need of raving on that way. I'm willing to agree that Thomas à Becket was slain in the crypt under Canterbury Cathedral, and that the stain is genuine. I'll even grant you that Sir Walter got his ducking, for the truth is he ordered mass to be said at Sherborne Abbas, after the fellow's death; and then he was taken to the tower, and it's on the books in the Abbey that twenty shillings is still owing for the service. It's when you come to Dartmoor —'

'We'll not begin on that,' said Porthos loftily. 'I think we may say that we have made Dartmoor our peculiar field. I think we may say that.'

The archæologist turned and began to stumble blindly down the hill, among the ruins of hut-circles.

'At least,' said Porthos, 'you might tell us where your highly important scientific investigations are going on.'

'I'm going to Dorchester,' said the archæologist sulkily.

'Going to dig up another gladiator,' bellowed my companion.

The archæologist, in his shining coat, was almost out of hearing.

'They were right enough,' he said. 'All but the bicuspid. And if you want to know it, I'm going to have a try at the bicuspid. They can't be far.'

Nothing showed of him now but his sparkling hat, bobbing about among shark-like menhirs, and overturned cistvaens. We crowded back into our stone angle. And suddenly, opposed to the stern and tearing fact of these bicuspid, our quest of palæoliths sank, dwindled like a flame in a dry lamp, and was become as nothing.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

ONE summer day, while I was walking along the country road on the farm where I was born, a section of the stone wall opposite me, and not more than three or four yards distant, suddenly fell down. Amid the general stillness and immobility about me, the effect was quite startling. The question at once arose in my mind as to just what happened to that bit of stone wall at that particular moment to cause it to fall. Maybe the slight vibration imparted to the ground by my tread caused the minute shifting of forces that brought it down. But the time was ripe; a long, slow, silent process of decay and disintegration, or a shifting of the points of bearing amid the fragments of stone by the action of the weather, culminated at that instant, and the wall fell. It was the sudden summing-up of half a century or more of atomic changes in the material of the wall. A grain or two of sand yielded to the pressure of long years, and gravity did the rest. It was as when the keystone of an arch crumbles or weakens to the last particle, and the arch suddenly collapses.

The same thing happened in the case of the large spruce tree that fell as our steamer passed near the shore in Alaskan waters, or when the campers in the forest heard a tree fall in the stillness of the night. In both cases the tree's hour had come; the balance of forces was suddenly broken by the yielding of some small particle in the woody tissues of the tree, and down it came. In all such cases there must be a moment

of time when the upholding and down-pulling forces are just balanced; then the yielding of one grain more gives the victory to gravity. The slow minute changes in the tree, and in the stone wall, that precede their downfall, we do not see or hear; the sudden culmination and collapse alone arrest our attention. An earthquake is doubtless the result of the sudden release of forces that have been in stress and strain for years or ages; some point at last gives way, and the earth trembles or the mountains fall.

It is the slow insensible changes in the equipoise of the elements about us which, in the course of long periods of time, put a new face upon the aspect of the earth. Rapid and noisy changes over large areas, which may have occurred during the geologic ages, we do not now see except in the case of an earthquake. It is the ceaseless activity, both chemical and physical, in the bodies about us, of which we take no note, that transforms the world. Atom by atom the face of the immobile rocks changes. The terrible demonstrative forces, such as electric discharges during a storm, which seem competent to level mountains or blot out landscapes, usually make but slight impression on the fields and hills.

In the ordinary course of nature the great beneficent changes come slowly and silently. The noisy changes, for the most part, mean violence and disruption. The roar of storms and tornadoes, the explosions of volcanoes, the crash of the thunder, are the result of a

sudden break in the equipoise of the elements; from a condition of comparative repose and silence they become fearfully swift and audible. The still small voice is the voice of life and growth and perpetuity. In the stillness of a bright summer day what work is being accomplished — what processes are being consummated! When the tornado comes, how quickly much of it may be brought to naught! In the history of a nation it is the same. The terrible war that is now devastating Europe is the tornado that comes in the peace and fruitful repose of a summer's day. As living nature in time recovers from the destructive effects of the mad warring of the inorganic elements, so the nations will eventually recover from the blight and waste of this war. But the gains and the benefits can never offset the losses and the agony. The discipline and agony of war only fit a people for more war. If war is to be the business of mankind, then the more of it we have the better — if there is no true growth or expansion for a people, save through blood and fire, then let the blood and fire come to all of us, the more the better. The German gospel of war, so assiduously preached and so heroically practiced in our day, is based upon the conviction that there is no true growth for a nation except by the sword, that the still small voice of love and good-will must give place to the brazen trumpet that sounds the onset of hostile and destroying legions.

Is the gospel of love and altruism of the New Testament outworn, and must we go back to the vindictive and blood-thirsty spirit of the Old Testament? Are the arts of peace seductive, and do they hasten the mortal ripening of a people's character? Must the ploughshares now be forged into swords and the swords used to spill our neighbors' blood? The current gospel of war is the

gospel of hate and reprisal, of broken treaties and burned cities, of murdered women and children, and devastated homes.

What a noise politics makes in the world, our politics especially; but some silent thinker in his study, or some inventor in his laboratory, is starting currents that will make or unmake politics for generations to come. How noiseless is the light, yet what power dwells in the sunbeams — mechanical power at one end of the spectrum, in the red and infra-red rays, and chemical power at the other or violet and ultra-violet end! It is the mechanical forces — the winds, the rains, the movements of ponderable bodies — that fill the world with noise; the chemical changes that disintegrate the rocks and set the currents of life going are silent. The great loom in which are woven all the living textures that clothe the world with verdure and people it with animated forms makes no sound. Think of the still small voice of radio-activity — so still and small that only molecular science is aware of it, yet physicists believe it to be the main-spring of the universe.

The vast ice-engine that we call a glacier is almost as silent as the slumbering rocks, and, to all but the eye of science, nearly as immobile, save where it discharges into the sea. It is noisy in its dying, but in the height of its power it is as still as the falling snow of which it is made. Yet give it time enough, and it scoops out the valleys and grinds down the mountains and turns the courses of rivers, or makes new ones.

We split the rocks and level the hills with our powder and dynamite, and fill the world with noise; but behold the vast cleavage of the rocks which the slow, noiseless forces of sun and frost bring about! In the Shawamgunk mountains one may see enormous masses of conglomerate that have been

split down from the main range, showing as clean a cleavage over vast surfaces as the quarryman can produce on small blocks with his drills and wedges. One has to pause and speculate on the character of the forces that achieved such results and left no mark of sudden violence behind. The forces that cleft them asunder were the noiseless sunbeams. The unequal stress and strain imparted by varying temperatures clove the mountains from top to bottom as with the stroke of the earthquake's hammer. In and around Yosemite Valley one sees granite blocks the size of houses and churches split in two where they lie in their beds, as if it had been done in their sleep and without awaking them. This silent quarrying and reducing of the rocks never ceases to surprise one. Amid the petrified forests of Arizona one marvels to see the stone trunks of the huge trees lying about in yard-lengths, as squarely and cleanly severed as if done with a saw. Assault them with sledge and bar and you may reduce them to irregular fragments, but you cannot divide the blocks neatly and regularly as time has done it.

The unknown, the inaudible forces that make for good in every state and community, — the gentle word, the kind act, the forgiving look, the quiet demeanor, the silent thinkers and workers, the cheerful and unwearied toilers, the scholar in his study, the scientist in his laboratory, — how much more we owe to these forces than to the clamorous and discordant voices of the world of politics and the newspaper! Art, literature, philosophy, all speak

with the still small voice. How much more potent the voice that speaks out of a great solitude and reverence than the noisy, acrimonious, and disputatious voice! Strong conviction and firm resolution are usually chary of words. Depth of feeling and parsimony of expression go well together.

The mills of the gods upon the earth's surface grind exceeding slow, and exceeding still. They are grinding up the rocks everywhere — pulverizing the granite, the limestone, the sandstone, the basalt, between the upper and nether millstones of air and water, to make the soil, but we hear no sound and mark no change; only in geologic time are the results recorded. In still waters we get the rich deposits that add to the fat of the land, and in peaceful, untroubled times is humanity enriched, and the foundations laid upon which the permanent institutions of a nation are built.

We all know what can be said in favor of turmoil, agitation, war; we all know, as Goethe said, that a man comes to know himself, not in thought, but in action; and the same is true of a nation. Equally do we know the value of repose, and the slow, silent activities both in the soul of man and in the processes of nature. The most potent and beneficent forces are stillest. The strength of a sentence lies not in its adjectives, but in its verbs and nouns, and the strength of men and of nations lies in their calm, sane, meditative moments. In a time of noise and hurry and materialism like ours, the gospel of the still small voice is always seasonable.

THE GATES OF THE EAST

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was about twelve o'clock one hot tropical night when I took a blanket from my stateroom and went up on the deck of the Lady McCallum to sleep. The Lady McCallum, a small, compact, untidy coast steamer, was bound for Hambantotta, Ceylon. She was true to her type and appeared to take no pride in her work, moving along at a negligible rate amid a generous creaking that arose from some mysterious depths amidships. Her engine must have been a devastated and haphazard affair, with no remnant of self-respect; while her berths, her superior berths provided for first-class passengers, were intolerably, inhumanly hot, despite the noisy electric fan directly overhead.

Not that there was anything extraordinary about these facts. The only remarkable fact was that, as I walked out upon her narrow, forsaken deck, and saw above me a cluster of low stars appearing and disappearing behind her rolling funnel, I became suddenly aware that at last, at this particular moment, I had come to the real beginning of my trip after pheasants. There was something incomprehensible about this sudden conviction, and also something a little absurd, since I had already covered some thousands of miles of my journey. But these appeared preliminary when I knew that just ahead, somewhere in that promising expanse of black water, was the little harbor of Hambantotta, — the eastern gateway to the jungle beyond. It was undeni-

ably true that some months before I had set out from America, and that this departure marked the lawful beginning of the expedition. However, when viewed from the deck of the Lady McCallum, that distant episode appeared somewhat fictitious. I was convinced that now, for the first time, I had come to the threshold of the real beginning.

It might have been that the light breeze brought with it some subtle evidence of land close ahead, some familiar Eastern fragrance which heralded the presence of a native village, with its palm trees rising dark and splendid above a row of thatched huts, and its fishing canoes drawn up like a black battalion along the water's edge. For, in the early morning a blue mist that lay close to the horizon took form and contour, becoming a white shore behind which distant trees showed in an opaque emerald border against the sky. This had the quality and unreality of a mirage, and the appearance of each successive detail seemed only to bring new elements of fiction into the illusion.

Even when the Lady McCallum stood in slowly toward the coast, and straight before her nose the native boats, made very small by distance, rode on the bright surface of the water like a colored toy fleet, the illusion persisted. Then, a young Cinghalese appeared from some fastness below deck and put his modest baggage well forward by the rail. The spell was broken. There was no longer an opalescent mirage against the skyline, but land ahead.

One by one the miniature boats as-

sumed character, became individuals with a purpose in life; and behind them the smooth beach, crescent-shaped, took on the semblance of a port. Some tall figures came out of the thatched houses and moved down slowly toward the surf. There was something leisurely and unhurried about these people, a certain natural poise which was singularly impressive in the midst of such simple surroundings. This might have been due to many things; it might have been something instinctive, or the result of countless subtle influences; but, whatever its source and its significance, it was something shared in common with the young Cinghalese who had come down from Colombo on the *Lady McCallum* and who stood guard over his baggage where it was heaped against the rail, stood guard over his mean assortment of parcels with that same gentle, almost melancholy air of detachment and fine dignity.

The fishermen, too, who in due time came alongside in their canoes, showed this racial kinship. They lent an aristocratic flavor to the humble job of transporting baggage. They were barefooted, and wore no clothing beyond a very large hat and a calico skirt which was gathered up tightly around the waist and fell in straight folds to the knees. But their faces were sensitive and high-bred, at certain angles almost effeminate—a curious effect which was strengthened when, in the stress of manœuvring a sail or hoisting heavy cargo, they threw off their clumsy hats and showed their black hair done up, woman-fashion, at the back of the head and topped by a tall shell-comb. These combs were semi-circular in shape, polished, and a very pure bright yellow in color; so that in the sunshine they looked like the half of a gold crown kept upright by magic as a symbol of some obscure royalty.

But these Cinghalese were a legiti-

mate enough part of their environment. They contributed a perfect foreground for that Eastern picture with its smooth sparkling sea and its outrigger canoes floating their patched sails. And these canoes were not only harmonious in the general scheme, which was their sole purpose when viewed from the deck of the *Lady McCallum*, but they were examples of a very superior craftsmanship. They were nothing more than the hollow trunk of a tree with a mast wherever convenient, and they trailed a short log at one side for balance; but they were water-tight, built for immortality, and possessed not so much as one nail in their whole ingenious structure. They were put together with pitch, and at certain critical points one part would be sewed to its affinity. To man them and to hustle them about from point to point with the aid of a short paddle was a feat demanding both adroitness and agility; but to have sewed one of them together must have been a task brought to fulfillment by nothing short of pure inspiration.

They were not, however, comfortable. At best they were no more than eight inches wide, with slithery bamboo poles for seats. Any baggage of reputable dimensions extended on either side, minus support, with an endless succession of waves curling up in a greedy, familiar fashion directly underneath. They created also an almost fatalistic impression of insecurity: a box of scientific instruments in company with some photographic plates was continually moving about underfoot, and a small leather handbag rode from one end of the boat to the other at every intimation of a breaker. It was like some sort of endless nautical game in which the luggage strove to outguess the sea. But like any good game it was dangerous, and a gathering of youthful Cinghalese who had come out from land for the dubious pleasure of swim-

ming in again alongside, only emphasized the general uncertainty. They had the air of adolescent ghouls waiting to snatch up every scrap of flotsam and jetsam before it could sink unduly to some haven in the inaccessible depths of the sea.

But the outrigger made a safe landing, being beached by a great wave that flung it far up on the sand like a chip. The young ghouls came up dripping, and I believe were subsequently hired to carry baggage and various scientific items to the dâk bungalow which faced the harbor from the verdant summit of a little slope. It was my intention to go straight to the bungalow, interview the chowkidar, and set things in order for the day. But I was waylaid. I saw, far out across a stretch of emerald water, the Lady McCallum heading for the open sea. I stood and watched her, watched her moving slowly under the gray cloud of her own smoke. And such is the working of the human mind, I was sorry to see her go. I had been undeniably anxious to leave, had been the first lowered to the outrigger below; but I did not like to see her being swallowed up by that pitiless expanse of water.

And at the same time I was glad, because that unprepossessing little coast steamer was the last link in the long chain which bound Hambantotta to that other distant world from which I had come. And for a time I would have no need of the very highly civilized codes and standards which governed that world; they would be of little value to me in the jungle where life moves upon so much more broad and simple lines. Therefore as the Lady McCallum became smaller and smaller against the low clouds that lay close to the surface of the sea, the horizon line of the work I had to do became correspondingly large. And yet at the same time there was that sense of irreparable loss, that mysterious regret.

II

I went on down the beach toward the dâk, and long before I was aware of it the conventional Caucasian influences were losing their potency. The natives were no longer aliens wearing strange clothing, but familiar, acceptable figures; each one remarkably individual. Some naked chocolate boys were running up and down the sand in the elaborate manœuvres of a sham battle; this appeared a natural and a more or less amiable proceeding, — which it was. As a matter of fact, it was just as well that the civilized habits of thought I had brought from my own country let go their hold so easily. For I had not only come into one new world which demanded a new viewpoint, but into two. The first and foremost of these was scientific and had to do with pheasants and every other bird and creature near by; the second was made up of the people, and what they were making or were endeavoring to make out of their lives. A third world, even a phantom world built out of memories, would have been a handicap.

Up at the dâk, I found things well under way. The chowkidar, an old man and uncommonly benignant, had opened up his musty rooms and disposed the baggage around the veranda to his fancy. Inside the low front room it was cool and clean, and a gray lizard, a foot long, was stretched out comfortably in the middle of a canvas cot. I discovered later that he lived in the roof in company with some others much larger, who could stir up a lively commotion overhead whenever the spirit moved them. This was usually at night, because they spent most of the day running up and down the pillars of the porch. They did this in an anxious, hurried fashion, but since there was no profit in it, it must have been sport.

The big lizard took himself off at a

leisurely gait, and I went on through to the back of the bungalow. Half way across the yard the chowkidar had built a fire, and with three of his friends was squatting on the ground before it. A black cooking-pot rested on the coals and sent up little puffs of steam, which, with the blue wood-smoke, formed a light motionless cloud directly over the heads of the four men. Beyond them a cactus-covered plain was spread out like a big carpet before the distant hills. The men by the fire neither moved nor talked, and the wind had died down somewhere in the spaces of that wide plain; it was all so silent, so peaceful, that for a moment life seemed to be divested of all its ugly qualities. It seemed incredible that the struggle to live could assume such vast proportions, that so much pain and so much sorrow were allotted a legitimate place in the world. Then, somewhere above my head, two unneighborly young crows began quarreling; their grievance was obscure, but they were singularly vindictive about it. After all, it was only an illusion that the big struggle had been suspended.

And down in the village proper, where I went in search of a servant, the people were having their quarrels, were facing down their own personal problems with just the same spirit which the young crows had shown on the roof of the dâk. The only difference was that the problems were a little more complex, and not so frankly exposed to the light of public opinion. At one end of the narrow street which was, in reality, the entire village of Hambantotta, some Tamil traders were gathered together around their wares, which were spread out on a square of dark calico. I do not know why this array of gold beetles, done in filigree, and these processions of tiny rickshaws, delicately carved, were grouped so harmoniously on their blue background. Nobody was

buying, although the Tamils argued loudly among themselves and seemed to be insisting upon the especial merit of each particular offering. At any rate, every Tamil manifested a robust disregard for the claims of his competitors, whatever they were. The crowd looking on was a nondescript collection, entirely absorbed by what was afoot. If the exhibition was a business enterprise, it was also a small fête, a drama. There was unmistakably comedy, tragedy, incident, and situation to be found in the undertaking, and beyond question there was an appreciative audience. The possibility of selling the beetles was, after all, the least of the affair. It may have been that the traders were rehearsing their arguments, arranging them in some hypnotic sequence which would stand them in stead some momentous day; or it may have been that the little rickshaws were only a lodestone, unimportant in themselves, but like afternoon tea, a means of bringing people together that each might set out his individual views for the edification of his neighbor.

As an outsider I was, of course, totally unequal to a real appreciation of this critical transaction. There is something elusive and eternally baffling about human nature at all times, and when it speaks an alien tongue and conducts itself according to alien standards, the two highroads to understanding are closed. There is no way to reach the inner secrets; no way to disclose the inner motives. At best, there are no clues beyond a few illuminating gestures and the chance expressions that show in certain faces in unguarded moments. So in the last analysis I could do no more than hazard a guess at the true import of what was taking place around me, a guess supported by various scraps of information and a little theoretical knowledge of conditions. I saw that the Tamils were short, solid, awkward

men, wholly unlike the Cinghalese; and I deduced some tentative estimates of their character.

Sometimes these haphazard opinions about daily affairs were verified. It happened that, after all, I had seen a true view of the Tamil personality at the beetle market. For they are a progressive, sturdy, diligent people, traders by instinct. They adapt themselves quickly to a new environment and are quick to seize every chance, no matter how humble or servile, for advancement. Unlike the Cinghalese, they are neither proud nor sensitive. They work on the roads, dig ditches, and even make brief excursions into adjoining territory as laborers or trackers, if they are assured of its profit to them. Their clothes are a savage array of crude colors and their headdress is a turban of bright cloth. A Cinghalese, with his flowing white skirt and white coat, with his oiled black hair surmounted by the tortoise-shell comb, has an aristocratic and distinguished bearing when placed beside them.

Not that the Cinghalese do not adapt themselves quickly to new conditions. They are too gentle by nature to offer any serious resistance to any advance. But they are not grasping like the Tamils; they are acquiescent. They give way quickly to authority and are respectful and courteous. It seems in the nature of a miracle that the Tamils have not completely overcome them, dominated them, and assumed control. Perhaps it was the imagination of the Cinghalese which stood in the way of this; they foresaw that their only strength lay in their holding close together. But whatever the underlying causes, they have given no ground; their superstitions, their religion, their language have all remained uncolored by this strong, opposing influence. And yet the two peoples live side by side in a perfectly friendly association which has remained

unaltered for generations; and each Tamil speaks two or three Cinghalese dialects, while each Cinghalese, without sacrificing his own tongue, understands perfectly the jargon of his neighbor. Which proves, I think, that it is easier to deduce general facts about pheasants than about human nature.

As a matter of fact, although I had set out to find a servant somewhere in that main thoroughfare of Hambantotta, I took no direct action in the matter at all. Instead, I made a few observations on some scavenger birds, since they were present in large numbers and in every degree of efficiency; and I decided that the hundreds and hundreds of crows I had seen along the beach, as well as those crowded together on the yards and ratlines of the outriggers, were protected perhaps by some religious scruple. This provided a secure though uneventful existence for the crows. Their safety was insured beyond question, and each day they might dine magnificently upon such of the catch as the fishermen found useless for market. It was not surprising that they had become an opulent, sleek, greedy lot of individuals, given to thieving and all manner of impertinences.

As for the servant question, I turned it over bodily to the English government agent, — a young official who had been sent out by his government to superintend the welfare of the Hambantotta section of Ceylon. It was a difficult job, which he carried through with great understanding and a certain supreme patience. There was no other white man for miles in that isolated jungle country, and the work itself was not easy. He was unofficially a judge, a lawyer, a court of appeals, as well as all the lesser legal dignitaries upon occasion. I think that England must be very proud of such men.

I explained my difficulties to him and he took them over straightway. The

servant matter was the least of the problems he shouldered, and he dispatched all of them with amazing speed and thoroughness. When I had been in Hambantotta but twenty-four hours I found myself indebted to him for one Cinghalese manservant, one Tamil tracker, three bullock-carts, six oxen, three drivers, a game license, one boar's skull, one junglefowl egg, five peacock feathers, and two dozen bottles of soda pop. He would also have given me his house, I believe, if it would not have seriously disarranged the governmental machinery for him to move out on such very short notice.

As it happened, his house was an exceptionally fine one for the tropics, with its wide, screened veranda and cool rooms. And I found it particularly pleasing because of the geckos who lived there. I saw any number of these little indefatigable gray lizards, and I liked them better than the ones at the dāk, not only because they were smaller but because they were more industrious and more inclined to be friendly. The long clumsy creatures at the bungalow were so big and heavy that they gave an impression of fixed stupidity, and they were not hospitable. Whereas the geckos were intensely interested in all that was happening, and I am sure that nothing but politeness kept them from walking all over the guests of the government as a sign of appreciation. Certainly they walked over everything else within range, except an alcohol lamp which happened to be burning. Their feet are peculiarly fitted for these excursions, having padded toes which can secure a foothold upon anything, including mirrors and the ceiling. They have also a quaint habit of striking an attitude and remaining absolutely motionless. This may be fear, or it may be a method they employ when stalking their prey — a moth, or even a bread crumb upon occasion. At any rate they

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secure some novel effects. At the government bungalow there was a large picture placed at the left of the window overlooking the porch. So the light upon it was indirect, but I saw that it was handsomely framed in dark wood, — a Japanese frame presumably, since at the upper right-hand corner was an excellently done, very decorative lizard. The Japanese handle such *motifs* with great delicacy. And even in the dim light it was apparent that this was an exceptional example. I could not help but feel offended when it gathered itself together and went scampering headlong down the wall. However, there was one compensating feature to the incident. It happened that the gecko had given me warning of his intentions an instant before his flight, although I had failed to interpret it. I had heard a low, sweet tinkling sound, as if a tiny bell were ringing in some distant part of the house. Certainly I had not associated it with a carved lizard on a picture frame. But afterward I realized its source and its import. It was a singularly beautiful call, a little like a trill; and more than anything else it sounded as if a marble had been dropped on a silver platter and were settling slowly to rest.

When I went back to the dāk, early that afternoon, I felt that my first day in the country had been pretty well filled up, that I had pretty well estimated the possibilities of the village. But I found that, on the contrary, the one great event in the daily life of Hambantotta had not yet appeared above the horizon of affairs. I had failed to consider that momentous hour which marks the home-coming of the fleet. I had passed judgment on the play without waiting for the climax; because the arrival of the boats at sunset was the very pivotal point upon which that native community revolved. I do not believe that a more complex people, a

more sophisticated people, can ever realize the significance of such a landing, can ever realize the naïve anticipation which makes those men go down and wait on the beach long before the first outrigger has turned her nose toward the land. It seemed to me that every household must have had a representative there, — some privileged one of the family who would return to tell all that was said and done.

For there were old men, old Tamil traders with a fringe of white hair showing under their faded turbans, and old Cinghalese sailors who stood about in dignified groups and talked together in a quiet, reminiscent fashion. There can be no doubt that they made unfavorable comment on the methods of the new generation, and did not fail to mention again the threadbare exploits of their own youth. And there were a few young men who had left their work that they might go down on the beach, and, with the unparalleled authority of twenty, pass judgment on all that was taking place. Three girls were standing together in the shadow of the palm trees that bordered the sand, but there were no others along the whole curved length of the shore; so I judged that public opinion held it that women should not be on too intimate terms with the inner machinery of men's affairs. However, there were small boys scattered about in great profusion; they ran in and out wherever a gap appeared in the crowd, and shoved and shrieked, and shouted back impertinent replies over their shoulders when anybody spoke to them.

And when the boats appeared, racing along at full speed against the cloudy sunset, every one of that yelping horde went tumbling into the surf, and some of the tall young men went with them, regardless of the striped skirts and headdresses which had showed up so valiantly against the

white sand. Other young men ran some rollers into place at the edge of the breakers — rollers which had been made by roping logs together in a very fair semblance of a skidway. Then the crowd began to drop back a little, for the boats had already broken into the rough water near shore and seemed to be fairly leaping along over the surface, with their richly dyed tan sails bellying out in silhouette, first against the blue sky, then against the green waves. They shot through the surf at a perilous rate, so that even when they struck the logs they did not stop, but sailed on for a bit, regardless.

Certainly there were elements of real excitement in this landing, and Hambantotta looked on in appreciative silence until the last boat was beached, and even until the fish were taken out and laid in shining rows on the sand. Then the old Cinghalese sailors went down and sagely handled the catch, appraising its worth and passing judgment upon its imperfections. And the Tamil traders stood by and pointed out the particularly fine specimens in those silver rows, — knew them instantly for their real value, — because there was a lifetime of experience to give authority to such swift decisions. But it was the young traders who bought when the catch was auctioned, and it was the young Cinghalese who were the auctioneers. Which was but one more proof that, for reasons of her own, life seems to have given all her sympathy to youth and not to wisdom.

The auctioning itself took but a little time. It was the culminating event of events, but it was passed over quickly and quietly. And immediately afterward, the whole crescent-shaped beach was forsaken, save for the crows who had already swooped down from the ratlines to gather like restless shadows at those chosen points where a banquet had been so generously spread for them.

But the sand was still marked up with the imprint of hundreds of human feet; in some places it looked as if the water had come up and washed out those shallow troughs where so many people had stood together, and, receding, had left strange, meaningless marks on the face of the sand. It seemed incredible that so many human beings had so short a time before been united there by one impulse, only to return so quickly and so silently to the monotonous movement of their individual lives. But the crows were proof that the shore had not always been merely a harbor for deserted boats; and behind them the setting sun, showing above two bands of violet cloud, touched up with gold a western window in a hut that over-looked the sea.

Then the tropical night came down quickly, and up at the dāk the new manservant had already made a habitable place out of the front room and was awaiting his orders for the night. He was a tall Cinghalese, about thirty-five years old, who said that his name was Boy. He was capable, deferential in manner, and in all the time that he was with me, regardless of the unfamiliar things he confronted daily, I never saw an expression of surprise on his face. He moved slowly about his work, and was equally conscientious about his cooking and the odd scientific jobs that fell to his lot. If he had any emotions, they were somewhere well below the surface. However, he did a great deal toward getting things in line for the work that lay ahead in the jungle; and it was in large part owing to his faithful service that early one morning three bullock-carts pulled up in front of the bungalow and were straightway loaded with all the equipment necessary for the field.

These carts were commodious, watted affairs, precariously hoisted up on two wheels. They were cool — though

covered at the sides and over the top with woven bamboo splits — but they were not comfortable. The roads were bad, winding in and out between deserted paddy fields, and the drivers would undertake any angle which happened to appear before them. It was not that they were eager to reach the P.W.D. resthouse at Welligatta, which was our destination; it was only one more manifestation of the native tendency to acquiesce in the face of difficulties. I traveled over the entire floor of my cart several times. It was like sliding around under an inverted basket, with the possibility each time of sliding right on out through the hole at the back. This was more exciting with a lagoon underneath instead of dry land, particularly when the water bubbled up under the bed and seeped gently through the cracks.

It was undoubtedly a precarious, noisy, unsavory journey. The drivers kept up a running conversation from cart to cart, whenever they were not shouting at the bullocks; and the bullocks themselves wore wooden bells. I was told that these were a warning to evil spirits and leopards and such, and, sliding around behind them, I hoped that they were. They were as clear as trumpets, and gave out abiding resonances. Every creature within hearing must have fled inland for its life. Once, on a level stretch of road, I looked out through my bamboo netting and saw nothing but a termite nest, and very high above this, so that they looked like two black motes above the trees, two Brahminy kites sailing smoothly on widespread wings.

When we stopped at noon the drivers put their food on to cook, then rubbed down the bullocks; afterwards, when they had washed the plates, they hung the dish-cloths and the bullock-cloths one over the other on the roofs of the carts. This accounted for many things.

We were some five or six hours late in getting to Welligatta, which is good time for the East. At the resthouse, the door was locked and a surly chowkidar refused to open it. We argued with him, and I had time to look over my new headquarters, finding it to be the typical whitewashed dâk, with red tiled roof. This chowkidar had no inclination whatsoever to be friendly — in which he was true to type. However, when we made elaborate preparations for breaking down his door, he opened it. Which proved him a coward on top of his unpleasant disposition.

This was not an auspicious beginning, but afterwards Boy took him aside and told him a great many things, with gestures. I do not know what they were, but they converted that keeper into a new man in the space of about five minutes. He began hurriedly to get the place in order, and made various pacific advances. Perhaps Boy had assured him that I was a great physician, this being one of his fixed delusions, since he had never been able to find any other logical reason for the bottles and cases, and instruments belonging to the expedition. At any rate, Welligatta shortly appeared at my doorstep and asked for medicine. Some of the cases needed only a little antiseptic soap, or some healing salve; but for others nothing could be done. The little boys were especially pitiable, because they were especially brave about their treatment, standing perfectly still, shy and heroic in the face of great mysteries.

There was one other native who came in that day — but he did not live in the dirty community at Welligatta. He was of good caste, an engineer. It happened that the resthouse was in his jurisdiction, and he stopped in to see if things were running well. He was a University man, with a fine mind, too subtle and too well trained for the work he was doing. But he could make no

further advance because of the English laws which set a well-defined limit to the power of any native; and he admitted the wisdom of these laws. But he was a tragic example of the good material which any evolution throws aside. There was no legitimate place for his talents, even after they had been brought to their fullest development. He said himself that it would have been better to have let him alone, to have offered him no chance, since at best there was nothing but a blind road open to him. And he had come abruptly to the end of this. He pointed to his man who was lying asleep in the shadow of the porch, and said that in the East such a low-caste servant, without dreams and without ideals, was better off than his master, who could stand on the borderline of a new country and know the full meaning of what it represented, but must remain helpless in the very face of such a realization. It was the inevitable tragic waste which follows close on the heels of any progress. And this was emphasized, in some way, by the fact that he knew such a process was necessary, that in the end it would work out for the good of his people and his country.

The next day, when I got up before sunrise to start out after jungle-fowl, I kept thinking of all that he had said, and I could not help but compare him with my Tamil tracker, who was waiting sleepy, incurious, and ignorant, for the day's work that lay ahead. One had made such great strides, and to no apparent purpose; the other had taken no steps at all beside him. Yet they were both moving, each as best he could, toward some obscure goal. I had come again upon more mysteries in human beings and in the philosophies and laws which govern them, and I was glad to put the whole of it aside and start out into the jungle, where I had work of my own to do.

III

The jungle was like a big park which began almost at my door—a park with little glades and every once in a while a shallow lake surrounded by dark trees. The tops of the trees showed against the pale, luminous sky, although the low branches were lost in deep shadow. The tracker led the way along a narrow animal trail, and I followed, guided chiefly by the thorns which were lined up on either side like two armies set to keep travelers well within the path.

The sun had not yet come up above the blue haze that lay far to the east, but a host of flamingos flying high overhead caught the first rays on their wide wings. Then the acacia shrub began to show little lines of gold against the mist which lay behind it, and pink, nameless flowers came out like stars in the shadowy glades.

Down by a triangular lake, that was changing from silver to blue, two elephants moved slowly forward through the low underbrush; then turned, and swung into the jungle. At one side of the lake, where the ground rose in a gentle slope, some axis deer watched them till they had gone, and the coarse grass, springing back into place, had covered up the great marks made by their feet.

I heard the tracker whisper something unintelligible, but it was drowned out midway by the familiar scream of a wild peacock, and looking up quickly, I saw the great bird with his undulating train glide down from a distant tree and disappear behind a little ridge some hundred yards away. I had started out after junglefowl, but nature has a contrary habit of offering the unexpected, so I was grateful enough and began crawling along after him. There is something essentially undignified in such a pursuit as this; but work in the field has nothing to do with dignity or

with anything except patience, concentration, and eternal vigilance. All that I had to do was to get that peacock within range, and to keep out of sight. In time, I came upon him, although I did not know it. I saw only two bee-eaters balanced on a low branch directly above me. Then, straight ahead, something moved—it looked like a dry, gray stalk standing upright in the grass. Then, although there was no wind, it swayed a little to one side and back into position again; and I saw then the contour of the head and neck of the first wild peacock I had ever laid eyes upon. The body itself was almost hidden. Then suddenly he leaped into the air, one single spring and a quick movement of his wings lifting him six feet or more in a half circle, with his long train spread out to make a feathery mist which the sunlight touched with emerald and gold. He alighted slowly and returned to his place in the tall grass, where he stood as he had stood before, with his neck stretched out and his head down, watching something,—something of great interest which was completely hidden from me. He lifted himself again in the wide circle and returned. Then something brown moved swiftly across a little opening in the brush and the peacock trailed it, bringing it to bay again. This was in a clear spot, and I got my glasses up and focused them. First, a gray blurred circle moved quickly into position, then the beautiful breast of the peacock took its place, perfect in every detail of color and structure. And finally, a little brown vibrating point showed against the sand. It seemed at best only a tiny mound of earth, moving inexplicably. Then I saw that it was a Russell's viper, and a viper with a particularly venomous head, broad between the eyes, but flat so that it lay close to the ground.

For fully ten minutes the peacock pursued it from point to point, keep-

ing always at a discreet distance, but making the viper strike again and again. It may have been curiosity only, and whatever it was, the bird tired of it at last and went over to the edge of the lake, where he found some food that occupied him for a long time. The sun was then high overhead and turned his fine plumage to copper and gold. I stood up to see him better; and even before I had taken a step toward him he had sensed the danger and was running down the side of the slope, beating his wings rapidly for a few seconds before he rose and flew swiftly over the acacias and into the wooded plain beyond. I watched him until the last moment; and the bright light made a wonderful colored tapestry out of his train as he moved. Then I found that the sun was getting unbearably hot even through a pith helmet, and I went back quickly to the resthouse, following the narrow animal trail by which I had come.

It was on this same trail, later, that three important things befell. The first was the appearance of a high-backed tortoise. Just before he came out to meet me, I heard somewhere in the bushes a thin, trembling sound, very high and a little querulous in character. Then the singing tortoise came waddling out underfoot, singing as he came. His back was finely marked in broad patterns of gold, and he carried his shell along with a certain proud gravity. He stopped and looked at my feet when they came conveniently within his range of vision, turning his eyes quickly from one to the other. But for reasons of his own he was not afraid; instead he put up his small, leathery head, and as if in salute, sent forth again his clear penetrating trill. Then he waddled off again over an avenue of golden flower-balls that had dropped down from the acacia trees which met to form a canopy somewhere far above

his head. And in the distance I heard him singing.

The second trail episode came about quickly. I was walking along a little ahead of my assistant when I was suddenly pushed far forward by a strong blow between my shoulders. It nearly sent me off my feet. I turned and was on the point of saying fully what I thought about it, when I looked down and saw a Russell's viper lifting himself to strike. I should have stepped on him if I had been alone, and my pheasant work would have come to an abrupt end. It was not a pleasant experience.

Then, the last day at Welligatta, I had the bad luck to get within range of some water-buffaloes. I had been told that these buffaloes were a singularly savage lot who for mysterious reasons would attack any white man without provocation. I had not been fully convinced, however, or else I had given the matter very little thought, because once I had seen a native driving six of the beasts before him, whistling at his job and twiddling a slender whip between his fingers. It had been an amiable enough proceeding. But when I saw those three buffaloes lift themselves out of the high grass by the lake, saw them rise up heavily with lowered heads, some entirely new thoughts about them went flashing through my mind. It happened also that I had been told that when several of the beasts are together they will not attack any man who does not run away from them. With those three black mounds of flesh down by the lake already getting under way, this appeared an unusually idiotic contention. I did not make any effort to hold to it. I put down my camera and went up a tree. And I stayed there for some time, with the three buffaloes charging repeatedly underneath, until a native boy came out providently and drove them away. I know that

there were elements of absurdity in the whole affair, but absurdity and great danger sometimes go hand in hand. And these beasts are the greatest danger of the jungle country.

However, that night, when the packing was done and my notes were finished for the day, I was out on the porch for a while going over the details of the trip, and I found that incident after incident slipped into its lawful place in the general scheme. It happened that only two hours earlier a native had come in for medicine for his arm, which was marked up above the elbow by elephant bruise. We did what we could for him, and he went away. But although he was only one out of many who had come up to the house for medicine, because he had come last, he stood well in the foreground of events. And it was so with the water-buffaloes who had run me up a tree. It was only when I thought of the bullock-carts and the noisy wooden bells, of the *dāk* bungalow at Hambantotta with the yard where the chowkidar built his fire, of the beach and the old fishermen estimating so carefully the catch which had been brought in at sundown, that one thing after another fell into position. I saw that after all it was only a matter of contrast, — that the values were relative.

And I tried to bring some of this philosophy into the question of leaving

Welligatta; but this being also a matter of emotion, it needed a little more time before it would fall into its legitimate groove. I knew that in a week I could look back and see that the expedition could not have remained always in Welligatta, but as it was I found it hard to leave. I looked out over the dark trees which grew at the edge of the jungle and saw the lake between the branches like bars of new silver, and thought of the work I had left undone, and of the people close by who were living mysteries daily which I could in no way understand; and I did not want to leave it all unsolved.

Then I heard Boy adjusting my hammock, which hung at the end of the porch. Since it was already well placed, and needed no readjustment, this meant that he was sleepy. So I stood up and all the unanswered questions straightway went out of my mind. I thought that I had no more regrets about leaving the jungle. Then from far away, I heard a thin, trembling sound, a little querulous. I do not know that the tortoise was awake at such an hour, but I know that the last thought in my mind was that although I had come to Ceylon for junglefowl and peacocks and had found them, that some day I would return. And I hoped that at such a time I would find somewhere a golden-backed tortoise singing to welcome me back to the East.

FOR A CHILD

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I

You are coming, over the dark
(Over the dark — over the dark),
You are coming, shadow and spark:
Life! — for my hand to hold.

Ah, and what shall I do with you?
Curl you away in a pink rose-petal?
Or in a chest of pale filigree-metal
Lock you like pearls from the cold?

Or shall I hang you out on the bough
Of the great fir tree where the winds walk by,
Letting them rock you and still your cry
When you are afraid at night?

But I am afraid when I think of you. —
How shall I know you? Whom shall I greet,
Strange as a star from your head to your feet,
Strange little soul, blank-white?

I am coming, over the dark
(Over the dark — over the dark),
Trembling and wonder, shadow and spark :
Life! — for your hand to hold.

This will you do, and naught else with me :
Clasp me and kiss me and cling to me!
Love me, and laugh as you sing to me!
Hugging me safe from the cold!

II

You shall not wear velvet
Nor silken broidery;
But brown things, and straight things
That leave your body free.

You shall not have playthings
That men have wrought for gold;
But shells and stones and seaweeds,
And nuts by squirrels sold.

Your friends shall be the Tall Wind,
The River, and the Tree;
The Sun that laughs and marches,
The Swallows, and the Sea.

Your prayers shall be the murmur
Of grasses in the rain;
The song of wild wood-thrushes,
That make God glad again.

And you shall run and wander,
And you shall dream and sing
Of brave things and bright things,
Beyond the swallow's wing.

And you shall envy no man,
Nor hurt your heart with sighs.
For I will keep you simple,
That God may make you wise!

III

I hold you close; and I could cry
Because you seem so new and dear;
And such a helpless warder I
To keep your candle burning clear:

FOR A CHILD

The curious candle of your breath,
 Body's and spirit's throbbing light. —
 I hold you close, while Life and Death
 Already blow across you. White
 And soft, and warm against my cheek —
 Oh, I could cry! But somehow, you
 With hands and feet and face bespeak
 Laughter no tears can quiver through!

A changeling mother I must be,
 To laugh, and not to cry, at you, —
 Dust of the starry worlds! — to me
 The quaintest joke I ever knew!

A FORSAKEN GOD

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I
 AN Englishman of letters who, in the eyes of Americans at least, embodies the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge, expressed not long ago certain frank opinions about America. What motive induced him to tell the world what he thinks of us? It could not have been mere excitement over novel experiences. Englishmen of letters no longer write about America in the spirit of explorers. Mr. Lowes Dickinson could hardly have appeared to himself — reflected in the delicate mirror of his mind — as a gentleman adventurer, staring from a peak of Greek culture at our amazing characteristics, and differing from stout Cortez mainly in not being silent. The war had not yet begun;

there was no motive for bringing gentle suasion — such as may be implied in any expression of British interest in America — to bear upon our neutrality. The readiest explanation of his writing is that he was prompted by a simple motive: he wrote under the need of saying what was on his mind. This is the very kind of criticism to give ear to. When the human heart must unburden itself of a load, it neither flatters nor detracts; it acts instinctively with no thought of consequences. The mood is a mood of truth. The man who speaks the truth to us is our best friend, and we should always listen to him.

Among other things Mr. Dickinson said, 'Describe the average Western man and you describe the American;

from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same — masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, and at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual. . . .

‘The impression America makes on me is that the windows are blocked up. It has become incredible that this continent was colonized by the Pilgrim Fathers. . . . Religion is becoming a department of practical business. The churches — orthodox and unorthodox, old and new, Christian, Christian-Scientific, theosophic, higher-thinking — vie with one another in advertising goods which are all material benefits: “Follow me, and you will get rich,” “Follow me, and you will get well,” “Follow me, and you will be cheerful, prosperous, successful.” Religion in America is nothing if not practical.

Some Americans do not like this criticism. They protest that the critic has no eye for the essential qualities that render our country dear to us, that he gazes dimly, through a mist of Cambridge traditions, from some spleen-producing point of vision, upon a people spiritually remote from him. Human nature instinctively lays flattering unction to its soul; but there is only one right way to take the fault-finding of an intellectual and highly educated man, and that is to see how much truth there is in his fault-finding and then strive to correct our faults. Most Americans do not care about the opinions of Oxford and Cambridge; they say that we must be a law unto ourselves, and absorb nourishment from the sunshine of our own self-esteem. But others, less robust, do set store by

the opinion of scholars bred, for the greater part, upon the recorded mind of the most gifted people that has ever lived in Europe, — upon the books of Homer and Pindar, Æschylus and Euripides, Plato and Aristotle, and their fellows. It will do us less harm to assume that there is too much truth in what Mr. Dickinson has said of us, than to assume that there is none.

Sixty or seventy years ago, a definite conception of what constitutes the mould of moral and intellectual form upon which men should seek to shape themselves, appeared to be solidly established. That conception was definite and readily accepted because it actually had been embodied in a living man, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Emerson, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, each in his respective way, and all other leaders of thought in America, acknowledged Goethe as the model for man, as an intellectual being, to strive to imitate.

Goethe’s position seemed as secure as Shakespeare’s, Dante’s, or Homer’s. Lower than they in the supreme heights of song, he was more universal. He had composed poetry that in peculiar sweetness rivaled the Elizabethan lyrics and surpassed them in variety and depth of thought; he had written a play judged equal to *Hamlet* or the Book of Job; he had written romances that rivaled *I Promessi Sposi* in nice depiction of the soul’s workings, and were as interesting in their delineation of human life as the most romantic of the Waverley Novels. He had been the chief counselor of a sovereign prince and had devised wise policy in a hundred matters of statecraft. His mind had put forth ideas as a tree in spring-time puts forth leaves; his speculations had traveled in wide fields of scientific thought; he had divined certain processes concerning the origin of species in a manner that still associates his

name with the names of Lamarck and Darwin. He was accoutred with a radiant intelligence, with unmatched cultivation, with wide sympathies; he was free from prejudice to a degree unequalled in our modern world. His intellectual impartiality had inspired a sect of persons with the creed that the home of man is the free mind, and that his country is coterminous with the whole range of truth.

Great as were his feats in literature and in science, his special achievement was the creation of his ideal for the living of life, an ideal that seemed founded on so broad a base that it could but be a question of time and perception for it to be universally acknowledged and adopted. More than any man from Aristotle to Thomas Aquinas, from Aquinas to Auguste Comte, he seemed to have a true view of the ideal proper for the human spirit.

Goethe's ideal embraces freedom from the prejudices of home and education, clearness of vision, courage in the teeth of circumstance, an ordered life, a disciplined spirit, an unclouded soul, the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and the disinterested worship of whatever is perfect.

Nobility, order, measure, and the underlying feeling of peace, are primary elements in Goethe's ideal. These qualities, if there be any remedy anywhere, make the antidote to the evils which, according to Mr. Lowes Dickinson, beset us. They exalt the things of the intellect, and take away temptation to the 'unscrupulous,' 'brutal' pursuit of material things. And more medicinal than all the others is Goethe's belief in inward peace. Under the impulsion of instinct, we Americans move to and fro, go up and down, and turn about. We seek satisfaction for our appetites in activity. Goethe lived in the world and was of the world, and yet he sought peace of soul. He sought

peace, not to escape from the world, but to gain greater dominion over it. He hoped to obtain greater control over the happenings of life, — greater power to put them to use and to enjoyment, — by penetrating into the deeps of serenity; he desired mastery over self as a means to inward peace, and inward peace as a means to mastery over life.

We have drifted so far from the opinions of Emerson and his contemporaries, and — if Mr. Dickinson is right in his criticisms — we have so completely lost sight of the example set by Goethe, that I will expatiate a little upon what Goethe was, and might still be to us.

II

For Goethe inward peace was not the final goal, but a stage on the way; or, rather, it was the sustenance of life, the means of right living, the power that should help him become himself, help him grow to his full stature. And the problem of his self-education was how to attain this inward peace. For him, as for all seekers in the Christian past, the conventional way would have been to follow Christian teachings; and there is evidence that Christian teachings touched him, touched him deeply. They stirred him somewhat as Gothic architecture stirred his enthusiasm in youth. But the whole trend of his nature prevented this. To Goethe the mediæval searchings after God were dead hypotheses; the road that led Richard of St. Victor or St. Francis of Assisi to peace, was to him a blind alley. Goethe did not wish to escape from the world, from its perturbations and disquiet. He desired inward peace, as a hero, resolute to fight and conquer, might wish for a shield.

Another path was to follow the precepts of the pagan philosophers, such counsels as the imperial spokesman of ancient Stoicism gives: 'Men seek re-

treats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores, and mountains; but this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in a man's power, whenever he shall choose, to retire into himself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.'

The Stoics wished to retire into their own souls in order that they might come back to the world free from discontent with worldly things; whereas Goethe wished to come back into the world with power to dominate worldly things. He was therefore obliged to devise a path for himself, a path far nearer to the pagan than to the Christian path, but still a new path. Might not a devout man, one who believed that '*Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Teil*,' — that 'the tremulous sense of awe is man's noblest attribute,' — attain peace by way of the intellect, by living life in noble completeness? The affirmative answer was the essential thesis of Goethe's life. He maintained this not so much by what he wrote, as by his conduct. He was no disciple of the mystics; he did not propose to overcome this life of phenomena by passing beyond phenomena, but by comprehending them. He never aspired to spread his wings and fly to Heaven; he kept his feet planted on solid earth. Madame de Staël says: '*Goethe ne perd jamais terre, tout en atteignant aux conceptions les plus sublimes*' — 'Goethe never quits the earth, even when reaching up to the most sublime ideas.' And yet his firm stand upon earth and his concern with things of this world did not tempt him to adopt worldly measures. '*On diroit qu'il n'est pas atteint*

par la vie' — 'the things of this world do not seem to touch him.' These qualities of his that Madame de Staël noted, are signs that the seeker had attained. All, or almost all, testimony concerning Goethe's presence, his manner, his dignity, is in accord. To Eckermann, who did not see him till he was an old man, he seemed '*wie einer, der von himmlischem Frieden ganz erfüllt ist*' — 'like a man brimfull of heavenly peace.' All his life he sought knowledge, for, as he believed, knowledge begets understanding, and understanding sympathy, and sympathy brings the spirit into harmony with all things, and harmony engenders peace. Goethe is the great embodiment of the return of the modern mind to the religion of the classic spirit, seeking inward peace, not in an unseen heaven, but in 'the good ordering of the mind.'

Goethe's seeking was not the seeking of a man of letters; it was not prompted by the artist's instinct, not consciously adopted as a means to master his art; it was the seeking of the human spirit for the road to salvation on earth. Take the long series of his works, — poems, plays, novels, criticisms; they reveal no obsessing preoccupation with the attainment of a high serenity of soul. They represent the adventures of his spirit with the multitudinous happenings of human life. But here and there, like light through a chink, flashes out evidence of the direction in which his soul is set.

Nevertheless, the dominance of the idea of inward peace is far more apparent from the story of his life than from his writings. Peace shaped itself in his mind not as a Nirvana, not as a rapt contemplation of God, but as harmony, as a state of inward union, of a right relation to the universe, manifest to men as order, proportion, measure, serenity, and therefore, necessarily, in relation to other men, as benevolence.

In this he was powerfully helped by the strong intellectual influence that swept over Germany in his youth, the admiration for classical art taught by Winckelmann and Lessing. Under the teachings of these two men, the stately grandeur of classical sculpture and architecture appeared to be the summit of human attainment, the goal of imitation and effort. He learned that '*Das Ideal der Schönheit ist Einfalt und Stille*' — 'the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose.'

The theories of Winckelmann and of Lessing fermented in Goethe's mind, and, when he came to make his famous *Italienische Reise*, they fairly seethed and boiled. The beauty of repose became his sole idea of beauty. His admiration of the Ludovisi Juno, he says, was his first love-affair in Italy. At Vicenza he stopped in admiration before the Palladian palaces. 'When we stand face to face with these buildings, then we first realize their great excellence; their bulk and massiveness fill the eye, while the lovely harmony of their proportions, admirable in the advance and recession of perspective, brings peace to the spirit.' When he went to Assisi, he gave a wide berth to the Basilica of St. Francis, half apprehensive lest its Gothic elements might bring confusion into his thoughts, walked straight to the Temple of Minerva, and enjoyed 'a spectacle that bestowed peace on both eye and mind.' Deep in his nature, this preoccupation with what shall bring peace is hard at work.

At bottom Goethe preferred art to life; he preferred to see the doings and passions of men reflected in the artist's mirror rather than to see them in the actual stuff of existence. Naturally, the prevalent notion concerning the classical world as a world of harmony, of calm, of self-control, found his spirit most sympathetic. At the age of forty, on

the return from his Italian travels, he accepted the great pagan tradition in the form that Marcus Aurelius left it: 'It is in thy power to live free from all compulsion in the greatest tranquillity of mind. . . . I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.' That to Goethe is the gist of all right thinking about life, and he spent his own long life in the effort to express it in his behavior.

Goethe's idea of harmony, of beauty, of measure, of right relations with the universe, was, of course, not a mere pagan ideal in the sense which we usually give to the word pagan; it was essentially a religious conception, — religious rather in the Hellenic than in the Hebraic sense, for the pagan element, with its tinge of pride in dominating the untoward in life, is always there. In early life his religious sentiments were profoundly affected by the evangelical traditions of Protestant Germany, which saturated the atmosphere of Frankfurt; afterwards they wore a more philosophical hue, but they were always strong enough to counteract the pagan inclination of his mind to rest content at the stage of peace attainable by knowledge and self-control. The problem before him was how to reconcile the transcendental impulses of his spirit with the ideal of a harmonious whole. For the most part, his anti-ecclesiastical conception of freedom, and the pagan training of his mind, turned him away from current Christianity; he treated it as he treated the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi, he simply did not go out of his way to look at it. He took much from Spinoza. The potential divinity within him inspired him with reverence. He desired to gain the composure and elevation of soul becoming to a man who is animated by the divine spirit that permeates all nature. From Italy he wrote, 'I should like to win eternity for my spirit.' And

after his return, he steadily grew more sensitive to the deep current that propels the soul toward the unknown. Gradually he approached, by his own way, the borders of that spiritual region in which Plato puts the soul. Later he hid his face in thick clouds of symbolism; but his mystical inclination — *die Erhebung ins Unendliche* — never dominated his notion of a complete human being with moral and intellectual nature fashioned on a heroic model, fit, as it were, to be lodged in a body carved by Skopas. He reached the point where he united harmoniously the sense of measure, of beauty, of peace through knowledge, with a tremulous sensitiveness to the possibilities that tenant the vast unknown which surrounds our little kingdom of sense.

To set forth such an ideal as this to the world was Goethe's self-appointed task. No other man, perhaps, in the whole history of the civilized world, has been so well fitted by nature and education for such a feat. Dante, a greater poet and a greater man, was too emotional, too passionate, ever to care to hold up what to him would have been the intolerable composure of the Stoic spirit. Cervantes, notwithstanding his clear-eyed compassion and his high reverence for the spiritual light in the human soul, was far too lacking in general culture, even to essay the task. Milton was too partisan, too dogmatic; Shakespeare too averse to any idea of teaching men in any way other than by letting his sunshine play on human life. And, in our own day, Tolstoi became too blind to classical beauty and to harmony of the soul, too devoted to traditional Christian ideas, to be capable of any such endeavor.

Goethe's calm spirit, his loyalty to fact, his habit 'of standing on the solid earth,' his practice, as he says, '*Alle Dinge wie sie sind zu sehen*,' — 'to see all things as they are,' — were to men

of a rational way of thinking a guarantee that he would not, upon Dædalian wings, essay a flight of folly and destruction; and his sensitiveness to those vague reactions and movings that stir in the depths of the human spirit assured men with mystical yearnings that he was not cut off from their fellowship. For him, as well as for them, there is a region — whether it be in man's soul here and now, or elsewhere — where

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss.

Or, as Bayard Taylor translates it:—

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event.

III

Here, then, was an ideal which, one would think, should have been a shining light to our world to-day, — the classic spirit embodied in man's life, manifesting beauty, harmony, measure, self-restraint, accompanied by an open-eyed, unprejudiced outlook on all things old and new, and with all the windows which look toward things divine uncurtained and unshuttered. Why has it fallen?

It may be said that modern life is opposed to such an ideal as Goethe's; and it may be — as Mr. Dickinson probably thinks — that American nature is too friable a material to endure the carving of Hellenic souls. But, be that as it may, it is apparent that the failure to follow Goethe's ideal is a universal failure, almost as pitiful in Europe as with us; and the answer to the question, why has this ideal fallen, must be sought in causes that operate in Europe as well as in America.

One can see plainly several forces, good and bad, at work, — among them,

science, luxury, the national spirit, the humanitarian movement, and democracy.

Science has drawn into its service a large part of the nobler spirits among men, and inspired them with the narrower doctrine of seeking out the ways of nature. But science, if it has diverted many men who might have followed Goethe's Hellenic idealism, has in many ways supported his views: it serves truth, if not the whole truth, it encourages in its servitors simplicity of life, it places their rewards largely in the satisfaction of the spirit. On the other hand, science tends to overvalue the inanimate at the expense of life; it encourages the notion that final truth may be weighed, measured, and tested; it lays stress on knowledge for utility's sake, rather than for the sake of knowledge itself, or, as Goethe would have done, for the increase of sympathy which knowledge brings. By directing attention to the manifold phenomena outside the real self — to heavenly bodies, to the substances of our planet, to plants, germs, fossils, atoms, electrons, and all the phenomena of the sensible universe — and to our minds and bodies as things apart from ourselves, it necessarily belittles the importance of the rounded perfection of self, the importance of equilibrium in the sum of a man's relations to all things that are and to all things that may be.

Science always concentrates attention on one small portion of life. There is no science of life as a whole; none that teaches us our relations to the universe. Science in itself is an unreal thing, an abstraction; we no longer have science, but sciences. Like the children of Saturn, they have destroyed their father. There are physics, chemistry, botany, astronomy, geology, palæontology, zoölogy, psychology, and many others, all destined to be divided and subdivided, and there will be as

many more as there are objects of intellectual curiosity in the universe. The swing of scientific thought is centripetal; each science is a jealous god and will have no other gods share in its worship. The field of attention for each servant of science grows smaller and smaller. It would be as impossible now for a man to be a great poet and a great man of science, like Goethe, as for a man to be familiar with the whole sum of contemporary knowledge, as Dante was. Devotion to science, in this century, is necessarily followed by some such experience as that which Darwin underwent; the meticulous observation of facts blunts all finer sensitiveness to poetry and music. Science means specialization, and dwells on the multiplicity of phenomena; Goethe wished a universal outlook, and was preoccupied with that unity which binds all to all.

Luxury, the application of man's control over the forces of nature to self-indulgence, sets the centre of gravity for human life in material things. Luxury is the care of our brother, the body, — St. Francis used to call it Brother Ass, — care so assiduous, so elaborated, so refined, that it approaches to worship, and necessarily crowds out the care and solicitude that should be devoted to the soul. 'Painting the outward walls so costly gay' is a far easier art, much more within reach of the successful many, than the decoration of the soul. The organization of modern industry, the multiplication of machinery, by giving more and more to those who have already, strengthens the thews and muscles of luxury. Luxury is headstrong, potent in its dominion over fashion, unscrupulous in imposing its customs and opinions, insolent in trampling down all in its way. This is what is meant by the phrase 'a materialistic age'; it is the substitution of an easy art for a difficult art, of a gross material, the body, which de-

mands the attention of the gymnast, the masseur, the chiropodist, for a fine material, the soul, which demands the service of the intellect and of the spirit. There is no danger that our Brother the Body will ever be neglected, or that material things will be despised. Goethe was no disciple of our Lady Poverty; but he held that a man's wealth consists less in what he owns than in what he thinks and in what he is.

National sentiment has had a mighty career in the nineteenth century, witness Italy, Germany, Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, as well as the United States; and has by no means confined itself to political patriotism, witness the attempted revival of the Irish language and of Provençal; but whether patriotism concern a race, a nation, a language, or a cult, it is by its very definition a limitation. The Preacher of universal compassion said, 'Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.' Patriotism has its own virtues, but among them is not that of maintaining Goethe's ideals. Even during Germany's war of liberation against Napoleon, Goethe was absolutely indifferent to patriotism, at least in its political form. He maintained the position

Da wo wir lieben
Ist's Vaterland —

(there where we love is our country).

Then there is the strong current of humanitarianism, which tends to regard man as an animal with material wants, and spends itself on factory legislation, hygiene, sanitation, and almsgiving. Goethe was not deficient in benevolence toward his fellow men; but he subordinated this interest to his prime concern for completeness, for moulding within the individual a harmonious, beautiful, heroic nature; and since such an ideal for the mass of men

is outside the pale of achievement, he did not extend his serious interest to them.

Added to these — and this cause of the failure of Goethe's ideals has perhaps been more effective in America than elsewhere — stands democracy and all democracy means. Democracy has solid foundations of its own, — just as patriotism, humanitarianism, and science have, — and possesses its own defenders and eulogists. Goethe was not among them. He was an aristocrat: he believed in the government of the best in all departments of human society. The right of the best to dominate, even at the expense of the inferior, was to him axiomatic. Democracy, with its tenderness toward the incompetent multitude, with its ideas of equality and fraternity, with its indifference to quality when quantity is concerned, with its good-humored inefficiency and its vulgar self-satisfactions, was wholly alien to his spirit. He felt no equality or fraternity between himself and the multitude. In democracy the mass of the people possess not merely a voice in the political government, but also a voice in the moral government of the nation, a share in the formation of the ethical, intellectual, sentimental, and ideal character of the people. Goethe would as soon have trusted these supreme interests to Demos, as Don Quixote would have entrusted his knightly honor to Sancho's keeping. Goethe regarded man primarily as a creature charged with the duty, and endowed with the possibility, of self-perfectioning; but democracy values men according as they possess distinct and special capacities, according as they can do the immediate task needful to be done. Democracy, having many interests of its own, pays little or no heed to matters not congenial to it. Democracy is indifferent to form, because for democracy form and sub-

stance have no necessary relation; but to Goethe form and substance were one. Democracy is indifferent to elegance, because elegance is unsuitable to the multitude. Democracy cares little for beauty, because beauty establishes a caste apart.

Democracy neglects art, for art rests upon the privileges of nature, upon the endowment of gifted individuals, upon special sensitiveness and special capacities; art, by its very nature, means achievement by the few, enjoyment by the few. Democracy looks to the achievements and the enjoyments of the many. Aristocracy is the assertion of quality, of rareness of vision, of clearness of conception, of refinement and finish; it lays stress on the unusual, on the beneficent injustice of nature that enables lesser men to have greater men to look up to, and charges the greater men with deep personal responsibility. Democracy tends to belittle reverence, for reverence is devotion to that which is greater than ourselves, and seeks to find an object on which to spend itself. The reverent soul must believe in something greater than itself, whether in the human or the superhuman; it discovers, it unfolds, and, if necessary, imagines, something above itself. But Democracy has a passion for leveling, for reducing all to a common plane, so that no one shall complain that others have more than he, or are better placed. Such, at least, are some of the criticisms which the few pass upon the ideals of the many.

It is the same with the democratic idea of fraternity. What, aristocracy asks, is the worth of brotherhood unless brothers have a goodly heritage to divide? The important thing is to create an inheritance, whether of beauty, of virtue, of glory; then let who can possess it. The two points of view also take issue over the idea of liberty. Democracy too easily abases its concep-

tion of liberty to the liberty to eat and sleep, the liberty to lie back and fold one's arms, the liberty to be active for activity's sake (as Mr. Dickinson says of us), liberty to do what to one's self seems good; whereas aristocracy demands self-renunciation for the sake of an ideal, demands discipline, obedience, sacrifice. Democracy tends to set a high value on comfort, on freedom from danger, on 'joy in commonalty spread'; whereas aristocracy asserts the necessity of danger and of pain in the education of man. Democracy values human quantity, aristocracy human quality. Democracy tends to render the intellect subservient to the emotions, while aristocracy tends to put emotion to the service of the intellect.

There are solid grounds on which democracy may be eulogized, — the ground of justice, for example; that was not Mr. Dickinson's business, nor is it mine; democracy's main fault consists in its failure to confine itself to economic matters, to politics, to material things, — consists in overflowing its proper limits and touching matters with which it has no proper concern. Goethe had little sympathy with democracy, especially in the violent form which it assumed in his day, in those manifestations that accompanied and followed the French Revolution.

Another influence, springing from science, humanitarianism, and democracy, adds its strength to theirs. Goethe's ideal for the human spirit, however different from the ideals of democracy, bears no small analogy to the Christian's ideal of the soul. For the Christian the soul is everything, life is its opportunity, pleasure is a means of acquiring strength by renunciation, grief an aid to mounting higher, earthly losses are spiritual gains; his highest hope is to render his soul as perfect, as beautiful, as fully in accord with celestial harmonies, as may be. In Goethe

this ideal was replaced by the ideal of a human spirit that triumphs over the obstacles of life, uses the affections, the passions even, for fuller self-development; that aims at the harmonious fulfillment of all its capacities, and seeks knowledge for the sake of finer communion with deity in nature. The trend of practical religion, under the pressure of humanitarianism, is to regard the devotion that strives to render the soul perfect, as a form of egotism, and a kindred feeling swells the general flood of modern conceptions that have swept away Goethe's ideals.

It might have been thought that the religious element in Goethe's ideal would have preserved it, at least in America, from destruction; for we are a religious, or at least, as Mr. Dickinson would say, a superstitious people. Goethe's attitude concerning the theory that the human spirit tends toward a point of gravity at the centre of our universe, is consonant with permanent human needs; so is his sense of form, of beauty, of dignity. But whether it be the effect of democracy, of a child-like desire for novelty, of an undisciplined impatience with tradition, or of self-confidence in our power to create new forms of religion that shall more fully satisfy our own needs, or whatever the cause, the reasonableness, the conservatism, the restraint, that mark the religious element in Goethe's ideal, have accomplished nothing to maintain that ideal with us.

So far it would appear that the causes which have combined to overthrow Goethe's ideals are scarcely more American than European; and that theory is confirmed by the popular attitude toward Goethe's ideals in Germany, where they seem to have fared no better than elsewhere. The old gods of serenity and beauty, Goethe and Beethoven, have been taken down from their pedestals, and Bismarck and Wag-

ner have been set up in their stead. The ideal of duty toward self has certainly not suffered loss of power, but the self that is the object of duty is a self of dominion, not over fate and inward lack of harmony, but of dominion over other men. The heroic model is no longer that of Phœbus Apollo, but of a sinewed and muscular Thor. Domination, not harmony, is the teaching of the most eminent German of letters since Schopenhauer. It is true that Nietzsche is the greatest upholder of aristocracy since Goethe; but Nietzsche did not care for measure, proportion, harmony, pure beauty. The whole development of Germany, — the most brilliant there has been since that of Italy of the Renaissance, — in energy, in material well-being, in orderliness, in science, in self-confidence, in ambition, has moved far from the conception of full-minded completeness of character, intellect, and spirit, which Goethe taught in confidence that, like light in the dark, like warmth in the cold, such completeness would receive the gratitude and honor of men.

Are we not forced to the conclusion that the *Zeitgeist* is opposed to Goethe's ideals, that Mr. Dickinson's criticism fits democracy and its attendant phenomena rather than America? Is it not democracy rather than America that is 'contemptuous of ideas, but amorous of devices'? The Latin democratic countries must be excepted, for Latins have a natural gift for form and a special respect for intellectual accomplishment that colors even their democracy; besides, democracy comes to them more naturally than to northern peoples. But if Mr. Dickinson had been traveling in Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, would he not have come to very much the same conclusion?

Our neglect to follow Goethe's ideal, however, remains our own fault, even if other democratic countries have

committed the same fault. We have brought Mr. Dickinson's criticism on our own heads. We must profit by that criticism, and return to Goethe's ideal. Some steps to be taken are obvious. First of all we must fully satisfy the democratic desires of the *Zeitgeist* by making pure democracy prevail in all matters of politics and economics. Then, when democracy shall have received its due, it must no longer seek to lay its hand on literature, art, higher education, pure science, philosophy, manners. And then, — when the mass of men are politically and economically free, — we must preserve the sacred fire of intellectual light by setting apart a priesthood, a body of intellectual men who shall worship the God of truth and him alone. Our professors at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere constitute, or should constitute, such a

priesthood; but the public is not satisfied to have them serve the sacred flame: the public wishes them to apply that sacred flame to furnaces and dynamos. We do need, as Mr. Dickinson implies, intellectual traditions of generations of educated men; those traditions should be taught as a sacred cult; and their priests should be held in special reverence. Those priests should be most honored when they serve intellectual concerns, in which the public sees no profit, such as philosophy and the classics. We do need, as a quickening fountain, in the midst of us, a spirit of reverence for intellectual beauty. Had such a spirit of reverence existed among us, should we have been so exposed to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's criticisms, and should we now be almost as remote from Goethe as from Dante or Plato?

MUSIC FOR CHILDREN

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

IN what I have to say about music for children I am not unmindful of the diversity of American life, and of the prevalent idea that Americans do not pay much attention to music (or to any other form of beauty) because they live in a new country in which the greater part of their energy is devoted to subduing nature and carving their fortunes. As a nation we are said to be too diverse to have evolved any definite æsthetic practice, and we suppose ourselves too busy with the practical

things in life to pay much attention to it.

While it is doubtless true that there are numberless prosperous American families in which the words 'art' and 'literature' mean nothing whatever, this condition is due, in most cases, not to lack of time, but to lack of inclination. We, like other people, do what we like to do. No real attention is paid to the cultivation of a love of the beautiful in childhood; very little attention is paid to it in the educational institutions where we are trained; so we grow up and enter upon life with a

desultory liking for music, with a distinct lack of appreciation for poetry, and with almost no interest in painting or sculpture.

And this condition is likely to increase rather than diminish as time goes on, until, having finally arrived at moments of leisure and finding that neither our money nor any other material possession gives us any deep or permanent satisfaction, we turn to beauty only to be confronted with the old warning: 'Too late, ye cannot enter now.' For we have arrived at the time when, in Meredith's phrase, 'Nature stops, and says to us, "Thou art now what thou wilt be."' For this capacity for understanding and loving great books and paintings and music has to grow with our own growth and cannot be postponed to another season. The average American man is supposed to have no time for these things. He has time, but he refuses to turn it into leisure, — leisure which means contemplation and thoughtfulness, — though he very likely knows that this has been accomplished over and over again by men who have saved out of a busy life for that purpose a little time every day.

One recalls Darwin's pathetic statement wherein he describes his early love for poetry and music, and the final complete loss of those faculties through neglect. 'The loss of these tastes,' he says, 'is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.'

The intellect of man, in itself, is never supreme or sufficient. Feeling or instinct is half of knowledge. 'Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy,' says Whitman, 'walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.' Of any man, American or otherwise, who lives his life unmindful of all beauty we may

justly say, as Carlyle said of Diderot, 'He dwelt all his days in the thin rind of the Conscious; the deep fathomless domain of the Unconscious whereon the other rests and has its meaning was not under any shape surmised by him.'

Must not the education of children in beauty begin, then, with their parents? Must they not be aroused, at least, to an *intellectual* conviction of its value, even though they have missed its joy? Can the matter be safely left to the jurisdiction of the schools themselves, whose curricula are already overcrowded with methods of escape from this very thing? Does not the school answer the general conception of education obtaining among the fathers and mothers of the school-children? Can it be expected — is it possible for it — to rise far above that conception? Our object is therefore to suggest, first, that the perception of beauty is, in the highest sense, education; second, that music is especially so, because it is the purest form of beauty; and, third, that music is the only form of beauty by means of which very young children can be educated, because it is the only form accessible to them.

Need we point out that there has never been a time in the history of mankind when human beings have not paid tribute to beauty? In their attempt to escape what may be called the traffic of life and to rise above its sordid limitations, have they not always and everywhere created for themselves some sort of detached ideal by means of which they justified themselves in an otherwise unintelligible world? This ideal may have been a god of stone, but it figured for them a perfect absolution. Surrounded by brutal forces about which they knew nothing, subject to pestilence, to war, to starvation, to the fury of the elements,

unable safely to shelter their bodies, they built for their souls a safe elysium. This ideal was always one of order and beauty; every civilization has possessed it, and it was to each civilization not only religion, but also what we call 'art.'

I have spoken in a former article¹ of that quality in art which consists in its 'holding a mirror up to nature,' and thus focusing our attention. Browning expresses this in 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' where he says, —

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have
passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

But the highest office of art is not so much to attract our attention to beautiful objects as to make us realize through the artist's skill what the objects signify. It is the artist who so depicts life as to make it intelligible to us; it is he who sees all those deeper relations which underlie all things; he, and he only, can so present human aspirations and human actions as to lift them out of the maze and give them order and sequence. Through all the welter of political theories, of philosophies, of dogmas insisted on at the point of excommunication; amid the discoveries of science and the tendency to make life into a mechanically operated thing, the still small voice of the poet rises always supreme — supreme in wisdom, supreme in insight, the seer, the prophet, the philosopher; when all else has passed he remains, for beauty is the only permanence. To eliminate beauty from education is to destroy its very soul.

From the law of gravity to Shelley's 'To a Skylark,' beauty is the central element. In physics, in mathematics, in astronomy, in chemistry, there is the same perfection of order and se-

¹ 'What is Music?' in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February.

quence, the same correlation of forces, the same attraction of matter which, operating in the fine arts, brings about what we call 'painting,' 'sculpture,' 'poetry,' and 'music.' The whole of nature is a postulate of this doctrine, and there is no subject taught from kindergarten to college, which may not be taught as in accord with it. There is a rhythm of beauty in all things animate and inanimate — an endless variety around a central unity. The individuality in nature and in human life is as a rhythmic diversity to a divine and central unity. The leaves of a maple tree are all alike and all different; the difference between the mechanical arts and the fine arts is a difference of rhythmic flexibility: one is fixed in rhythm in accordance with physical laws, and acts in perfect sequence and regularity; the other is a free individualized rhythmic play around a fixed centre. The painter may not dispose the objects on his canvas as he pleases — nature allows him only a certain freedom; the sculptor may distribute his weights and his rhythms around the axis with only so much freedom from the demands of nature as his particular purpose justifies; even the strain of music, which seems to wander so much at will that it is often called a 'rhapsody,' — it, too, is merely a play of rhythms and contours around a fixed centre, and conforms to a common purpose just as a maple leaf does. A machine acts in mechanical synthesis, a melody acts in æsthetic synthesis; neither is free. So we say there is no such thing as an isolated fact, or subject, or idea.

Thus everything taught to children can be taught as beauty, and if it is not so taught, its very essence must dissolve and disappear. 'The mean distance from the earth to the moon is about two hundred and forty thousand miles'; 'two and two make four'; 'an island is a body of land entirely sur-

rounded by water'; — so a child learns his lesson in what are called facts (the most deceptive and soulless things in the world). To him 'the moon' and 'a mile' are little more than words; $2 + 2$ are troublesome hieroglyphics; 'an island' is, perhaps, merely a word in a physical geography book; but to you all these objects and quantities are, perhaps, beautiful; for you

The moon doth with delight

Look around her when the heavens are bare;
for you numbers have come to have that significance which makes them beautiful; an island may have touched your imagination as it has Conrad's, who calls it 'a great ship anchored in the open sea'; you have seen that beauty which lies behind facts when they fall, as with a click, into the mechanism of things. So must children be taught to realize at the very beginning something of that great unity which pervades the world of thought and of matter. Some comprehension must be given to them of that marvelous sense of fitting together, of perfect correspondence, which all nature reveals and which is ultimately beauty. It is this quality, residing in every subject, which constitutes the justification for our insistence on beauty as a part of education.

With our present systems of education all ideality is crushed, for this ideality is a personal quality, whereas all we are, we are in mass. 'You are trying to make that boy into another you,' said Emerson, some fifty years ago; 'one's enough.' Modern education, subject to constant whims, has become a capacious maw into which our children are thrown. Everything for use, nothing for beauty; for use means money, while beauty — what is beauty good for? — (a question which Lowell, in one of his essays, says 'would be death to the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage'). This is indeed an old

thesis, but never has it more needed stating than now. It applies everywhere. Literature taught as beauty is uplifting and joyful; taught as syntax it is dead and cheerless. All other forms of instruction lose their force if they are detached from that poetic harmony of which they are a part. Numbers, cities, machines, symphonies, the objects on your table, you yourself, — all these are to be seen as belonging to this harmony, without which the world is Bedlam.

American children are musical, American adults are not, and the chief reason lies in the wasted opportunities of childhood. If the natural taste of our children for music were properly developed, they would continue to practice it and to find pleasure in doing so, and thus would avoid the fatal error of *postponing their heaven to another time* — the great mistake of life and of theology.

So we deal chiefly in this article with the possibilities which music offers to children, not to a few children in playing the pianoforte, but to all children in love and understanding. It is obviously desirable to make them all love music, and, since few of them ever attain satisfactory proficiency in playing instruments, our chief problem lies in trying to develop their taste and thereby keeping their allegiance.

II

In a former article I discussed the qualities and properties of music as such — music, that is, in its pure estate, unconnected with words as in songs, or with words, action, costume, and scenery as in opera. And now, in writing about children's music, it is still necessary to keep in mind that, even when music is allied to words, it has the necessities of its own nature to fulfill, and that the use of suitable or

even fine words in a child's song does not change this condition.

In beginning this discussion I propose to ignore for the moment the effect in after life of what we advocate for children, and I also discard (with a certain contempt) the common notion — true enough in its way — that music is for them a rest and a change after burdensome tasks. For we must see music, in relation to children, as it really is. I go behind the psychologist¹ who says, '... the prime end of musical education ... is to train the sentiments, to make children feel nature, religion, country, home, duty, ... to guarantee sanity of the heart out of which are the issues of life'; for I say that music, by itself, cannot make children feel nature, religion, country, home, or duty, and that these sentiments are aroused by the heightened effect of words set to music, and not by the music itself. The prime end of music — and of the other arts — is beauty. Song is not story, melodies have nothing to do with morals, and all the theories about music — such as those of Darwin and Spencer — are wrong when they attribute to it any ulterior purpose or origin whatever. Music is an end, not a means.

Now this beauty which the soul of man craves, and always has craved, cannot be brought to little children in literary form, because they cannot read or because their knowledge of words is too limited; nor can it be brought to them in the form of painting, because they are not sufficiently sensitive to color-vibrations; nor of sculpture, for their sense of form is not sufficiently developed. In fact, their power of response is exceedingly limited in most directions. They can neither draw nor paint nor write nor read, so that this beauty which we value so highly seems shut out from them. This were so but for music.

¹ G. Stanley Hall.

By singing, and by singing only, a little child of five may come in contact with a pure and perfect form of beauty. Not only that, but the child can reproduce this beauty entirely unaided, and in the process of doing so its whole being — body, mind, heart, and soul — is engaged. The song, for the moment, is the child. There is no possible realization of the little personality comparable to this. Here, in sounds, is that correlation of impulses in which the stars move; here is the world of order and beauty in miniature; here is a microcosm of life; here is a talisman against the cold unmeaning facts which are driven into children's brains to jostle one another in unfriendly companionship. Through this they can feel a beauty and order and sequence which their minds are incapable of grasping. The joy which a child gets in reproducing beautiful melodies is like no other experience in life. It is absolutely a personal act, for the music lends itself to the child's individuality as nothing else does. Music, in this sense, preserves in children that ideality which is one of the most precious possessions of childhood, and which we would fain keep in after life; which loves flowers and animals, which sees the truth in fairy stories, which believes everything to be good and is alien to everything sinister, which sees the moon and stars, not as objects so many millions of miles from the earth, and parts of a great solar system, but as lanterns hung in the heavens.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy. . . .
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the life of common day.

III

The prime object, then, of musical education for children is so to develop their musical sensibilities as to make them love and understand the best

music. Does this bring up the question, 'What is the best music?' By the 'best' music I mean exactly what I should mean if I were to substitute the word 'literature' for 'music' — I mean the compositions of the great masters. And if you say that the great masters did not write music suitable for little children, I reply that such music has nevertheless been produced by all races *in their childhood*, that it exists in profusion, that it is commonly known as 'folk-song,' that it is the basis upon which much of the greatest music in the world rests, and, finally, that it is the natural and, indeed, the inevitable means of approach to such great music.

With this objective in mind and with this material as a means of attaining our object, let us examine what is actually taking place in the teaching of music to children.

The most common fallacy consists in putting knowledge before experience, or theory before practice. Children are taught *about* music before they have had sufficient experience of it. They are taught, for example, to pin pasteboard notes on a make-believe staff; they are told that one note is the father-note and another the mother-note (one supposes the chromatics to be irascible old-maid aunts); all sorts of subterfuges are resorted to in an attempt to teach them what they are too young to learn and what, in any case, can have no significance whatever except when based on a long process of actual experience. One might as well try to satisfy a hungry child with a picture of an apple as to show a child notes before it has dealt with sounds.

But even these artificial and false methods are less harmful to children than are the poor, vapid, and false songs by means of which their taste is slowly and surely disintegrated. Now the nature of music is such that many

people are unable to see why one child's song is better than another. There is a considerable number of people having to do with children's music who seem quite incapable of distinguishing between a really beautiful folk-song and a trivial copy of one. Long association with the latter has produced the inevitable result. Only one argument can be brought to bear on such persons, an argument having nothing to do with æsthetics — namely, that the current music for children of one generation is inevitably displaced by that of the next, whereas the same folk-songs are continually reproduced, and are sung by increasing generations of children the world over. Any musician can string together in logical sequence a series of notes to fit a verse of simple poetry — almost every musician has; any poet can put together simple and easily understood verses; but the hand of time sweeps them away to oblivion. Out of the depths of simple hearts, in joy or sorrow or privation, as a balm to toil and labor, as a cry from a mother's heart, in battle, in moments of religious exaltation — wherever and whenever the depths are stirred, song springs forth. A composer can express only what is in him; his limitations are as confining as are those of every other artist. Dickens could no more create a Clara Middleton than could Tschai-kowsky a theme like that at the opening of the Ninth Symphony; and to suppose that the creation of a child's song is a simple matter of putting notes together in a correct and agreeable sequence, is to misconceive the whole creative process.

It is our cardinal error that we think any tune good enough which is attractive at first hearing. In the music-books provided for kindergarten and for home singing there is an endless series of poor, vapid, over-sweet melodies which children, hungry for any

music, will sing readily enough for lack of better. Some of these tunes smack unmistakably of a Broadway musical comedy; many of them are full of mawkish sentiment and affected simplicity. No real progress can be made until we reach definite conclusions on this point and act on them. Our taste and that of our children is never stationary, — we continually advance or go backwards, — and the subtle disintegration of the taste of children by bad songs results inevitably in indifference to good music in later life.

I must reserve for another place the discussion of this difference and the possible remedies for it; let me here content myself with saying that nearly all children love good songs, and that, as a part of their natural or normal endowment, they possess in this respect, and to a remarkable degree, that quality which we ignobly call 'taste.' (I recall an old Egyptian manuscript in the Bodleian Library containing a letter which ran thus: — '*Theon to his father, Theon — Greeting. It was a fine thing that you did not take me to Alexandria with you. Send me a lyre, I implore you! If you don't, I won't eat anything. I won't drink anything. There!*')

The number of musical nostrums for children is legion, and I have no desire to enumerate them. Their effects are in inverse relation to their extensive and — sometimes — expensive paraphernalia. But I will quote a single sentence from a popular song-book for children as an illustration of the tendency which they represent: 'Understanding as we do the innate fondness of children for rich harmonies, we have given special attention to the harmonization of the melodies; and although it is occasionally necessary for children to sing without accompaniment, yet such a lack is to be deplored, as the accompaniment often

serves as the rhythmic expression of the thought.'

The foregoing specimen is almost a compendium of what children's songs and the teaching of them should not be. If children are fond of 'rich' harmonies, the fact is to be regretted. (I do not believe that the average child is.) The best possible thing for them, in that case, would be to hear no harmonies at all for some time, but to sing entirely unaccompanied (just as you would deprive them of sweetmeats if they had been made ill by them); special attention given to the harmonization of children's songs is given in an entire misconception of their character and their uses; for the essence of a child's song lies in its own rhythmic and melodic independence, and if it depends on an accompaniment for its rhythm, it is by just so much a poor song; the very essence of all the musical expression I have been advocating for children is destroyed by an accompaniment, for the instrument does for the children precisely what we want them to do for themselves, namely, reproduce correctly the metre and the rhythm, the pitch and the contour of the melody.

Such training as I have advocated, if carried on through early childhood, brings with it a natural desire to continue singing and makes learning to sing from notes much easier than it would otherwise be. The capacity to sing music at sight is a valuable acquisition for children, for it enables them to take part in choral singing and provides them in after years with a delightful means of access to some of the finest music. The advantage to the individual of this acquired technique is that it is of the mind and not of the muscles; it does not desert its possessor as finger technique deserts the player who ceases to practice. To sing part songs with friends, or to be one of a larger number

singing a composition by Bach or some other great composer, in which each singer is contributing to reproduce a noble work of art — this, in itself, is a highly desirable experience. But the process of learning to sing at sight has sometimes led far away from true æsthetics and has resulted in a certain debasing of the taste through singing inferior music. Vocal exercises for sight singing are necessary, and we can accept them as such, for they do not evoke the æsthetic sense; but bad songs taught to illustrate some point of technique are unnecessary and inexcusable.

IV

But the majority of the children who have private instruction in music take lessons in pianoforte-playing. It has become a custom; the pianoforte is an article of domestic furniture (and a very ugly one); pianoforte-playing is a sort of polish to a cursory education. But the reason is chiefly found in the fact that this is the line of least resistance: there are plenty of teachers of pianoforte-playing but few teachers of music, so parents accept that which is available.

There is here a confusion between performing music and understanding it. Learning to perform seems (and is) a tangible asset — something definitely accomplished; while merely learning to understand music seems to parents a vague process likely to have somewhat indefinite results. They want their children to produce tangible results in the form of 'pieces' well played. Here again we find the same misconception. Music in this sense is half titillation of the ear, and half finger-gymnastics. Such music instruction consists in finding the right key, black or white, holding the hand in a correct position, — patented and exploited as the only correct method, — putting the thumb un-

der, and finally, after going through an almost endless series of evolutions covering many years and carried on at fearful cost of patience to every one within hearing, in dashing about over the glittering keys with an abandonment of dexterity positively bewildering. Nine tenths of the aspirants, however, fall by the wayside and some time later look back grimly on a long procession of endless hours almost wasted. One pictures to one's self a little girl of seven or eight seated before that ponderous and portentous mass of iron, steel, wood, wires, and hammers which we call a 'pianoforte' (sixty pounds of tender, delicate humanity trying to express itself through a solid ton), her legs dangling uncomfortably in space, her little fingers trying painfully to find the right key, and at the same time to keep in a correct position, struggling hard the while to relate together two strange things, a curious black dot on a page and an ivory key two feet below it, for neither of which she feels much affection. And then one pictures to one's self the same child at its mother's knee, or with other children, singing with joy and delight a beautiful song.

I do not advocate the abolishment of pianoforte-teaching to children, but I do advocate the exercise of some discrimination in regard to it, and particularly I insist that it should not be begun until the child has sung beautiful songs for several years and has developed thereby its musical instincts, — and even then only when a child possesses a certain amount of that physical coördination which is absolutely essential to playing the pianoforte. For pianoforte-playing is by no means a sure method of developing the musical instinct in children. In the first place it lacks the intimacy of singing, and in the second place the playing itself demands the greater part of a child's

attention, so that often it hardly hears the music at all. Any method of teaching music is, of course, wrong which attempts to substitute technical dexterity for music itself. The foregoing is not typical of the most intelligent instruction in pianoforte-playing, for there are many teachers who reason these matters out, and there are some parents who see them clearly enough to allow such teachers a reasonable latitude. But it is true of pianoforte-teaching in general, as doubtless almost every one of our readers has had some evidence. It is obvious that even a slight capacity to play the pianoforte is useful and delightful provided one plays with taste and understanding, for one gets from it a certain satisfaction which mere listening does not give. I deplore only an insistence upon playing as the only means of approach to music; I question the wisdom of forcing children to play who are not qualified to do so; and I think playing should, in any case, be postponed until the musical faculties are awakened by singing.

v

When children show an aptitude for playing the pianoforte there exists still the important question of developing their taste. Playing loses much of its value if there is any lack of musical taste and judgment on the part of the teacher. An examination of the programmes of what are called 'pupils' recitals' will reveal how lax some teachers are in this respect. There is no excuse whatever for giving children poor music to play, for there is plenty of good music to be had and they can be taught to like it — *but the teacher must like it also*. Children are quick to discover a pretense of liking, and it is difficult to stimulate in them a love for something which you do not love yourself.

These questions now inevitably

arise: 'How can children be taught music itself?' 'By what process is it possible for them to become musical?' Obviously through personal experience and contact with good music, and with good music only, first by singing beautiful songs to train the ear and awaken the taste, second by learning how to listen intelligently, and third (if qualified to do so) by learning to play good music on some instrument. Intelligent listening to music is obviously such listening as comprises a complete absorption of all the elements in the music itself. It is not enough to enjoy the 'tune' only, for melody is only one means of expression. The listener must be alive to metric and rhythmic forms, to melodies combined in what is called 'counterpoint,' to that disposition of the various themes, harmonies, and so forth, which constitutes form in music. The groups of fives, for example, which persist throughout the second movement of Tschaiikowsky's *Pathétique* Symphony constitute its salient quality; the steady, solemn tread in the rhythm of the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony defines the character of that piece; the weaving of the separate, individual parts in a composition by Bach is his chief means of expression, and his music is unintelligible to many people because they are incapable of answering to so complex an idiom; the latitude in melody itself is, also, very great, and one needs constant experience of the melodic line before one can see the beauty in the more profound melodies of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

What we are seeking to do is to make ourselves complementary to the music. We need to see that æsthetic pleasure is not by any means entirely of the senses, but rather of the imagination through training of the feelings and the mind. We want our listeners to assimilate all the elements in a piece

of music and then to re-create it in the imagination. It is the office of art to express beauty in such perfect form as shall make us reflect upon it.

This principle applies, of course, to the appreciation of any artistic object whatsoever. One cannot appreciate Whistler's portrait of his mother by merely realizing that the subject looks like a typical Victorian dame, any more than one can appreciate Whitman's 'To the Man-of-War-Bird' by locating Senegal. Whistler's idea is expressed through composition, drawing, and color, and each of these qualities has a subtlety of its own; the pose of the figure is a thing of beauty in itself; the edge of the picture-frame just showing on the wall, the arrangement of curves and spots on the curtain, the tone of the whole canvas—all these make the picture what it is, and all these we must comprehend and take delight in. Whitman's poem is a thing of space and freedom; the sky is the wild bird's cradle, man is 'a speck, a point on the world's floating vast'; the poet's imagination ranges through the whole created universe and flashes back over vast reaches of time as if to incarnate again man in the bird. So this music, which reaches our consciousness through

rhythms, melodies, and harmonies, through form and style, through the delicate filigree of violins, or the triumphant blare of horns; which says unutterable things by means of silence; which means nothing and yet means everything,—this Ariel of the arts,—this, in all its quality, must find echo within us.

Observation, discrimination, reflection; cultivating the memory for musical phrases and melodies, disciplining the senses, enlarging the scope of the imagination, nurturing the sense of beauty—these are the means and the objects of musical education for children. By such a process we attain in some measure to that joy which is one of the chief objects of art, and of which our present situation almost completely deprives us.

So let us say finally that we wage war here against patent nostrums, against enforced and joyless music-teaching, against the development of technical proficiency without taste or understanding; and that we uphold here a process of musical education which has for its object 'being musical,' and which takes into its fold every child, boy or girl, and keeps them there as man and woman.

A COPPER KETTLE

BY E. NELSON FELL¹

ONE day, the smelter *naryadtchik*, or foreman, walked into our office and said that he noticed signs of restlessness among the Kirghiz furnace men and that he believed they were preparing for a strike.

'You are silly,' I said; 'the idea is absurd; in the first place, the Kirghiz do not want anything which they have not already, and, secondly, they are quite incapable of organizing for any concerted action.'

'That sounds all right,' said the foreman, 'and would be all right in ordinary times, but they have been very much upset by the example of the Russians during the last year, and I think they feel they ought to be in the fashion, and call a strike themselves. Bad example is very contagious.'

The Kirghiz were employed around the smelter for the rough unskilled work. The word 'unskilled' is the word usually employed for this class of work, but in reality no work is 'unskilled,' strictly speaking. Some work requires less judgment than other; but in any work, no matter how rough, the difference between practiced laborers and raw hands makes the whole difference between success and failure, no matter how watchful the foreman may be.

The presence of the Kirghiz at the

¹ Mr. Fell tells the story of an actual experience which occurred during the years when he directed a large mining company in that portion of the Central Asiatic plateau known as the Kirghiz Steppes. The population consisted of Russian Cossacks and the original Kirghiz tribesmen. — THE EDITORS.

works, at all, was an anomaly in the Kirghiz régime, for, by nature, the Kirghiz hate manual work, hate to dirty their hands, hate regular hours, hate discipline, will have nothing to do with it. But the works had been in operation for fifty years and more, and there had grown up with it and in it a body of Kirghiz who had adopted the life and to whom it seemed a natural mode of existence. At the start they were no doubt very poor, probably considered undesirables by their own kin, and life was very hard for them; I suppose that the idea of a regular supply of tallow and brick tea appeared very attractive, and they succumbed to the temptation and put their names on the payroll. With their brother Kirghiz they lost caste; but, as the works grew in age and size, they became used to it and their children grew up in it, and gradually more and more of them joined the ranks, until, with furnace men, copper-miners, coal-miners, lime-burners, brick-makers, and carriers, there were over five thousand of them working for us. Especially since our arrival and the development of the works on a much enlarged scale, the working Kirghiz had grown in number and power and in respect for the dignity of work for work's sake. They were actually beginning to take a pride in their technical responsibilities, and in some respects their fidelity was extraordinary.

The fidelity of the carriers was especially remarkable. Once a Kirghiz (unable of course to read or write) has touched the pen with which you sign

his name at the bottom of a bill of lading, the goods you have entrusted to him are as safe as if they were in the vault of a modern bank building. Poor ragged bundle of cotton batting, he stands outside the office door waiting for his precious bill of lading, he and his party of five or six ragged bundles like himself, with a string of forty or fifty camels. Each camel is tied to a light wooden sled pinned together with wooden pins. They have just come up from the copper room, where each sled has been loaded with bar copper wrapped in fibre matting, and made fast with rope or rawhide. The animals are huge and unwieldy, desperately hard to control; no one but a Kirghiz can do anything with them at all; but one virtue they have — they can look a blizzard in the face without blinking an eye; and this is very useful in a country where the winter is seven or eight months long. In fact, but for the camel, the Kirghiz would be helpless in the winter; horses must be fed, and they have no oats; cattle are quite useless, and the camel saves the situation; he yells horribly and spits often while the shafts are being fastened to his shoulders but he finally moves off and faces the storm, and with a few wisps of hay and a few pints of water he will reach the railway in the end.

The bill of lading is now ready and you call the carrier into your office. The bill calls for the delivery of twelve hundred bars of copper to the agent at Petropavlovsk within thirty days — a distance of nearly five hundred miles. You pay him the stipulated advance, he touches the pen while you sign for him, he folds the document, places it in his wallet, tucks the wallet into one of the many folds of wadded clothing which cover him, puts on his *malachai* (huge fur bonnet), which entirely covers his head and neck and as much of his face as possible, still leaving the

eyes free, looks round, says, 'Kosh, Bai,' (good-bye, master), and joins his companions outside. They are waiting for him unconcernedly in the driving snow which cuts into *you* like glass, and slowly the cavalcade moves off. It is growing dark and you are almost afraid to try to find your way in the storm to your house, which is not more than two hundred yards down the road; but these men drift away in the gathering dusk, into the desert where every track is swept away by the storm, straight into the eye of the wind, with their five-hundred-mile walk before them. But they will reach the end somehow, — their faces scarred by the cruel wind, it is true; they will arrive within the allotted time, and they will deliver their precious tale of bars to the agent, and the number will be found correct. Of the hundred thousand bars which we dispatched we lost only two, and for those two the carriers paid in full in cash. This is a loss of two thousandths of one per cent and the loss was immediately made good. If any of our Western transportation systems can show a record of this kind, it has not been my good fortune to discover it.

Our case was not exceptional; through the whole vast expanse of Siberia, similar caravans are crawling across the interminable spaces. The railway has only recently been built, and even now there is only one. If you have not a large business of your own, you can employ one of the forwarding companies; they will accept your goods anywhere and forward them anywhere; if there is loss or damage, it will occur when your goods are on the Western railroad, but not when they are in the hands of these extraordinary carriers.

The quality of fidelity is curiously exhibited in the system of watchmen. If you have any property lying loose anywhere, an unoccupied house or any unprotected property, everything will

quickly disappear; but if you put a man at four dollars a month to watch it, everything will be perfectly safe even from the watchman himself. The result is that every one has at least one Kirghiz watchman outside his house at night. Our old watchman was a decrepit old man, with a pleasant smile. He was provided with a rattle which he rattled vigorously if you appeared at night. 'Smeet nieto' (I do not sleep), he used to say, as we passed, the only two words of Russian he knew. Most of us used to give him little presents from time to time, so small as to be almost microscopic. 'Sometimes a stranger might be with us, who did not know our custom, and so passed him by; then the little smiling 'Smeet nieto' would murmur rapidly, 'There goes a rich man, but he does not give me anything'; but he said it in Kirghiz, and of course our friend did not understand a word of it, and the watchman went back to his seat, grunting and mumbling.

The actual pay of the Kirghiz furnace men was twenty-five cents a day, with free quarters, coal, and water. They worked in two shifts of twelve hours each, and our furnaces were of such a form that the work was very real. There were no mechanical labor-saving devices; what we succeeded in doing we accomplished, as our foreman used to say, 'by main strength and awkwardness.' The Kirghiz supplied the main strength and we supplied the awkwardness. It may be that they were growing tired of this division of labor; more probably, they were simply demoralized by the unsettling times through which we had lately passed. When the spirit of anarchy is in the air, a certain section of humanity abandons logic and reason, and becomes a prey to any impulse which may catch its fancy. The impulse at this particular moment was to pommel somebody, and we half-a-dozen foreigners seem-

ed to be the nearest vulnerable target.

One very cold morning, no one appeared at the furnaces. The foreman went to the men's quarters; they refused to move; the strike was on. They then sent up a demand for an increase from their present pay of twenty-five cents per diem to one dollar. This demand was as good as any other to make, and as good as any other to refuse. As strikers, it was impossible to take the Kirghiz seriously, and yet the situation was serious, for the furnaces would soon freeze if not attended to. With two or three others I walked down to their quarters. As soon as we arrived, I saw we had misjudged the situation and had made a mistake. We were instantly surrounded by a yelling mob of impervious, very animated cotton-bating. The Kirghiz dresses himself in the winter with layer after layer of quilted cotton, with heavy felt boots up to his thighs, which are further incased in leather boots; his head and neck and most of his face are enveloped in his malachai. In such armor, nothing short of an axe can make any impression on him. He is further protected by a prodigious smell of tallow and wet wool, which is pleasant to his senses, as is the smell of violets to ours. You feel very helpless when a quarter of an acre of such odoriferous tallow perfume hems you in. Especially the mob-particles nearest to you seem to be irritated by your presence; they begin to pull and push and hustle you; they have lost all their attributes of human beings; if you were to stumble and fall they would pass over you and not know that you were under their feet. If you were to meet any individual of these wriggling units alone on the Steppe, it would go through fire and water to help you; but, as part of the mob, it shows no more sign of intelligence than the units of the armies of locusts which sometimes invade our

western plains. Step by step, we managed to steer the mob toward the works, from which poured a little army of men armed with axes, and the mob fled.

When we were back in our own quarters, the head men of the furnaces came in a deputation to see us.

'Why did you stop work this morning,' I said. 'Don't you know that the furnaces are growing cold?'

'We want one dollar a day instead of twenty-five cents,' they said.

'Well; go back to work first and then come and tell us what you want; if you don't go back very soon, there will be no work for you to go back to.'

'The Bai forgets that we are on strike; you cannot go back to work if you are striking; but we want the Bai to give an order that we shall have some credit on our wage-books, so that we can buy some tallow and tea; we don't want much credit, just enough to last us while we are on strike.'

'You know you are talking nonsense; go back to your people and tell them to go to work.'

'The Bai knows best, but our people will be very disappointed when they hear the Bai will neither raise our pay, nor give us credit at the store.'

They left; but it was not very long before they appeared again.

'Bai,' they said, 'perhaps we asked for too much when we asked for one dollar a day; we will be satisfied with fifty cents a day.'

'You are now receiving double the wages you used to get before we came to the works, and we cannot pay any more than we are paying; besides, I do not want to talk to you until you have gone back to work.'

They came back again later.

'Bai,' they said, 'it is very unfortunate and very awkward that during a strike we can get nothing to eat.'

'It is your own fault,' I said; 'go back

to work and you will again receive credits on your books.'

'But the coal is so bad which the coal carriers leave for us, there is very little of it, and it is full of slate; we are cold and we cannot cook our fat.'

Our ears were deaf to this appeal also, and the next morning they appeared again in a melancholy mood.

'Bai,' they said, 'you see the furnaces are working very badly; Izkak cannot even keep his settler clean of slag. Why don't you give us what we want?'

'I have told you again and again that I will give you nothing until you all go back to work.'

'At least the Bai will promise to put in a floor in our quarters, so that we do not have to lie on the cold ground.'

'I will do nothing until you have all gone back to work.'

They were quite dejected when they left, and quickly returned.

'At least,' they said, 'the Bai will grant us this request. Our copper kettle is quite worn out; will the Bai give us an order for a new kettle?'

It is impossible to maintain a consistent and stern attitude toward such helpless and amiable people. The hustling, pushing mob is forgotten; the frozen furnaces are forgotten; the long-planned strike has come down to a request for a copper kettle.

The order was signed, and they quickly went and bought their kettle and showed it to me in triumph.

'You have won your strike, have you not?' I said.

'Yes, Bai, we are now going back to work.'

'Well, next time you all want a day off, tell me beforehand and you will not have to go through the trouble of a strike to get it.'

'Tairjilgassin, djaksi Bai, kosh.'

(Thank you, thank you; the master is very good; good-bye.)

GUESTS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

Sofar, in mentioning the many guests who frequented the old home of my childhood, I have named only such as were relations of the spirit. Often *these seemed to me more truly my kindred* than those whose kinship was based upon ties of blood. Yet, as my memory brings before me those men and women of my mother's and father's families, I find myself aware that the bonds of blood are strong, strong.

These came bearing valid claim of right and title; these were not to be gainsaid or denied; these were accompanied by silent but how indisputable witnesses of feature and form. Whether I liked them or not, these were 'my own.'

But their chief power over me lay in this — that they linked my life openly to all that of the past which I could call mine. The older of them, who sometimes laid their hands on my head, touched with the other hand, as it were, the generation already gone. They still carried vivid memories of the dead in their hearts; spoke familiar words of them; or, perhaps, wore delicate pictures of them still in lockets at their throats. The visible past was theirs invisibly.

The Greeks, that people of sound ideals and of incomparable taste for living, did not consent to or admit of the departure of the older generation. To the invisible hands of the *lares* and *penates* was delivered the sacredness of the house itself. The spirits of the

'departed' commemorated its lintels, kept clean and bright the fires of the hearth, guarded the home from evil if so might be, and gathered into a sweet influence those traits and characteristics and deeds long gone in the flesh and surviving in the spirit in some fine aroma of living.

It was, I believe, somewhat in the manner of the *lares familiares* that the clan of our older 'blood-kin,' both those of a past and those of a very nearly past generation, added meaning to that old home of my childhood.

My great-aunts and uncles brought with them the spirits of ancestors, were in a sense abodes of ancestors themselves. An older generation looked out of their eyes; the spirits of men and women long gone still lingered with them. It lent a dignity to life.

We children stood aside while they passed by in front of us. We saw them served at table and elsewhere to the best of everything. To them, too, as to the *lares*, were given the first and best portions of viands. We listened to them as though to oracles speaking. It was for us to allow the rivers of their broader wisdom to flow undisturbed by that kind of stone-throwing, pebble-skipping curiosity so noticeable in the average liberated child of to-day. Into their fine flowing streams of narrative we flung no big or little stones of our questions or our egotism. Their talk rippled on or flowed stately.

'We were under full canvas,' — I can see the fine-featured old gentleman yet, — 'we were in a zone of tempests,

sailing 'round the Horn' — (a wave of the hand here, and a pause).

What is 'full canvas'? What is a 'zone'? What is 'Horn'? Indeed we did not know. Be sure we did not interrupt the narrator to ask — not more than the audience arrests the ghost in Hamlet for exact definitions when it mouths out the sorrowful hollow words '*unhoused, disappointed, unaneled.*'

The words defined themselves well enough for all practical and spiritual purposes. The mere sound of them was much and the manner of saying them was more.

We got no definitions of 'full canvas,' 'zone,' or 'Horn' for future reference; but what we did get was a present sense of some of the great allied human experiences, the unpitying power of the sea, the dread of a soul brought face to face with shipwreck and death, the quick awful moving of the 'imminent hand of God,' the cry of a coward, the fierce bravery of a brave man ready to fling life away for the sake of his fellows; — then the sense of a great deliverance and what we take to be the mercy of God. And beyond all these, for good measure, pressed down and running over, we had added unto us additional respect for those older and more experienced than ourselves, and the sense of a fine tale told tellingly.

But I would not have you suppose that I found all the old ladies and all the old gentlemen delightful. Some of them I disliked and wished gone. A sense of justice compels me to admit, however, — putting aside all question as to whether they charmed or disappointed us, and considering them only as purely educative mediums, — that these visitors of an older generation are not surpassed, indeed are rarely equaled, by any theory or practice of modern pedagogy.

If Miss Lou Brooks and Eugene Ashton and Dr. Highway taught us much

of foreign lands and strange worlds and spiritual astronomies; if they instructed me besides in the poetry and romance of life, these others gave me a knowledge and love and understanding of other times, other manners; they were a kind of incarnate treatises in history and ethics, philosophy, and comparative philology.

What a lesson in history and manners was my great-aunt Sarah for instance!

She was tall and stately, a kind of reproof to the shallowness of later days. There was about her the refinement and delicacy of a rare old vase. She had been young once; this my reason told me, for in her home, a large stone house called 'Scarlet Oaks,' hung a very beautiful portrait of her, a delicate, very young, translucent face, rising above the shimmering satin of a low-cut wedding gown. But for this I should have taken her to have been always old, in the sense, I mean, in which the piping forms of youth, the 'brede of marble men and maidens,' on Keats's Grecian urn are 'forever young, forever fair.' There was such a finality and finish about her, like something arrested in its perfection; such achievement, such delicate completeness, it seemed, as could not change! It appeared that, when old age should waste our own generation, that delicate loveliness of her would remain untouched. She seemed already to live above, to survive, what was perishable and trivial in her own day and ours.

She affected cashmere shawls and cameos, and wore long and very elaborate mitts, and was always spoken of as 'delicate.' 'Aunt Sarah is very delicate.' That indeed she was!

We all waited upon my aunt Sarah, from the greatest to the least. She was very fond of my father, and to hear her address him as 'William' and treat him with the condescension one gives

to a child, — he who had iron-gray hair, — and to see his eager and affectionate and wholly respectful response, was to see time flow back.

My great-aunt had two brothers, my uncle Hays and my uncle William, who still wore great pointed collars and black stocks that wound around the throat several times, and broadcloth coats. But my great-uncles, unlike my great-aunt, seemed passing by. There was in their somewhat careful, sometimes feeble step a suggestion of treaty and capitulation, and from time to time in their glance or actions, the pathos of childlikeness so much more frequent in the old of that sex than of the other.

Such types were rare even in my day. There were only a few, a very few such men and women left then, guests of a twice older generation, visiting still, with a kind of retained graciousness, in the house of life from which they were soon finally to depart. By an enviable fate some six or eight of these men and women belonged to me. An air of grandeur came to the house with them as with the coming of the gods and goddesses in the old days; the human dwellings expanded and the lintels grew tall.

You can guess, perhaps, whether we children ventured a word! Glory enough to be permitted to come as silent as mice to supper, while they were there!

Yet I would not be misleading. Even those of a twice older generation were by no means inevitably stately and imposing. History is not given over entirely to kings and queens. There was, for instance, my great-aunt Henrietta of the 'other side of the house.' She was a wholly different type. She was little. She wore three puffs at either side of her face. These were held in place by little gray combs. She knew everybody's affairs, and her chief de-

light was in recounting them. She was a living chronicle, an accurate if inglorious historian; an intimate and personal account, with a mind for little happenings and a prodigious memory for events; a sort of Pepys in petticoats and neckerchief.

She was the oldest survivor of my mother's people. The family tree was in her keeping. But she cared little enough to dig about its deep roots. She took no delight, apparently, in the dignity of its stem, or pride in the wide spread of its branches. Her entire pleasure, rather, was in the twittering and whispering of its leaves. There was something bird-like and flitting in her character, and she gossiped like a chaffinch.

In her flowed together the great strains on my mother's side, Spencer and Halsted, names to conjure with. She had, certainly, not less to be stately about than my great-aunt Sarah. She had plenty of ancestors to be proud of, and, for a touch of romance, had danced the minuet with Lafayette, when she was a slip of a girl and he a guest in her grandfather's house; but she never appeared in the least proud of her people, only unflinchingly entertained by them.

It was at an early age that I resolved to model my life after my great-aunt Sarah rather than after my aunt Henrietta; yet recalling my aunt Henrietta's memorable characteristics, and that about Lafayette, and the delightful side-puffs, and her searching comments on humanity, I am willing to admit she was perhaps the more vivid lesson of the two. And if one counts in the lasting distaste for gossip which I acquired by being obliged to listen respectfully hours at a time, it seemed, while she continued to profess her little astonishments and 'you-don't-say-so's!' to my mother, with the best end of her sentences always finished, inau-

dibly to me, behind her fan, I am even prone to believe her to have been the more influential and educative of the two.

In those days, those days when visits were long and frequent, the bond of kinship was firmly established and family characteristics were strong and vivid. There were *Halsteds*, *Spencers*, *Hamiltons*, *Ogdens*, and not to be mistaken, any more than you mistake now your reader for your speller, your history for your geography.

It seemed, it is true, that they were there but to visit; but how much were they there, though how little were they aware of it, to teach, to enlighten, to admonish! With them came the Halsted or Spencer or Portor imperiousness or graciousness or brains, the Halsted eyes which were beautiful and the Halsted tempers which were not; with them came those obstinate egotisms, those devotions and ideals, those headstrong weaknesses, those gentle fortitudes which, strong in themselves, survived vividly from generation to generation.

My aunt Henrietta, my aunt Sarah and the rest, it was plain to be seen, were the earthly abodes of strong antecedent family spirits; and now, these bodily abodes doomed to decay, had not those spirits, strong and nimble, already begun to frequent the available lives of the younger generation, resolved on living yet in the day-lighted world, and visiting still the glimpses of the moon; hopeful, perhaps, in the younger generation, to correct some old folly; or willful, and determined, it might be, to pursue in some younger life the old fatality and mistakes?

This was what it meant, this and not less, when often a little wistfully the passing generation remarked certain likenesses. 'Mary, how *much* she is getting to be like William'; or 'Do you know she reminds me of her great-

grandmother Ferguson'; or 'She has the Portor eyes'; and sometimes cryptically, so that I might not guess too clearly what it meant, 'Very like the Halsteds.'

All these things were, I believe, far more influential and educative than the unthinking will admit. They gave me much food for thought. They roused in me commendable emotions, or salutary dismays. Might I some day be like my aunt Sarah? Was I really like my father? Could I worthily be classed with these others? And traits not to be proud of — was I in danger from these? So cautions and hopes and worthinesses grew up in me under the fine influence of what might be called a study in 'Comparative Characteristics.' There is not alone a dignity, but a tenderness as well, lent to life by such a study of former and passing generations. The results of living much of my childhood in the presence of the past, serving tea to it, offering it the required courtesies, putting footstools under its feet, were, I believe, a certain abiding reverence for human nobility, and a pity for human faults and weaknesses, and more, a desire and hope for nobility in myself, and a haunting dread that some family weakness might reappear in me; and these, as valuable assets to education, I would not rank below the dates of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers and the siege of Paris — none of which dates, though I once learned them carefully, have remained with me.

II

There is not space to tell of that nearer constellation of warm and bright stars, guests who were my mother's and father's intimate friends and contemporaries. Even if there were nothing else to recommend them, these were men and women who had lived through the Civil War in their prime. To

sit on the knee of my ex-soldier uncle and know that where my head leaned he carried in his breast-pocket a little Testament, with a bullet-hole in it but not quite through it — the Testament having saved his life and stopped the bullet from reaching his heart; and to sit on the knee of another uncle who actually carried a bullet from Antietam about in his body, yes, and for all that was the very gayest of the gay — these experiences were spelling-books of a high order and readings in life not to be looked down on.

There were other uncles who visited the house only in tradition but were entertained there how warmly of my eager fancy, — their adventurous lives having ended before mine began, — who were memorable lessons in daring, in courtesy, and in spirit!

There was, further, my mother's youngest sister, who was better than any legend. I would rather have inherited, as I did then, that love-story of hers, than very considerable worldly riches.

Another of my mother's sisters was mistress of a home on Fifth Avenue and of a very lovely country place on the Hudson. She had maids at every hand to wait upon her, and footmen whose eyes looked straight ahead of them, and who wore cockades in their hats. I liked her for herself: her beauty and her spirit and commandingness always stirred me, and she liked and approved of me besides. Moreover — let me be frank — I liked her too, in those days, for the footmen as well. One of my sisters had visited her for nine months, and had, on her return, entirely revolutionized all my ideas of the world.

But that rather, which confirmed and established me and my ideals as on a rock, was the love-story of my youngest aunt.

She and her husband had only the most moderate means. They lived in

what I like now to believe must have been a rose-covered cottage. But oh, the love of them! She had a mass of wonderful hair which it seems he loved to unpin at night, to see it fall at either side of her lovely face, down to her knees and beyond; and a tiny foot, whose slipper he would allow no one but himself to put on. All reports of every member of the family agreed: these were a pair of perfect lovers; no harsh word was ever spoken between them; they lived wholly for each other, in a blissful world apart, rich in their own manner; where neither poverty, nor distress, nor discord could find them; and where no hand could ever fall upon the latch to bring them sorrow — save only one.

That hand fell — the hand of him gently termed by Scheherazade and other tale-tellers of the East, 'The Terminator of Delights, and Separator of Companions.'

She came to be with us the winter that she was widowed. It was thought the change of air, and perhaps the brightness of our household, might be of some little help. We children were admonished to be very gentle, — not to be noisy. Superfluous precaution! She was to me sacred!

She used to walk up and down the upper veranda, taking the air slenderly, a light shawl about her shoulders; her tiny foot pausing now and then for greater steadiness, when the wind swayed her frail body too rudely. I have known many faces since then; I never knew one with a lovelier look. Heartbroken though she was, the depth of her love was daily attested, for there never came complaint or bitter word across her lips; and you went to her, without question, for quiet and comfort, as to a sanctuary.

At first, it seems, she had been pitifully rebellious, had longed and prayed to die (we children knew these facts);

but, having been denied so much as this, she rose delicately, and lived on worthy of him, binding and unbinding her hair, fastening her little slippers anew for the daily road and routine of life. Sometimes, with tactful or tactless devotion (I do not know to this day which), I would offer to fasten them for her; and she would smile and let me do it, and usually kissed me afterward.

There were years and years when I never saw her. She grew more frail, I am told, and her cheek withered; but to me she was always incomparable, and always 'Rose-in-Bloom'; and, like Rose-in-Bloom, looking always to one thing only — reunion with her beloved.

'Will fortune after separation and distance, grant me union with my beloved?' sings the lover of Rose-in-Bloom. 'Close the book of estrangement and efface my trouble? Shall my beloved be my cup-companion once more? Where is Rose-in-Bloom, O King of the Age?'

It might have been her lover who so questioned a mightier king, while she waited far from him, there even in our very house. And the reply of the king in the story would still have been fitting: 'By Allah, ye are two sincere lovers; and in the heaven of beauty two shining stars, and your case is wonderful and your affair extraordinary.'

It were indeed impossible to explain all that these, the vivid lives of my own, meant to me, and what effect they had on what I like to call my education — how much indeed they *were* my education.

It is usually assumed that the sooner we get at books the sooner we shall become educated. I think it a pale assumption. The order might more happily be reversed. I am convinced that it was mainly by my reading of these men and women with whom the world of my childhood was peopled and whom

the gracious habit of visiting brought within my ken, that I came later to recognize and enjoy the best authors and the best literature. I had known Lear and Othello and Hamlet in my own circle, though without Shakespearean dramatization or language. I have already told you how well I knew 'Rose-in-Bloom,' so much better than the Arabian Nights could ever tell me of her. 'The poet's eye in fine frenzy rolling' was familiar enough to me. I had had it rolled on me by the author of *Herod and Mariamne*. I was continually recognizing in books fragments of life, but glorified by the art of phrase or symbol. When I came one day upon the incomparable scene in Capulet's orchard, and those lines, —

'By yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,' —
was I, do you think, a stranger to it? Had I not in real life heard Miss Lou Brooks sing with a full heart and a quivering voice, —

'The stars shine o'er his pathway!'

It will without doubt be objected that my childhood was an exceptional one, even for my day; that the average child of the present would certainly have no such characters and types from which to draw knowledge. But this is, I am sure, a false premise. Humanity is a very ancient stuff, and human beings are to be found to-day quite as interesting and vivid as ever human beings were. But there lacks to the modern child the quiet opportunity for knowing and studying humanity at first hand. In place of long and comfortable and constant visits we have a kind of motion-picture hospitality soon over, a film on a roll soon spun out; and instead of life with its slower actions and reactions, a startling mere picture of life flashing by.

A short time ago I watched a party of married people and children receive

an automobileful of guests at a country home. The guests remained something over twelve hours, which is a long visit in these days.

When they came it was explained by them how many miles they had come that day and over what roads. An hour was now devoted to getting the dust off and to a change of clothes. After this there was much chatter among host and guests, talk of mutual friends and much detail as to journeying, what roads had been found good, what ones uncomfortable for speeding, with a comparing of road-maps among the men. Then there was luncheon, after that siestas, after these a spin to the polo grounds in the host's motor; after this, tea on the country-club veranda, and another spin home. Another half-hour was now again given to the removal of dust, then an hour to an exceptionally well-served supper; more chatter, with rather high laughter; then the summoning of the original motor; good-byes, some waving of hands, a little preliminary chugging of the machine, then a speeding away, a vanished thing. Gone in a flash! A clean sheet once more! The moving-picture visit was over; the host and hostess returned to the chairs on their own veranda; the handsome, long-legged, bronzed children looked bored; and the *lares* and *penates* inside, if there were any, shivered, I am sure, with what 'freezings' in the midst of 'old December's bareness everywhere.'

'And yet this time removed was summer's time.' There were in that flashing speeding automobile six people: there was an old gentleman (very trig and alert) who had hunted tigers in India and had buried three wives; there was a woman who was one of the most proud and vain women in the world as well as one of the most beautiful; there was a man who had carried through a great panic in Wall Street

and who wore an invisible halo of prayers of widows and orphans; there was a middle-aged woman with a broken heart, whose lover had been buried at sea; there was a fresh-looking young girl chained to the rock of modern conventions, and a square-jawed handsome young Perseus who was in love with her and determined to rescue her and carry her away to dwell with Poverty and himself on a claim in Eastern Idaho.

Flash, flash! They are moving pictures, they are gone! What might they not have been, what might they not have contributed, very especially to the host's children, in the way of lessons and knowledge and education, had they remained long enough to be guests! What? Education? But the children all go to school and to the best school to be had; and the little one there is just starting in under the Montessori method. You should see how amazingly from fifty-seven varieties she can select and grade the different shades and colors.

III

Madame Montessori recommends that children be under the care of a 'directress' (note the name) in the 'Houses of Childhood,' each day, the day to begin at eight and to last until six, in a schoolroom where the Montessori 'method' is practiced by means, mainly, of the 'didactic material'! The thing revolts me. I do not say, 'What time for arithmetic and geography and the sterner realities of schooling?' No, nor do I complain as does Sir Walter Scott when he touches on Waverley's education, you remember, that 'the history of England is now reduced to a game at cards.' I say to myself more solemnly, 'But what time is left for life? What time for guests?'

They have a great care of children's

education nowadays. We were neglected to a higher learning; and abandoned to a larger fate. There were guests coming! We made off to don our best dresses and behaviors. We hoped to be worthy the gracious occasion. We meant to try. Life was at the door.

It was not mere shrewdness in St. Paul, surely, when he recommended the Romans so earnestly to be 'given to hospitality'; but a wistfulness as well, and a certain longing for a higher education to be given unto them; and it was his correspondents' welfare he had in mind, you remember, rather than the welfare of their guests, when he bade the Hebrews that they 'be not forgetful to entertain strangers'; for — now note carefully the sequel — *'for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'*

I have an old friend who is on his way, I am told by those in authority, to be one of our great modern psychologists. He gives anxious thought to the education of his children. Lately he approached me seriously in the matter of his boy's educational needs. Would I talk them over with him? He wished to consult me. I looked for a careful discussion of 'methods,' and was ready with all my arguments concerning the Montessori teachings. Instead he inquired, 'Now when will you come and visit us? a real visit, I mean? That is what I wanted to ask you. It is with that that I am most concerned. That is exactly what Jack needs.'

I am needed as a guest in their house, for the sake of the children! My heart rises at the thought! Cheered, I seem to see ahead, clearly, a time when if we do not provide them with guests we shall think that we have shamefully neglected our children's education; when we will no more deny them visitors than we would now neglect to have them taught to read.

To love life for ourselves and others;

to be forever interested in it; to be loyal to it, and that down to the grave; to dwell helpfully and appreciatively with one's kind; to understand others as generously as is possible to faulty human nature, and to make ourselves understood as much as is consistent with courtesy; these are, I take it, the fine flower of culture; here is all that I would dare call education, or presume to think of permanent importance.

And by no means, I feel sure, can youth be led to all this so readily, so happily, so effectually, as by means of the age-old virtue of hospitality. These things are things which guests bring with them, knowing it not, and bestow on those who are not aware of the bestowal.

And our most advanced ideal, that of 'universal brotherhood' and a 'federation of the world' — what is this, I ask you, but a glad sharing of life in a society to which all will be welcome, with bread and wine and greeting denied to none, and guest and host fulfilling an equal obligation?

This is the old manner of entertaining and — I ask your patience — it is God's manner, not less. The gentle sympathy, the unfailing hospitality of my mother, — how gentle and understanding she was of all types which frequented the old house! — her patience and hospitality had in them, I like to think, some resemblance to that larger patience of Him in whose House of Life we do but for a time visit, some of us how gayly, how romantically, some how fretfully and inconsiderately, lingering past our time; some contributing but idle gossip; some lending to the hearth-fires the glow of our poetic dreams; some adding truth or dignity of our own; some possessed of foibles and accomplished in failures; some shining with hopes of final successes that shall never be ours. Yet all of us, by the grace of God, and God be

thanked, even so, adding somewhat to the meaning of life, edifying when we least know it, teaching when we are wholly unaware; helpful, instructive, even in our blunders, profiting others by the often profitless lessons and fables of our lives; enlightening when we are most ignorant of so doing, and even when our own lives are darkened. — In a word, *guests*; and what is of even sweeter import, all of us understood,

condoned, valued, pitied, loved by the Master of the House; welcomed by his world that has long looked for our coming; served by his servants; waited upon by wind and wave and those others who do his bidding; afforded the bread of life to eat, given the wine of life to drink; warmed by the shining welcoming sun; lighted by no less candles than the stars; and with rest and peace, and a bed at last for every one.

WOMAN AND RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

It is a thing somewhat surprising to find a gentleman listed in the front of the *Atlantic* as 'one of the chief spokesmen of the English feminists' devoting his time and his ink to a series of dissertations apparently designed to prove that woman's intellectual equipment is inferior in most important particulars to that of man. As a feminist one is curious to know what good Mr. W. L. George¹ thinks can be accomplished by turning over the affairs of the race to what he deems the least capable portion of the community. Nor is it easily comprehensible how anyone in this age of scientific research dares publicly and openly to draw sweeping conclusions about the intelligence of a whole sex from observation of about sixty-five cases, with only twenty-six of whom he has what he terms as much as an 'adequate acquaintance.'

In an address recently made in our town by the quieter of our ex-presi-

¹ In the *Atlantic* for December, 1915, and January, 1916.

dents, he said that whenever he heard a suffragist talk he felt impelled against suffrage, and *vice versa*. One feels a good bit that way about these articles of Mr. George's. If women are really as inane as he paints them, and if male feminists — possibly because of feminine associations(?) — are as 'intuitive' and illogical as he himself seems to be, then let us revert as soon as possible to the 'cave-man' period. In these days of spies and plots, it is not difficult to imagine that this leading British feminist may be an 'anti' in disguise.

One might feel inclined to ignore these articles, smiling uncertainly at them as possibly another instance of that very dry humor so common in *Punch*, that insular drollery so subtle as to be beyond most of us on this side the great water, were it not for their incidental references to religion. These are, at least to the present writer, cumulative as irritants.

'Most people practice religion be-

cause they are too cowardly to face the idea of annihilation,' remarks Mr. George. Shakespeare knew better. He understood that what people really fear after death is existence, not the lack of it. Hamlet's wisdom is preferable to that of Mr. George. One thinks of the intellectual giants, the pioneers in thought in ancient and modern times, who have been fearless in facing truth and yet deeply religious, and one feels a little hurt at an ignorance which so unjustly condemns the blessed saints.

'These modern religions are no longer spiritual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ideal religions, like Christianity,' says Mr. George. It is dusk. One must have read amiss. One lights the lamp. Now, once more. Confound it, that is what stands written! It sounds like the sage conclusion of the occupant of the cracker-barrel in the corner grocery, like the village atheist, or like the young collegiate undergraduate, scornful of Christianity and quite oblivious of the fact that most of his professors find it not incompatible with philosophy and science. Here is a presumably intelligent man who knows nothing, it would seem, of the science of theology.

'The Christian religion has done everything in its power to heap ignominy upon woman.' This statement shows that Mr. George knows about as much of Church history as his reference to the council which denied woman a soul would indicate. As a plain matter of fact, the Church has always encouraged Feminism up to the limit of her power to do so. No organization composed of human beings could ever be as far in advance of its age as Mr. George and his kind wish the mediæval Church might have been. The mediæval social system was a composite of the remnants of Roman civilization and the semi-savage institutions of the Teutonic invaders. Christianity did all it could

to leaven this anti-Feminist lump of social ideas and ideals. In the first place the Church maintained to a remarkable degree her Master's teaching that marriage is a free contract and an indissoluble one. This may seem anti-Feminist to some people, possibly to Mr. George, but even they will admit it a step in advance when they remember that the freedom of dissolution of marriage which was replaced by Christian indissolubility was a freedom for the male only, — except in the rarest instances, — a freedom which made of woman a slave and an instrument of passion, to be discarded whenever she failed to satisfy. Nor was this all that the mediæval Church did. Through her feminine monasticism she provided the only alternate career to marriage that was possible in that day. By the competition of the nunnery the position of woman in marriage was lifted past belief. Moreover, the abbesses of the great houses had power and authority such as no feminist of to-day has even conceived. Of all this, and much besides, many people seem wholly ignorant.

Finally, one comes to this marvelous observation of Mr. George regarding woman: 'She was seduced and held [to religion] only by cruelty and contempt. . . . She clings [to the ancient faiths] more closely than man because she is more capable of making *an act of faith, of believing that which she knows to be impossible*.' One is dazed, stunned, prostrated. This definition of faith from a scientific realist? The writer of the letter to the Hebrews defined it somewhat differently and more accurately. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen.' Is Mr. George really under the impression that we Christians believe in things we know to be impossible? Hypocrites we all are, then, eh? And women are stronger in religion than

men because they are greater hypocrites? Is that it? And Mr. George is a feminist? Can this be because he admires people proportionately to their capacity for hypocrisy? One's brain reels!

But turning from these drolleries of Mr. George's, it is worth serious consideration, this fact, — for it is a fact, — that women of to-day are very much more interested in religion than are men. In every congregation and every denomination this is true to a greater or less extent. It is a very conservative thing to say that there are four women to every man in the church membership of America. Many people are wont to lay the blame for this on the churches. Quite a number of people would like to lay it on the men. Some, notably Mr. George, fault the women for it. Is it not possible that the responsibility rests upon our social structure?

It is not at all true, as thoughtless people sometimes assume, that woman has a spiritual sensitiveness which man does not possess, that she is by nature more fitted for religion than he is. If that were true we should find that the present state of things had always been. The most superficial study of comparative religion, however, will convince anyone that in all early cults the practice of religion was preëminently a male duty and a male pleasure. One finds this in more complex religious developments of former times as well. Except in the sex-cults, woman had almost no place or function at all; and it will be found that most even of these exceptions were directed by men while women performed only the necessary subsidiary duties. The practice of the Hebrews of excluding women from their more intimate and holy religious ceremonies was the rule, rather than the exception, among ancient peoples. And when one reaches Christianity, although from the

beginning women were given the privilege of participation in the deepest mysteries and sacraments, still religion was long looked upon as a thing primarily to be attended to by men. For instance, in the monastic organizations which saved religion and European civilization in the Middle Ages, there were manifold more men than women. Until quite lately, indeed, men went to Church as much as women did, or more, and their interest in things religious was just as much, or more, evident.

Nor, despite Mr. George's confident belief, is it because women are less intelligent than men, that they have not waked up, as have men, to the essential falsity and foolishness of religion. One does not know just what the facts may be in England, but in this country it is certainly true that the average woman is very much better equipped mentally than is the average man. This is so for various reasons. In the first place the girls of the family usually go further in school, with us on this side the ocean, than do their brothers. It is not uncommon to find in high schools three girls enrolled to every boy. It is the girls who are introduced to physical science. It is they who are enabled to study history and at least to dabble a bit in philosophy. Furthermore, in our college population, the standard of intellectual achievement is usually far higher among women than among men. One has, to see this, only to look upon the elections to Phi Beta Kappa in our coeducational institutions. Again, the Woman's Club movement, having survived the ridicule of our men, has brought and is bringing large numbers of our women closely into touch with many modern problems of which their husbands and brothers are apt to have only the vaguest notion. In the United States the best books are read by women. It is they who as a sex support art and music. It is they, preponderat-

ingly, who patronize our public libraries. It is they who are first to insist upon the betterment of our public schools. If intelligence and education make people irreligious, we ought to have fewer women in our churches than we have men. As has been said, one does not know about England. Mr. George's statement may possibly be to some extent true over there. It will not do among us.

Equally unsatisfactory is the theory that women are more religious than men because they are morally better than men. Leaving aside the interesting speculation as to whether, after all, religion is a thing which appeals to good people more than to bad, passing by for the moment the interesting assertion of Jesus Christ that he 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' ignoring the possible falsity of the assumption of modern 'liberalism' that being good and being religious are but two ways of saying the same thing, it is certainly safe to say that hardly any one who has had much experience in intimate knowledge of bared souls — hardly any priest, hardly any physician — would agree that women are better morally than men. There are some kinds of sin which men commit more readily than women. Such are the sins of lust, and possibly of anger. But there are others where men and women seem to offend about equally, the sins of gluttony, sloth, and covetousness. And of the sins of pride and envy, one might say that they are preëminently feminine sins.

The real reason why women are more religious than men to-day is because they are more human than men. It is not by nature that they are so. Social conditions have made them so. As we have divided the labor of the world between the sexes, the work of men is almost entirely concerned with the production and distribution of *things*; the

work of women almost entirely with the production and sustenance of *persons*. We all of us at times notice the great throngs of men who go, at the call of the whistle, in and out of our great factories. To the average man's mind, these hundreds of men are 'hands,' and the purpose of the factories where they are employed is to produce 'goods'; but to the average woman's mind, these hundreds of laborers are human beings, and the purpose of the factories is to furnish sustenance, through pay envelopes, to men and women and boys and girls and babies yet unborn. In most of our homes the man leaves human interests early in the morning, devotes the best hours of his day to the welfare of things, and returns to persons again only for the evening's relaxation. His wife, meanwhile, has hardly done an act of labor all the day, has hardly made a plan or had a thought, which is not with considerable intimacy related to human beings — her husband, her children, her neighbors.

Years, even generations, of this help to make a male sex which thinks predominantly in terms of property, a female sex which thinks most largely in terms of persons. They tend to make men estimate success in terms of bank-accounts, the while they assist woman to count achievement in terms of human happiness. They make society, to the male, an arrangement for the protection of the interests of production; to the female, an organism for the insurance of proper and adequate consumption. They make men interested, with a fervor no woman can understand, in their business firms and commercial associations. They make women absorbed to a degree that is past the comprehension of most men — including Mr. George — in their religion and their church.

For religion is, in essence, the translation into the supernatural realm of

the personal values learned in earthly life. This has always been true. The deities of savage peoples are always connected with the social activities of their worshipers. They are always perfections of those qualities most admired and valued in the lives of those worshipers. No deity can ever be long revered by a people whose life-values differ from those that deity expresses. Christ offers, for the worship of the world, as God Himself, the perfectly self-sacrificing Person, the Being who gladly renounces the pursuit of things for the sake of fulfilling the happiness of people. He says to those who would worship Him, 'Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,' and 'He who would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.' The only person who can ever freely and easily worship Christ as God is a person whose natural ideals and longings are shaped that way, who really looks on life as a thing of personal rather than property values. Woman, nine-tenths of whose life is lived on these terms, is naturally drawn to Christ, understands Him, honors Him, believes in Him, worships Him. Man, in order so to regard Him, must carry on a continual fight with his environment, a warfare almost impossible for most men. Therefore are the churches full of women and empty

of men. It is hard to see how it can ever be otherwise, unless in some way we are able to emancipate men from enforced absorption in the making of things and to restore to them something of their ancient privileges in the cultivation of persons.¹

And that, more or less clearly expressed, is impelling large numbers of people into the Feminist camp, people who are but little concerned with the emancipation of woman. They see with much greater clearness the need for the emancipation of man. They see, far more than the urgency for getting woman into commercial and industrial pursuits, the necessity for restoring man to the home and the personal interests revolving about the family. At present man is doing most of the soul-killing, spirit-deadening work of the world, and woman is getting all the employment, or nearly all, which makes for real humanity. These people see the need of Feminism for the liberation of males from their present intellectual and spiritual limitations.

¹ In corroboration of the point here made it may be remarked that in almost every community it will be found that the physicians are of all men the most religious, — the physicians, whose work is preëminently with persons. This also serves to discredit a little more the theory that education makes for irreligion, for the physicians are far better educated than the average man. — THE AUTHOR.

REMEMBRANCE

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

'An aeroplane has been brought down in the Aegean Sea.' — DISPATCH.

WOUNDED, the steel-ribbed bird dipped to the sea,
Its vast wings twisted, struggling with the air
That would not bear it up — and heavily
Struck the still water, sleeping idly where
The gold-arched noon had lulled it into dream.
So there was foaming tumult and the fret
Of waves on heated steel — then silver steam,
That hung like fallen cloud, where they had met.
And that small, striving thing that fought away,
Free of the wreckage, did he, dying, hear
The waters murmuring of another day,
A noon, now long ago, yet strangely near;
The waters telling drowsily of one
Who with his wings of wax dared woo the sun?

A SOLDIER OF 'THE LEGION'

BY E. MORLAE¹

I

ONE day during the latter part of August, 1915, my regiment, the 2me

¹ Mr. Morlae is the California-born son of a French immigrant who served as sergeant in the French army in 1870. Two days after the war began he left Los Angeles for Paris, and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. On returning to America, wounded in neck and knee, he came to Boston, where the *Atlantic* made his acquaintance, heard his story, and asked him to write it in detail. — THE EDITORS.

Étranger (Foreign Legion), passed in review before the President of the French Republic and the Commander-in-Chief of her armies, General Joffre. On that day, after twelve months of fighting, the regiment was presented by President Poincaré with a battle-flag. The occasion marked the admission of the Légion Étrangère to equal footing with the régiments of the line. Two months later — it was October 28 — the remnants of this regiment were

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paraded through the streets of Paris, and, with all military honors, this same battle-flag was taken across the Seine to the Hôtel des Invalides. There it was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and, with reverent ceremony, was placed between the flag of the cuirassiers who died at Reichshofen and the equally famous standard which the Garibaldians bore in 1870-71. The flag lives on. The regiment has ceased to exist.

On the battlefield of La Champagne, from Souain to the Ferme Navarin, from Somme-Py to the Butte de Souain, the ground is thickly studded with low wooden crosses, their plain pine boards marked with the Mohammedan crescent and star. Beside the crosses you see bayonets thrust into the ground, and dangling from their cross-bars little metal disks which months ago served their purpose in identifying the dead and now mark their graves. Many mounds bear no mark at all. On others again you see a dozen helmets laid in rows, to mark the companionship of the dead below in a common grave. It is there you will find the Legion.

Of the Legion I can tell you at first-hand. It is a story of adventurers, of criminals, of fugitives from justice. Some of them are drunkards, some thieves, and some with the mark of Cain upon them find others to keep them company. They are men I know the worst of. And yet I am proud of them — proud of having been one of them; very proud of having commanded some of them.

It is all natural enough. Most men who had come to know them as I have would feel as I do. You must reckon the good with the evil. You must remember their comradeship, their *esprit de corps*, their pathetic eagerness to serve France, the sole country which has offered them asylum, the country

which has shown them confidence, mothered them, and placed them on an equal footing with her own sons. These things mean something to a man who has led the life of an outcast, and the Légionnaires have proved their loyalty many times over. At Arras, in La Champagne, there are more than 400 kilometers of trench-line which they have restored to France. The Legion has always boasted that it never shows its back, and the Legion has made good.

In my own section there were men of all races and all nationalities. There were Russians and Turks, an Anamite and a Hindu. There were Frenchmen from God knows where. There was a German, God only knows why. There were Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, Negroes, an Italian, and a Fiji Islander fresh from an Oxford education, — a silent man of whom it was whispered that he had once been an archbishop, — three Arabians, and a handful of Americans who cared little for the quiet-life. As Bur-bek-kar, the Arabian bugler, used to say in his bad French, '*Ceux sont le ra-ta international.*' — 'They're the international stew.'

Many of the men I came to know well. The Italian, Conti, had been a professional bicycle-thief who had slipped quietly into the Legion when things got too hot for him. When he was killed in Champagne he was serving his second enlistment. Doumergue, a Frenchman who was a particularly good type of soldier, had absconded from Paris with his employer's money and had found life in the Legion necessary to his comfort. A striking figure with a black complexion was Voronoff, a Russian prince whose precise antecedents were unknown to his mates. Pala was a Parisian 'Apache' and looked the part. Every man had left a past behind him. But the Americans in the Legion were of a different type. Some

of us who volunteered for the war loved fighting, and some of us loved France. I was fond of both.

But even the Americans were not all of one stripe. J. J. Casey had been a newspaper artist, and Bob Scanlon, a burly Negro, an artist with his fist in the squared ring. Alan Seeger had something of the poet in him. Dennis Dowd was a lawyer; Edwin Bouligny a lovable adventurer. There was D. W. King, the sprig of a well-known family. William Thaw of Pittsburg started with us, though he joined the Flying Corps later on. Then there were James Bach of New York, B. S. Hall, who hailed from Kentucky, Professor Ohlinger of Columbia, Phelizot, who had shot enough big game in Africa to feed the regiment. There were Delpenche, and Capdevielle, and little Trinkard, from New York. Bob Subiron came, I imagine, from the States in general, for he had been a professional automobile racer. The Rockville brothers, journalists, signed on from Georgia; and last, though far from least, was Friedrich Wilhelm Zinn from Battle Creek, Michigan.¹

The rest of the section were old-time *Légionnaires*, most of them serving their second enlistment of five years, and some their third. All these were seasoned soldiers, veterans of many battles in Algiers and Morocco. My section — complete — numbered sixty. Twelve of us survive, and of these there are several still in the hospital recovering from wounds. Zinn and Trinkard lie there with bullets in their breasts; Dowd, with his right arm nearly severed; Subiron, shot in the leg; Bouligny, with a ball in his stomach. But Bouligny, like many another, is an old hand in the hospital. He has been there twice before with metal to be cut out. Several others lie totally incapacitated

¹ The author's MS. leaves the spelling of these names in considerable doubt. — THE EDITORS.

from wounds, and more than half of the section rests quietly along the route of the Ryt. Seven of them are buried at Craonne; two more at Ferme Alger, near Rheims. Eighteen of them I saw buried myself in Champagne.

That is the record of the first section of Company I. It has not a fortunate sound, but in the company it was the lucky section. Section III, on the night of the first day's fighting in Champagne, mustered eight men out of the forty-two who had fallen into line that morning. Section IV lost that day more than half of its effectives. Section II lost seventeen out of thirty-eight. War did its work thoroughly with the Legion. We had the place of honor in the attack, and we paid for it.

II

Two days before the forward movement began, we were informed by our captain of the day and hour set for the attack. We were told the exact number of field-pieces and heavy guns which would support us and the number of shells to be fired by each piece. Our artillery had orders to place four shells per metre per minute along the length of the German lines. Our captain gave us also very exact information regarding the number of German batteries opposed to us. He even told us the regimental numbers of the Prussian and Saxon regiments which were opposite our line. From him we learned also that along the whole length of our first row of trenches steps had been cut into the front bank in order to enable us to mount it without delay, and that our own barbed-wire entanglements, which were immediately in front of this trench, had been pierced by lanes cut through every two metres, so that we might advance without the slightest hindrance.

On the night of September 23, the

commissioned officers, including the colonel of the regiment, entered the front lines of trenches, and with stakes marked the front to be occupied by our regiment during the attack. It was like an arrangement for a race. Starting from the road leading from Souain to Vouziers, the officers, after marking the spot with a big stake, paced 1500 metres to the eastward and there marked the extreme right of the regiment's position by a second stake. Midway between these two a third was placed. From the road to the stake, the 750 metres marked the terrain for Battalion C. The other 750 metres bearing to the left were assigned to Battalion D. Just 100 metres behind these two battalions a line was designated for Battalion E, which was to move up in support.

My own company formed the front line of the extreme left flank of the regiment. Our left was to rest on the high road and our front was to run from that to a stake marking a precise frontage of 200 metres. From these stakes, which marked the ends of our line, we were ordered to take a course due north, sighting our direction by trees and natural objects several kilometres in the rear of the German lines. These were to serve us for guides during the advance. After explaining all these matters to us at length, other details were taken up with the engineers, who were shown piles of bridging, ready made in sections of planking so that they might be readily placed over the German trenches and thus permit our guns and supply-wagons to cross quickly in the wake of our advance.

The detail was infinite, but everything was foreseen. Twelve men from each company were furnished with long knives and grenades. Upon these 'trench-cleaners,' as we called them, fell the task of entering the German trenches and caves and bomb-proofs,

and disposing of such of the enemy as were still hidden therein after we had stormed the trench and passed on to the other side. All extra shoes, all clothing and blankets were turned in to the quartermaster, and each man was provided with a second canteen of water, two days of 'iron rations,' and 130 rounds additional, making 250 cartridges per man. The gas-masks and mouth-pads were ready; emergency dressings were inspected, and each man ordered to put on clean underwear and shirts to prevent possible infection of the wounds.

One hour before the time set for the advance, we passed the final inspection and deposited our last letters with the regimental postmaster. Those letters meant a good deal to all of us and they were in our minds during the long wait that followed. One man suddenly began to intone the Marseillaise. Soon every man joined in singing. It was a very Anthem of Victory. We were ready, eager and confident: for us to-morrow held but one chance — Victory.

III

Slowly the column swung out of camp, and slowly and silently, without a spoken word of command, it changed its direction to the right and straightened out its length upon the road leading to the trenches. It was 10 P.M. precisely by my watch. The night was quite clear, and we could see, to right and to left, moving columns marching parallel to ours. One, though there was not quite light enough to tell which, was our sister regiment, the *1er Régiment Étranger*. The other, as I knew, was the *8me Zouaves*. The three columns marched at the same gait. It was like a funeral march, slow and very quiet. There was no singing and shouting; none of the usual badinage. Even the officers were silent. They were all

on foot, marching like the rest of us. We knew there would be no use for horses to-morrow.

To-morrow was the day fixed for the grand attack. There was not a man in the ranks who did not know that to-morrow, at 9.15, was the time set. Every man, I suppose, wondered whether he would do or whether he would die. I wondered myself.

I did not really think I should die. Yet I had arranged my earthly affairs. 'One can never tell,' as the French soldier says with a shrug. I had written to my friends at home. I had named the man in my company to whom I wished to leave my personal belongings. Sergeant Velte was to have my Parabellum pistol; Casey my prismatics; Birchler my money-belt and contents; while Sergeant Jovert was booked for my watch and compass. Yet, in the back of my mind, I smiled at my own forethought. I *knew* that I should come out alive. I recalled to myself the numerous times that I had been in imminent peril: in the Philippines, in Mexico, and during the thirteen months of this war. I could remember time and again when men were killed on each side of me and when I escaped unscratched. Take the affair of Papoin, Joly, and Bob Scanlon. We were standing together so near that we could have clasped hands. Papoin was killed, Joly was severely wounded, and Scanlon was hit in the ankle — all by the same shell. The fragments which killed and wounded the first two passed on one side of me, while the piece of iron that hit Bob went close by my other side. Yet I was untouched! Again, take the last patrol. When I was out of cover, the Germans shot at me from a range of 10 metres — and missed! I felt certain that my day was not to-morrow.

Just the same, I was glad that my affairs were arranged, and it gave me a sense of conscious satisfaction to think

that my comrades would have something to remember me by. There is always the chance of something unforeseen happening.

The pace was accelerating. The strain was beginning to wear off. From right and left there came a steady murmur of low talk. In our own column men were beginning to chaff each other. I could distinctly hear Subiron describing in picturesque detail to Capdevielle how he, Capdevielle, would look, gracefully draped over the German barbed wire; and I could hear Capdevielle's heated response that he would live long enough to spit upon Subiron's grave; and I smiled to myself. The moment of depression and self-communication had passed. The men had found themselves and were beginning their usual chaffing. And yet, in all their chatter there seemed to be an unusually sharp note. The jokes all had an edge to them. References to one another's death were common, and good wishes for one another's partial dismemberment excited only laughter. Just behind me I heard King express the hope that if he lost an arm or a leg he would at least get the *médaille militaire* in exchange. By way of comfort, his chum, Dowd, remarked that, whether he got the medal or not, he was very sure of getting a permit to beg on the street corners.

From personal bickerings we passed on to a discussion of the Germans and German methods of making war. We talked on the finer points of hand-grenades, poison gas, flame-projectors, vitriol bombs, and explosive bullets. Everybody seemed to take particular pleasure in describing the horrible wounds caused by the different weapons. Each man embroidered upon the tales the others told.

We were marching into Hell. If you judged them by their conversation, these men must have been brutes at

heart, worse than any Apache; and yet of those around me several were university graduates; one was a lawyer; two were clerks; one a poet of standing; one an actor; and there were several men of leisure, Americans almost all of them.

The talk finally settled upon the Germans. Many and ingenious were the forms of torture invented upon the spur of the moment for the benefit of the 'Boches.' 'Hanging is too good for them,' said Scanlon. After a long discussion, scalping alive seemed the most satisfactory to the crowd.

It had come to be 11 P.M. We were at the mouth of the communicating trench and entering it, one by one. Every so often, short transverse trenches opened up to right and left, each one crammed full of soldiers. Talking and laughing stopped. We continued marching along the trench, kilometre after kilometre, in utter silence. As we moved forward, the lateral trenches became more numerous. Every 15 to 18 feet we came to one running from right to left, and each was filled with troops, their arms grounded. As we filed slowly by, they looked at us enviously. It was amusing to see how curious they looked, and to watch their whispering as we passed. Why should we precede them in attack?

'Who are you?' several men asked.

'La Légion.'

'A-a-ah, la Légion! That explains it.'

Our right to the front rank seemed to be acknowledged. It did every man of us good.

We debouched from the trench into the street of a village. It was Souain. Houses, or ghosts of houses, walled us in on each side. Through the windows and the irregular shell-holes in the walls, the stars twinkled; while through a huge gap in the upper story of one of the houses I caught a glimpse of the moon, over my right shoulder. Lucky

omen! 'I'll come through all right,' I repeated to myself, and rapped with my knuckle upon the rifle-stock, lest the luck break.

No one house in the village was left standing — only bare walls. Near the end of the street, in the midst of chaos, we passed a windmill. The gaunt steel frame still stood. I could see the black rents in the mill and the great arms where the shrapnel had done its work; but still the wheel turned, slowly, creaking round and round, with its shrill metal scream.

The column turned to the left and again disappeared in a trench. After a short distance we turned to the right, then once more to the left, then on, and finally, not unwillingly, we came to a rest. We did not have to be told that we were now in the front line, for through the rifle-ports we could see the French shells bursting ahead of us like Fourth-of-July rockets.

The artillery had the range perfectly, and the shells, little and big, plumped with pleasing regularity into the German trenches. The din was indescribable — almost intolerable. Forty, even fifty, shells per minute were falling into a space about a single kilometre square. The explosions sounded almost continuous, and the return fire of the Germans seemed almost continuous. Only the great 10-inch long-range Teuton guns continued to respond effectively.

We looked at the show for a while, and then lay down in the trench. Every man used his knapsack for a pillow and tried to snatch a few hours' sleep. It was not a particularly good place for a nervous sleeper, but we were healthy and pretty tired.

The next morning, at 8 A.M., hot coffee was passed around, and we breakfasted on sardines, cheese, and bread, with the coffee to wash it down. At 9 the command passed down the line, 'Every man ready!' Up went the knap-

sack on every man's back, and, rifle in hand, we filed along the trench.

The cannonading seemed to increase in intensity. From the low places in the parapet we caught glimpses of barbed wire which would glisten in occasional flashes of light. Our own we could plainly see, and a little farther beyond was the German wire.

Suddenly, at the sound of a whistle, we halted. The command, 'Baionnette au canon!' passed down the section. A drawn-out rattle followed, and the bayonets were fixed. Then the whistle sounded again. This time twice. We adjusted our straps. Each man took a look at his neighbor's equipment. I turned and shook hands with the fellows next to me. They were grinning, and I felt my own nerves a-quiver as we waited for the signal.

Waiting seemed an eternity. As we stood there a shell burst close to our left. A moment later it was whispered along the line that an adjutant and five men had gone down.

What were we waiting for? I glanced at my watch. It was 9.15 exactly. The Germans evidently had the range. Two more shells burst close to the same place. We inquired curiously who was hit this time. Our response was two whistles. That was our signal. I felt my jaws clenching, and the man next to me looked white. It was only for a second. Then every one of us rushed at the trench wall, each and every man struggling to be the first out of the trench. In a moment we had clambered up and out. We slid over the parapet, wormed our way through gaps in the wire, formed in line, and, at the command, moved forward at march-step straight toward the German wire.

The world became a roaring hell. Shell after shell burst near us, sometimes right among us; and, as we moved forward at the double-quick, men fell right and left. We could hear the sub-

dued rattling of the mitrailleuses and the roar of volley fire, but, above it all, I could hear with almost startling distinctness the words of the captain, shouting in his clear, high voice, 'En avant! Vive la France!'

IV

As we marched forward toward our goal, huge geysers of dust spouted into the air, rising behind our backs from the rows of '75's' supporting us. In front the fire-curtain outlined the whole length of the enemy's line with a neatness and accuracy that struck me with wonder, as the flames burst through the pall of smoke and dust around us. Above, all was blackness, but at its lower edge the curtain was fringed with red and green flames, marking the explosion of the shells directly over the ditch and parapet in front of us. The low-flying clouds mingled with the smoke-curtain, so that the whole brightness of the day was obscured. Out of the blackness fell a trickling rain of pieces of metal, lumps of earth, knapsacks, rifles, cartridges, and fragments of human flesh. We went on steadily, nearer and nearer. Now we seemed very close to the wall of shells streaming from our own guns, curving just above us, and dropping into the trenches in front. The effect was terrific. I almost braced myself against the rocking of the earth, like a sailor's instinctive gait in stormy weather.

In a single spot immediately in front of us, not over ten metres in length, I counted twelve shells bursting so fast that I could not count them without missing other explosions. The scene was horrible and terrifying. Across the wall of our own fire, poured shell after shell from the enemy, tearing through our ranks. From overhead the shrapnel seemed to come down in sheets, and from behind the stinking, blinding cur-

tain came volleys of steel-jacketed bullets, their whine unheard and their effect almost unnoticed.

I think we moved forward simply from habit. With me it was like a dream as we went on, ever on. Here and there men dropped, the ranks closing automatically. Of a sudden our own fire-curtain lifted. In a moment it had ceased to bar our way and jumped like a living thing to the next line of the enemy. We could see the trenches in front of us now, quite clear of fire, but flattened almost beyond recognition. The defenders were either killed or demoralized. Calmly, almost stupidly, we parried or thrust with the bayonet at those who barred our way. Without a backward glance we leaped the ditch and went on straight forward toward the next trench, marked in glowing outline by our fire. I remember now how the men looked. Their eyes had a wild unseeing look in them. Everybody was gazing ahead, trying to pierce the awful curtain which cut us off from all sight of the enemy. Always the black pall smoking and burning appeared ahead — just ahead of us — hiding everything we wanted to see.

The drama was played again and again. Each time, as we approached so close that fragments of our own shells occasionally struck a leading file, the curtain lifted as by magic, jumped the intervening metres, and descended upon the enemy's trench farther on. The ranges were perfect. We followed blindly — sometimes at a walk, sometimes at a dog-trot, and, when close to our goal, on the dead run. You could not hear a word in that pandemonium. All commands were given by example or by gesture. When our captain lay down, we knew our orders were to lie down too. When he waved to the right, to the right we swerved; if to the left, we turned to the left. A sweeping gesture, with an arm extended, first up, then

down, meant, 'Halt. Lie Down!' From down, up, it meant, 'Rise!' When his hand was thrust swiftly forward, we knew he was shouting, 'En avant!' and when he waved his hand in a circle above his head, we broke into the double-quick.

Three times on our way to the second trench, the captain dropped and we after him. Then three short quick rushes by the companies and a final dash as the curtain of shells lifts and drops farther away. Then a hand-to-hand struggle, short and very bloody, some using their bayonets, others clubbing their rifles and grenades. A minute or two, and the trench was ours. The earthen fortress, so strong that the Germans had boasted that it could be held by a janitor and two washerwomen, was in the hands of the Legion.

As we swept on, the trench-cleaners entered the trench behind and began setting things to rights. Far down, six to eight metres below the surface, they found an underground city. Long tunnels, with chambers opening to right and left; bedrooms, furnished with bedsteads, wash-stands, tables, and chairs; elaborate mess-rooms, some fitted with pianos and phonographs. There were kitchens, too, and even bathrooms. So complex was the labyrinth that three days after the attack Germans were found stowed away in the lateral galleries. The passages were choked with dead. Hundreds of Germans who had survived the bombardment were torn to pieces deep beneath the ground by French hand-grenades, and buried where they lay. In rifles, munitions, and equipment the booty was immense.

We left the subterranean combat raging underneath us and continued on. As we passed over the main trench, we were enfiladed by cannon placed in armored turrets at the end of each section of trench. The danger was formidable, but it, too, had been foreseen. In

a few moments these guns were silenced by hand-grenades shoved point-blank through the gun-ports. Just then, I remember, I looked back and saw Pala down on his hands and knees. I turned and ran over to help him up. He was quite dead, killed in the act of rising from the ground. His grotesque posture struck me at the time as funny, and I could not help smiling. I suppose I was nervous.

Our line was wearing thin. Half-way to the third trench we were reinforced by Battalion E coming from behind. The ground in our rear was covered with our men.

All at once came a change. The German artillery in front ceased firing, and the next second we saw the reason why. In the trench ahead, the German troops were pouring out in black masses and advancing toward us at a trot. Was it a counter-attack? 'Tant mieux,' said a man near me; another, of a different race, said, 'We'll show them!' Then as suddenly our own artillery ceased firing, and the mystery became plain. The Germans were approaching in columns of fours, officers to the front, hands held in the air, and, as they came closer, we could distinguish the steady cry, '*Kameraden! Kameraden!*'

They were surrendering. How we went at our work! Out flew our knives, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we had mingled among the prisoners, slicing off their trouser buttons, cutting off suspenders, and hacking through belts. All the war shoes had their laces cut, according to the regulations laid down in the last French *Manual*, and thus, slopping along, their hands helplessly in their breeches' pockets, to keep their trousers from falling round their ankles, shuffling their feet, to keep their boots on, the huge column of prisoners was sent to the rear with a few soldiers to direct rather than to guard them. There was no fight left in them now. A

terror-stricken group; some of them, temporarily at least, half insane.

As the Germans had left the trenches, their artillery had paused, thinking it a counter-attack. Now, as file after file was escorted to the rear and it became apparent to their rear lines that the men had surrendered, the German artillery saw its mistake and opened up again furiously at the dark masses of defenseless prisoners. We, too, were subjected to a terrific fire. Six shells landed at the same instant in almost the same place, and within a few minutes Section III of our company had almost disappeared. I lost two of my own section, Casey and Leguer, both severely wounded in the leg. I counted fourteen men of my command still on their feet. The company seemed to have shrunk two-thirds. A few minutes later, we entered the trench lately evacuated by the Prussians and left it by a very deep communication trench which we knew led to our destination, Ferme Navarin. Just at the entrance we passed sign-boards, marked in big letters with black paint, SCHUTZEN-GRABEN, SPANDAU.

This trench ran zigzag, in the general direction north and south. In many places it was filled level with dirt and rocks kicked in by our big shells. From the mass of débris, hands and legs were sticking stiffly out at grotesque angles. In one place, the heads of two men showed above the loose brown earth. Here and there, men were sitting, their backs against the wall of the trench, quite dead, with not a wound showing. In one deep crater, excavated by our 320-millimetres, lay five Saxons, side by side, in the pit where they had sought refuge, killed by the bursting of a single shell. One, a man of about twenty-three years of age, lay on his back, his legs tensely doubled, elbows thrust back into the ground, and fingers dug into the palms; eyes staring in terror

and mouth wide open. I could not help carrying the picture of fear away with me, and I thought to myself, that man died a coward. Just alongside of him, resting on his left side, lay a blond giant stretched out easily, almost graceful in death. His two hands were laid together, palm to palm, in prayer. Between them was a photograph. The look upon his face was calm and peaceful. The contrast of his figure with his neighbor's struck me. I noticed that a paper protruded from his partly opened blouse, and, picking it up, read the heading, 'Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott.' It was a two-leaved tract. I drew a blanket over him and followed my section.

The trench we marched in wound along in the shelter of a little ridge crowned with scrubby pines. Here the German shells bothered us but little. We were out of sight of their observation posts, and, consequently, their fire was uncontrolled and no longer effective. On we went. At every other step our feet pressed down upon soldiers' corpses, lying indiscriminately one on top of the other, sometimes almost filling the trench. I brushed against one who sat braced against the side of the trench, the chin resting upon folded arms quite naturally — yet quite dead. It was through this trench that the Germans had tried to rush reinforcements into the threatened position, and here the men were slaughtered, without a chance to go back or forwards. Hemmed in by shells in both front and rear, many hundreds had climbed into the open and tried to escape over the fields toward the pine forest, only to be mown down as they ran. For hundreds of metres continuously my feet as I trudged along did not touch the ground. In many of the bodies life was not yet extinct, but we had to leave them for the Red Cross men. We had our orders. No delay was possible, and, at any rate,

our minds were clogged with our own work ahead.

Making such time as we could, we finally arrived at the summit of the little ridge. Then we left the cover of the trench, formed in Indian file, 50 metres between sections, and, at the signal, moved forward swiftly and in order.

It was a pretty bit of tactics and executed with a dispatch and neatness hardly equaled on the drill-ground. The first files of the sections were abreast, while the men fell in, one close behind the other; and so we crossed the ridge, offering the smallest possible target to the enemy's guns. Before us and a little to our left was the Ferme Navarin, our goal. As we descended the slope, we were greeted by a new hail of iron. Shells upon shells, fired singly, by pairs, by salvos, from six-gun batteries, they crashed and exploded around us. We increased the pace to a run and arrived out of breath abreast of immense pits dynamited out of the ground by prodigious explosions. Imbedded in them we could see three enemy howitzers, but not a living German was left. All had disappeared.

We entered the pits and rested for a space. After a moment we crawled up the side of the hollow and peeked over the edge. There I could see Doumergue stretched on the ground. He was lying on his back, his shoulders and head supported by his knapsack. His right leg was doubled under him, and I could see that he had been struck down in the act of running. As I watched, he strained weakly to roll himself sideways and free his leg. Slowly, spasmodically, his leg moved. Very, very slowly the foot dragged itself along the ground, and finally the limb was stretched alongside the other. Then I saw his rough, wan face assume a look of satisfaction. His eyes closed. A sigh passed between his lips and Doumergue had gone with the rest.

As we waited there, the mood of the men seemed to change. Their spirits began to rise. One jest started another, and soon we were all laughing at the memory of the German prisoners marching to the rear, holding up their trousers with both hands. Some of the men had taken the welcome opportunity of searching the prisoners while cutting their suspenders, and most of them were now puffing German cigarettes. One of them, Haeffle, offered me a piece of K. K. bread,¹ black as ink. I declined with thanks, for I did n't like the looks of it. In the relaxation of the moment, nobody paid any attention to the shells falling outside the little open shelter, until Capdevielle proposed to crawl inside one of the German howitzers for security. Alas, he was too fat, and stuck! I myself hoped rather strongly that no shell would enter one of these pits in which the company had found shelter, because I knew there were several thousand rounds of ammunition piled near each piece hidden under the dirt, and an explosion might make it hot for us.

As we sat there, smoking and chatting, Delpenche, the *homme des liaisons*, as he was called, of the company, slid over the edge of the hollow and brought with him the order to leave the pit in column of one and to descend to the bottom of the incline, in line with some trees which he pointed out to us. There we were to deploy in open order and dig shelter trenches for ourselves — though I can tell the reader that 'shelter' is a poor word to use in such a connection. It seems we had to wait for artillery before making the attack on Navarin itself. The trench 'Spandau,' so Delpenche told me, was being put into shape by the engineers and was already partially filled with troops who were coming up to our support. The same message had been car-

ried to the other section. As we filed out of our pit, we saw them leaving theirs. In somewhat loose formation, we ran full-tilt down the hill, and, at the assigned position, flung ourselves on the ground and began digging like mad. We had made the last stretch without losing a man.

The Ferme Navarin was 200 metres from where we lay. From it came a heavy rifle and mitrailleuse fire, but we did not respond. We had something else to do. Every man had his shovel, and every man made the dirt fly. In what seemed half a minute we had formed a continuous parapet, 12 to 14 inches in height, and with our knapsacks placed to keep the dirt in position, we felt quite safe against infantry and machine-gun fire. Next, each man proceeded to dig his little individual niche in the ground, about a yard deep, 20 inches wide, and long enough to lie down in with comfort. Between each two men there remained a partition wall of dirt, from 10 to 15 inches thick, the usefulness of which was immediately demonstrated by a shell which fell into Blondino's niche, blowing him to pieces without injuring either of his companions to the right or the left.

We were comfortable and able to take pot shots at the Germans and to indulge again in the old trench game of sticking a helmet on a bayonet, pushing it a little above the dirt, and thus coaxing the Germans into a shot and immediately responding with 4-5 rifles. I looked at my watch. It said 10.45 A.M. — just an hour and a half since we left our trenches and started on our charge; an hour and a half in which I had lived days and years.

I was pretty well tired out and would have given the world for a few hours' sleep. I called to Merrick to toss me Blondino's canteen. Mine was empty, and Blondino had left his behind when he departed with the 105-millimetre.

¹ Krieg's Kartoffel Brot. — THE EDITORS.

Haeflle remarked that Blondino was always making a noise anyway.

The artillery fire died gradually down, and only one German battery was still sweeping us now. Our long-range pieces thundered behind us, and we could hear shells swooshing overhead in a constant stream on their way to the German target. Our fire was evidently beating down the German artillery fire excepting the single battery which devoted its attention to us. The guns were hidden, and our artillery did not seem able to locate them. Our aeroplanes, long hovering overhead, began to swoop dangerously low. A swift Morane plane swept by at a height of 200 metres over the pine forest where the German guns were hidden. We watched him as he returned safe to our lines.

Soon the order came down the line to deepen the trenches. It seemed we were to stay there until night.

The charge was over.

V

Time passed very slowly. I raised my arm to listen to my wrist-watch, but could n't hear it. Too many shells!

I knelt cautiously in my hole, and, looking over the edge, counted my section. There were but eighteen men. The Collettes, both corporals, were on the extreme left. Next came Capdevielle, Dowd, Zinn, Seeger, Scanlon, King, Subiron, Dubois, Corporal Mettayer, Haeflle, St. Hilaire, Schneli, De Sumera, Corporal Denis, Bur-bek-kar, and Birchler. On my left, two paces in the rear of the section, were Neumayer, Corporal Fourrier, and Sergeant Fourrier. Both these were supernumeraries. The second sergeant was over with Section II. I began now to realize our losses. Fully two-thirds of my section were killed or wounded.

I wanted information from Corporal

Denis regarding some men of his squad. Throwing a lump of dirt at him to attract his attention, I motioned to him to roll on to the side of his hole and make a place for me. Then, with two quick jumps I landed alongside him. As I dropped we noticed spurts of dust rising from the dirt-pile in front of the hole and smiled. The Germans were too slow that time. Putting my lips to his ears, I shouted my questions and got my information.

This hole was quite large enough to accommodate both of us, so I decided to stay with him a while. Corporal Denis still had bread and cheese and shared it with me. We lunched in comfort.

Having finished, we rolled cigarettes. I had no matches, and as he reached his cigarette to me to light mine, he jumped almost to his feet, rolled on his face, and with both hands clasped to his face, tried to rise, but could n't. I've seen men who were knocked out in the squared ring do the same thing. With heads resting on the floor, they try to get up. They get up on their knees and seem to try to lift their heads, but can't. Denis tugged and tugged, without avail. I knelt alongside him and forced his hands from his face. He was covered with blood spurting out of a three-inch gash running from the left eye down to the corner of the mouth. A steel splinter had entered there and passed under the left ear. He must stay in the trench until nightfall.

I reached for his emergency dressing and as I made the motion felt a blow in the right shoulder. As soon as I had got Denis tied up and quiet, I unbuttoned my overcoat and shirt and picked a rifle-ball out of my own shoulder. The wound was not at all serious and bled but little. I congratulated myself, but wondered why the ball did not penetrate; and then I caught sight of Denis's rifle lying over the parapet and

showing a hole in the woodwork. The ball seemed to have passed through the magazine of the rifle, knocked out one cartridge, and then hit me.

When I was ready to return to my own hole, I rose a little too high and the Germans turned loose with a machine gun, but too high. I got back safely and lay down. It was getting very monotonous. To pass the time, I dug my hole deeper and larger, placing the loose dirt in front in a quarter-circle, until I felt perfectly safe against anything except a direct hit by a shell. There is but one chance in a thousand of that happening.

The day passed slowly and without mishap to my section. As night fell, one half of the section stayed on the alert four hours, while the other half slept. The second sergeant had returned and relieved me at twelve, midnight. I pulled several handfuls of grass, and with that and two overcoats I had stripped from dead Germans during the night, I made a comfortable bed and lay down to sleep. The bank was not uncomfortable. I was very tired, and dozed off immediately.

Suddenly I awoke in darkness. Everything was still, and I could hear my watch ticking, but over every part of me there was an immense leaden weight. I tried to rise, and could n't move. Something was holding me and choking me at the same time. There was no air to breathe. I set my muscles and tried to give a strong heave. As I drew in my breath, my mouth filled with dirt. I was buried alive!

It is curious what a man thinks about when he is in trouble. Into my mind shot memories of feats of strength performed. Why, I was the strongest man in the section. Surely I could lift myself out, I thought to myself, and my confidence began to return. I worked the dirt out of my mouth with the tip of my tongue and prepared myself men-

tally for the sudden heave that would free me. A quick inhalation, and my mouth filled again with dirt. I could not move a muscle under my skin. And then I seemed to be two people. The 'I' who was thinking seemed to be at a distance from the body lying there.

My God! Am I going to die stretched out in a hole like this? I thought.

Through my mind flashed a picture of the way I had always hoped to die—the way I had a right to die: face to the enemy and running towards him. Why, that was part of a soldier's wages. I tried to shout for help, and more dirt entered my mouth! I could feel it gritting way down in my throat. My tongue was locked so I could not move. I watched the whole picture. I was standing a little way off and could hear myself gurgle. My throat was rattling, and I said to myself, 'That's the finish!' Then I grew calm. It was n't hurting so much, and somehow or other I seemed to realize that a soldier had taken a soldier's chance and lost. It was n't his fault. He had done the best he could. Then the pain all left me and the world went black. It was death.

Then somebody yelled, 'Hell! He bit my finger.' I could hear him.

'That's nothing,' said a voice I knew as Collette's. 'Get the dirt out of his mouth.'

Again a finger entered my throat, and I coughed spasmodically.

Some one was working my arms backward, and my right shoulder hurt me. I struggled up, but sank to my knees and began coughing up dirt.

'Here,' says Subiron, 'turn round and spit that dirt on your parapet. It all helps.' The remark made me smile.

I was quite all right now, and Subiron, Collette, Joe, and Marcel returned to their holes. The Red Cross men were picking something out of the hole made by a 250-millimetre, they

told me. It was the remnant of the Corporal and Sergeant Fourrier, who had their trench to my left. It seems that a 10-inch shell had entered the ground at the edge of my hole, exploded a depth of two metres, tearing the corporal and sergeant to pieces, and kicking several cubic metres of dirt into and on top of me. Subiron and the Collettes saw what had happened, and immediately started digging me out. They had been just in time. It was n't long before my strength began to come back. Two stretcher-bearers came up to carry me to the rear, but I declined their services. There was too much going on. I dug out the German overcoats, recovered some grass, and, bedding myself down in the crater made by the shell, began to feel quite safe again. Lightning never strikes twice in the same spot.

However, that was n't much like the old-fashioned lightning. The enemy seemed to have picked upon my section. The shells were falling thicker and closer. Everybody was broad awake now, and all of us seemed to be waiting for a shell to drop in our holes. It was only a question of time before we should be wiped out. Haeffle called my attention to a little trench we all had noticed during the daytime, about forty metres in front of us. No fire had come from there, and it was evidently quite abandoned.

I took Haeffle and St. Hilaire with me and quietly crawled over to the trench, round the end of it, and started to enter at about the centre.

Then all of a sudden a wild yell came out of the darkness in front of us.

'Franzosen! Die Franzosen!'

We could n't see anything, nor they, either. There might have been a regiment of us or of them, for that matter. I screeched out in German, *'Hände hoch!'* and jumped into the trench followed by my two companions. As we

crouched in the bottom, I yelled again, *'Hände hoch oder wir schiessen!'*

The response was the familiar *'Kameraden! Kameraden!'* Haeffle gave an audible chuckle.

Calling again on my German, I ordered the men to step out of the trench with hands held high, and to march toward our line. I assured the poor devils we would not hurt them. They thought there was a division of us, more or less, and I don't know how much confidence they put in my assurance. Anyhow, as they scrambled over the parapet, I counted six of them prisoners to the three of us. Haeffle and St. Hilaire escorted them back and also took word to the second sergeant to let the section crawl, one after the other, up this trench to where I was.

One by one the men came on, crawling in single file, and I put them to work, carefully and noiselessly reversing the parapet. This German trench was very deep, with niches cut into the bank at intervals of one metre, permitting the men to lie down comfortably.

I wanted to know the time and felt along my belt. One of the straps had been cut clean through and my wallet, which had held 265 francs, had been neatly removed. Some one of my men, who had risked his life for mine with a self-devotion that could scarcely be surpassed, had felt that his need was greater than mine. Whoever he was, I bear him no grudge. Poor chap, if he lived he needed the money—and that day he surely did me a good turn. Besides, he was a member of the Legion.

I placed sentries, took care to find a good place for myself, and was just dropping off to sleep as Haeffle and St. Hilaire returned and communicated to me the captain's compliments and the assurance of a *'citation.'*¹

I composed myself to sleep and dropped off quite content.

¹ Equivalent to 'mentioned in dispatches.'

KITCHENER'S MOB

I. 'NOTHING TO REPORT'

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

'KITCHENER'S MOB' they were called in the early days of 1914, when the London hoardings were clamorous with the first calls for volunteers. The seasoned regulars of the first British expeditionary force said it patronizingly, the great British public, hopefully, the world at large, doubtfully. It was 'Kitchener's Mob' when there was but a scant sixty thousand under arms, with millions yet to come. 'Kitchener's Mob' it remains to-day, fighting in hundreds of thousands in France, Belgium, Africa, Turkey, Serbia — where not? And to-morrow, when the war is ended, who will come marching home again, old campaigners, war-worn remnants of once mighty armies? Kitchener's Mob.

It was on the 18th of August, 1914, that the mob-spirit gained its mastery over me. I joined an old-line London regiment, composed of men from all parts of the United Kingdom. There were North Countrymen, a few Welshmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, men from the Midlands and from the South of England, with more than enough Cockneys to identify and localize us. We were recruited from what is known in England as 'the lower middle classes.' In civilian life we had been tradesmen, shop assistants, railway and city employees, clerks, common laborers. Most of us, used to indoor life, needed months of the most rigorous kind of training before we could become physically fit, able to endure the hardships

of active service. During a period of nine months, a government, paternalistic in its solicitude for our welfare, schooled our bodies and trained our minds, whether we would or no. We were eager, impatient to be at the front. But we knew the one test to be met: efficiency. Therefore we worked with a will, and at last, to our joy, we were ordered to proceed on active service.

The machinery for moving troops in England works without the slightest friction. The men, transport, horses, commissariat, medical stores and supplies of a battalion are entrained in less than half an hour. Everything is timed to the minute. Battalion after battalion and train after train, our division moved out of Aldershot at half-hour intervals. Each train arrived at the port of embarkation on schedule time and pulled up on the docks by the side of a troop transport, great slate-colored liners taken out of the merchant service. Not a moment was lost. The last man was aboard, and the last wagon on the crane swinging up over the ship's side, as the next train came in.

Ship by ship we moved down the harbor in the twilight, the boys crowding the rail on both sides, taking their farewell look at England — home. It was the last farewell for hundreds of them. But there was no martial music, no waving of flags, there were no tearful good-byes. Our departure was as prosaic as our long period of training had been. We were each an infinitesimal part of a tremendous business organization which works without osten-

tation, without the display considered so essential in the old days. We left England without a cheer. There was not so much as a wave of the hand from the wharf; for there was no one on the wharf to wave, excepting the dock laborers, and they had seen too many soldiers off to the wars to be sentimental about it. It was a tense moment for the men. But trust Tommy to relieve a tense situation. As we were passing a barge laden to the water's edge with coal, some one started singing our favorite ballad, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,' to those smutty-faced coal-heavers. Everyone joined heartily, forgetting the solemnity of the occasion until we were well out of sight of land.

During the cross-channel trip the men stretched out on the decks or gathered in the great bare cabin, putting the finishing touches to their French accent.

'Alf, 'ow's this: "Madamaselly, avay vus any bread?"'

'Wot do you say for "gimme a tup-penny packet o' Nosegay"?'

'Bonjoor, Monseer. That ain't so dusty, Freddie, wot?'

'Let's try that Marselase again.'

'You start it, 'Arry. You know the sounds better'n wot I do.'

'Wite till I find it in me book. All right now —'

'Allons infants dee la Pat-ree
La joor de glory is arrivay.'

Such bits of conversation may be of little interest. But they have the merit of being genuine. All of them, and the ones which follow, were jotted down in my book when I heard them.

The following day we crowded into the typical troop train of the French army, 8 *chevaux* or 40 *hommes* to a car, and started on a leisurely journey to the firing line. We traveled all day at eight or ten miles an hour, through Normandy. And it was apple-blossom time. We passed through neat little

towns and villages, lying silent in the afternoon sunshine, and, seemingly, almost deserted. Now and then children would wave to us from a cottage window. And in the fields, old men and women and girls leaned silently on their rakes or their hoes and watched us pass. Occasionally an old reservist, guarding the railway line, would lift his cap and shout, 'Vive l'Angleterre!' but more often he would lean on his rifle and smile, nodding courteously to our salutations. Tommy, for all his dogged, stolid cheeriness, realized the loneliness, the tragedy of France. When we asked about the men we received always the same quiet, courteous reply: '*À la guerre, monsieur.*'

The boys soon learned the meaning of that phrase, '*à la guerre.*' It became a slogan, a warcry; it was shouted back and forth from car to car and from train to train. You can imagine how eager we all were, how we strained our ears, whenever the train stopped, for the sound of the guns. But not until the following morning, when we reached the little village at the end of the railway journey, did we hear them, a low muttering, like the sound of thunder far beyond the horizon. How we cheered at the first faint sound which was to become so deafening, so terrible to us later! For we were like the others who had gone that way. We were boys. We knew nothing of war; we thought it must be something adventurous and fine, something to make the blood leap and the heart sing. We marched through the quiet village and down the poplar-lined road, surprised, almost disappointed, to see the well-kept houses, and the pleasant level fields, green with spring crops. We had really hoped to see everything in ruins. At this stage of the journey, however, we were still some twenty-five miles from the firing line.

We advanced by easy stages, biv-

ouacking at night in the open fields, or sleeping in the lofts of great rambling farm buildings. As we moved up, the sound of the guns grew in intensity from a faint rumbling to a subdued roar, until one evening, sitting in the open window of a stable-loft, we saw, for the first time, the reflection of the light from bursting shells. We saw the trench rockets soaring skyward; and we heard bursts of rifle and machine-gun fire, very faintly, like the sound of chestnuts popping in an oven.

Coming into the trenches for the first time when the deadlock on the western front had become, seemingly, unbreakable, we had the benefit of the experience of the gallant little remnant of the first British expeditionary force. After the retreat from Mons, they had dug themselves in, and were holding on tenaciously, awaiting the long-heralded arrival of Kitchener's Mob. We were among the first to arrive, and went immediately into the front-line trenches for twenty-four hours' instruction in trench fighting, with a battalion of regulars. We were to remain with them for a night and a day, during which time we were to learn all that we could of the business of trench warfare. Afterward, all our knowledge would have to be gained by experience. This one-day course in the 'peripatetic school,' as the facetious subalterns called it, is given to all new units before they are fitted into their own particular sectors in the front. Months later, we ourselves became members of the faculty; but then we were undergraduates, sitting at the feet of the Gloucesters.

The night march up to the firing line is, in itself, quite an event, the first time. We fell in by platoons, outside our billets, loaded our rifles with ball ammunition, — five rounds in the magazine, under the cut-off, — and marched off, silently, and in single file, entering the communication trench in

the centre of a little thicket about a mile back of the first-line trenches. We passed through what appeared, in the darkness, to be a hopeless labyrinth of earthworks. There were scores of cross streets and alleys, leading off in every direction. All along the way we had glimpses of dug-outs, lighted by candles, the doorways carefully concealed with pieces of old sacking. In comfortable nooks and corners groups of Tommies were boiling tea and frying bacon over little stoves made of old iron buckets or biscuit tins. I marvelled at the skill of our trench guide, who went confidently along in the darkness with scarcely a pause. After a long, zigzag journey, we arrived at our trench, where we met the Gloucesters.

There is not one of us who has not a warm spot in his heart for the Gloucesters. They welcomed us so heartily, and initiated us so kindly into all the mysteries of trench etiquette and trench tradition. We were, at best, but amateur Tommies. In them we recognized the lineal descendants of the line of Atkins; men whose grandfathers had fought in the Crimea, whose fathers had fought in Indian mutinies. They were the fighting sons of fighting sires, and in twenty-four hours they taught us more of the actual business of trench fighting than we had learned in nine months' training in England. One of them probably saved the life of an infantryman friend of mine before we had been in the trenches five minutes. Naturally, our first question was, 'How far is it to the German lines?' And in his eagerness and his ignorance, my fellow Tommy stood up on the firing bench for a look, with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. He was pulled down into the trench just as a bullet went *zing-g-g* from the parapet precisely where he had been standing. Then the Gloucester gave him a friendly little lecture that none of us ever forgot.

'Now look 'ere, son. Never get up for a squint with a fag on. Fritz 'as got every sand-bag along this parapet numbered, same as we've got 'is. 'Is snipers is a layin' fer us same as ours is a layin' fer 'im. Now then, we ain't a arskin' you for a burial party; but if any of you blokes wants to be the stiff, stand up w'ere this guy lit the gas.'

There were n't any takers, and a moment later, another bullet struck a sand-bag in the same spot.

'See? 'E spotted you. He'll pot away at that place for an hour, 'opin' to catch you lookin' over again. Less see if we can find 'im. Give us that biscuit tin, 'Enery.'

Then we learned the biscuit-tin-finder trick for locating snipers. It's only approximate of course, but it gives a pretty good hint at the direction from which the bullets come. It does n't work in the daytime, for a sniper is too wise to fire at it. But a biscuit tin, set on the parapet at night, in a badly sniped position, is almost certain to be hit. The angle from which the shots come is shown by the jagged edges of tin around the bullet holes. Then, as the Gloucester said, 'Just give 'im a nice April shower out o' yer machine gun. You may fetch 'im; but if you don't, 'e won't bother you for a hour or two.'

We learned, too, how orders are passed down the line, from sentry to sentry, quietly, and with the speed of a man running. We learned how the sentries are posted, their hours and their duties. We saw the intricate mazes of telephone wires, and learned how communication is kept between the battalions in the firing line and those in the reserve trenches; how messages are sent from them to brigade, divisional, army corps, and general headquarters, and from the infantry in the trenches to the artillery, miles away to the rear. We learned how to

'sleep' five men in a four-by-six dug-out, and when there are no dug-outs, how to hunch up on the firing benches, with our waterproof sheets over our heads, and doze, with our knees for a pillow.

We saw the listening patrols go out at night, through the underground tunnel which leads from the trenches to the far side of the barbed-wire entanglements. From there they creep far out between the opposing lines of trenches, to keep watch on the movements of the enemy and to report the presence of their working parties or patrols. This is dangerous, nerve-trying work, for the men sent out are exposed, not only to the fire of the enemy, but to the wild shots of their own comrades as well. I saw a patrol come in just before dawn. One man brought with him a piece of barbed wire, clipped from the German entanglements two hundred and fifty yards away.

'Taffy, 'ave a look at this 'ere: three-ply stuff, wot you can 'ardly get yer nippers through. 'Ad to saw an' saw, an' w'en I all but 'ad it, lummy! if they did n't send up a rocket wot bleedin' near 'it me in the 'ead!'

'Tike it to Captain Stevens. I 'eard 'im sy 'e's wantin' a bit for one of the artill'ry blokes. 'E's got a bet on with 'im that it's three-ply wire. Now don't forget, Bobby, touch 'im for a couple o' packets o' fags.'

I was tremendously interested. At that time it seemed incredible to me that men crawled over to the German lines in this manner and clipped bits of barbed wire for souvenirs.

'Did you hear anything?' I asked him.

'Eard a flute one of 'em was a play-in' of. An' you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em a-singin'! Doleful as 'ell.'

Several men were killed and wounded during the night. One of them was a sentry with whom I had been talking

only a few moments before. He was standing on the firing bench, peering out into the gloom, when suddenly he fell back into the trench without a cry. It was a terrible wound. I would not have believed that a bullet could so horribly disfigure one. He was given first aid by the light of a candle; but it was useless. Silently his comrades wrapped him in a blanket. 'Poor old Walt!' they said. An hour later he was buried in a shell-hole.

One thing that we learned during our first night in the trenches was of the very first importance. And that was, respect for our enemies. We came from England full of absurd newspaper tales of the German soldier's inferiority as a fighting man. We had read that he was a wretched marksman; that he fired his rifle blindly; that he would not stand up to the bayonet; and that when opportunity offered, he crept over and gave himself up. We thought him almost beneath contempt. We were convinced in a night that we had greatly underestimated his abilities as a marksman. And as for his all-round inferiority as a fighting man, one of the Gloucesters put it pretty well.

'Ere! If the Germans is so bloomin' rotten, 'ow is it we ain't a-fightin' 'em sommers along the Rhine or in Austria-Hungry? No, they ain't a-firin' wild, I give you my word. Not around this part o' France, they ain't. Wot do you sy, Jerry?'

Jerry made a most illuminating contribution to the discussion of Fritz as a fighting man.

'I'll tell you wot. If ever I 'ave the luck to get 'ome again — if I gets through this 'ere war with me eyesight, I'll never feel sife w'en I sees a Fritzie unless I'm a lookin' at 'im through me periscope from be'int a bit o' cover.'

How am I to give a really vivid picture of trench life as I saw it for the first time? How make it live for others,

when I remember that the many descriptive accounts I had read in England, many of them the letters of soldiers, did not in the least visualize it for me? I watched the flares rising from the German lines, watched them burst into points of light over the desolate country called No-Man's-Land, and drift slowly down. And I watched the shadows rush back again like the very wind of darkness. I wished that Joseph Pennell might see something of this fascinating night-life. It seemed to me that he would be able to catch the beauty of it with his blacks and whites, make it real for the world which will never see it as I did, against the dark background which was my own first glimmering realization of the tremendous sadness, the awful futility of war.

II

Three nights later we marched up to the trenches again, this time at a different part of the line, where we were to take over from a territorial battalion an integral part of the thin khaki line which barred the way to any German attempt to reach the Channel coast. We were to be left in full possession, and we were immensely proud of this new and really great responsibility. We could scarcely wait until the battalion which we had relieved marched down the communication trench, leaving us to take care of any disturbances which Fritzie might start.

As luck would have it, Fritzie was more than a handful. Every yard of our parapet was sniped. Several of our comrades were killed within an hour. Most of our periscopes were shattered by bullets before we had been in the trenches twenty-four hours. I've often thought that the Germans knew we were novices at the war game, and that we had just come in; for there were but few occasions, afterward, when we

were annoyed by so persistent and so deadly a hail of lead. Our own snipers were at a loss at first, although they soon learned all the points of the game. We machine gunners tried the biscuit-tin-finder trick, only to discover that the shots were coming from all directions. We had not been told the method of procedure for an emergency of this nature. But we decided that if a 'nice little April shower out o' yer machine gun' would drive one sniper to cover, a steady downpour over a larger area from four guns might be effective where there were many more of them. Therefore we took ranges to every evidence of cover within the zone of rifle fire, which might be concealing a German sniper; and at dusk, we crept out behind our trenches with all of our guns. There, with the aid of our night-firing lamps, we poured out hails of lead at irregular intervals during the night, along hedges, parapets, over the ruined walls of houses, and into the trees and tall grass back of the German lines. The sniping decreased perceptibly, and we thought we had discovered a great fundamental truth, namely, that snipers are afraid of machine gunners. We had, in fact, discovered it, for ourselves. And so, doubtless, had innumerable machine gunners before us. As the months passed, we discovered many other truths in the same fashion. Some of them we paid dearly for in human lives. Nearly all of them were bought at great risk. But we prized them the more because of this.

During our first summer in the trenches, there were days, sometimes weeks, at a time, when, in the language of the official bulletins, there was 'nothing to report,' or, 'calm' prevailed 'along our entire front.' From the point of view of the War Office, these statements were, doubtless, true enough. There were no great battles, there was no wholesale slaughtering of

soldiers. But from Tommy Atkins's point of view, 'calm' was putting it somewhat mildly. Life in the trenches, even on the quietest of days, is a long battle of British resourcefulness versus German ingenuity. Snipers, machine gunners, artillerymen, airmen, engineers, signalmen of the opposing sides, vie with each other in daring and skill, in order to secure that coveted advantage, the morale. Tommy calls it the more-ale, but he jolly well knows when he has it and when he has n't.

I remember many nights of official calm, when we machine gunners crept out with our guns to positions prepared beforehand. With the aid of our large-scale maps and our instruments we played streams of lead along the roads back of the German lines; roads which we knew were used by enemy troops, marching to and from the trenches. We waited for messages from our listening patrols, who immediately sent back word when they discovered enemy working parties, building up parapets or mending their barbed-wire entanglements. Then we would lay our guns according to instructions and blaze away, each gun firing at the rate of 300 to 500 rounds per minute.

The German machine gunners were by no means inactive. They too profited by their knowledge of soldier nature, their knowledge of night-life in the fire zone. They knew, as did we, that the roads back of the firing line are filled at night with troops, transport wagons, fatigue parties. They knew also that men become so utterly weary of living in ditches, living in holes, like rats, that they are willing to take big risks, when moving in or out of the trenches, for the pure joy of getting out on top of the ground. Many a night, when we were moving up for our week in the first-line trenches, or back for our week in reserve, we heard the far-off rattle of machine guns, and in an in-

stant the bullets would be zip-zipping all around us. There was no need for the quick word of command. If there was a communication trench, we all made a dive for it at once. If there was no friendly cover at hand, we fell face down, in ditches, in shell-holes, in any place which offered a little protection from that terrible hail of lead. Many of our men were killed and wounded nightly by machine-gun fire, usually because they were too utterly weary to be cautious. And doubtless, we did as much damage with our own guns. It seemed to me horrible, something like murder, that advantage must be taken of these opportunities. But it was war, and fortunately, we rarely knew, nor did the German gunners, what damage was done during those summer nights of 'calm along the entire front.'

The artillerymen, both British and German, helped us to endure the boredom of 'nothing to report' days. There were desultory bombardments at day-break, when every infantryman is at his post, rifle in hand, bayonet fixed, on the alert for signs of a surprise attack. It is easy to understand why this is a favorite amusement of the field artillery. They watch the effect of their fire through field-glasses, from nicely concealed positions two or three miles in the rear. Tommy, the infantryman, does n't care for it. He does n't enjoy being a 'bloomin' human nine-pin.' He crouches close to the front wall of the trench, and while waiting for the game to end, covered with dirt, sometimes half buried in fallen trench, he wagers his next week's tobacco rations that the London papers will print the same old story: 'Along the western front there is nothing to report.' And usually he wins.

Trench-mortaring was more to our liking. That is an infantryman's game, and while extremely hazardous, the men in the trenches have a sporting

chance. Everyone forgot breakfast when word was passed down the line that we were going to 'mortarfy' Fritzie. Our projectiles were immense balls of hollow steel, filled with high explosive. Eagerly, expectantly, the boys gathered in the first-line trenches to watch the fun. First a dull boom from the reserve trench in rear where the mortar was operated.

'There she is!' 'See'er?' 'Goin' true as a die!' All of the boys would be shouting at once.

Up it goes, turning over and over, rising to a height of several hundred feet. Then, if well aimed, it reaches the end of its upward journey directly over the enemy's line, and falls straight into his trench. There is a moment of silence, followed by a terrific explosion which throws dirt and debris high in the air. By this time, the Tommies all along the line are standing on the firing benches, head and shoulders above the parapet, forgetting their danger in their excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices.

'Ow's that one, Fritzie boy?'

'Guten morgen, you Proosian sausage wallopers!'

'Tyke a bit o' that there 'ome to yer missus!'

But Fritzie kept up his end of the game, always. He gave us just as good as we sent, and often he added something for good measure. His surprise packages were sausage-shaped missiles which came wobbling toward us, slowly, almost awkwardly; but they dropped with lightning speed. The explosion was terrible, and alas, for any poor Tommy who misjudged the place of its fall! However, every one had a chance. Trench-mortar projectiles are so large, and they describe so leisurely an arc before they fall, that men have time to run.

I've always admired Tommy Atkins for his sense of fair play. He loved giv-

ing Fritz 'a little bit of alright,' but he never resented it when Fritz had his own fun at our expense. I used to believe, in the far-off days of peace, that men had lost their old primal love for dangerous sport, their naïve ignorance of fear. But on those trench-mortaring days, when I watched boys playing with death with right good zest, heard them shouting and laughing as they tumbled over one another in their eagerness to escape being killed, I was convinced that I was wrong. Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and at the last, what a fearful test it was, and how splendidly they met it! During six months, continuously in the firing line, I met less than a dozen natural-born cowards; and my experience was largely among clerks, barbers, plumbers, shop-keepers, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, to make them heroic in spite of themselves.

The better I knew Tommy, the better I liked him. He has n't a shred of sentimentality in his make-up. There is plenty of sentiment, sincere feeling, but it is very well concealed. I had been a soldier of the King for many months before I realized that the men with whom I was living, sharing rations and hardships, were anything other than the healthy animals they looked. They seemed to live for their food. They talked of it, anticipated it with the zest of men who were experiencing for the first time the joy of being genuinely hungry. They watched their muscles harden with the satisfaction known to every normal man when he is becoming physically fit for the first time. But they said nothing about patriotism, or the duty of Englishmen in wartime. And if I tried to start a conversation on that line, they walked right over me with their boots on.

This was a great disappointment at first. I would never have known, from

anything that was said, that a man of them was stirred at the thought of fighting for old England. England was all right, but, 'I ain't a-goin' balmy about the old flag and all that stuff.' Many of them insisted that they were in the army for personal and selfish reasons alone. They went out of their way to ridicule any and every indication of sentiment.

There was the matter of talk about mothers, for example. I can't imagine this being the case in a volunteer army of American boys; but never, during sixteen months of British army life, did I hear a discussion of mothers. When the weekly parcels from England arrived, and the boys were sharing their cake and chocolate and tobacco, one of them would say, 'Good old mum. She ain't a bad sort'; to be answered with reluctant, mouth-filled grunts, or grudging nods of approval. As for fathers, I often thought to myself, 'This is certainly a tremendous army of posthumous sons!' Months before, I should have been astonished at this reticence. But I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts or glowing tributes could have been. It was a matter of constant wonder to me that men living in the daily and hourly presence of death could so control and conceal their feelings. Their talk was of anything but home; and yet I knew that they thought of little else.

One of our boys was killed, and there was a letter to be written to his parents. Three Tommies who knew him best were to attempt this. They made innumerable beginnings. Each of them was afraid of blundering, of causing unnecessary pain by an indelicate revelation of the facts. There was a feminine fineness about their concern which was beautiful to see. The final draft of the letter was a little masterpiece, not of English, but of insight: such a

letter as any one of us would have liked his own parents to receive under similar circumstances. Nothing was forgotten which could make the news, in the slightest degree, more endurable. Every trifling personal belonging was carefully saved and packed in a little box to follow the letter. All of this was done amid much boisterous jesting; and there was hilarious singing to the wheezing accompaniment of an old mouth-organ. But of reference to home, or mothers, or comradeship, not a word.

Rarely a night passed without its burial parties. 'Digging in the garden,' Tommy calls the grave-making. The bodies, wrapped in blankets or waterproof ground-sheets, are lifted over the parados and carried back a convenient twenty yards or more. The desolation of that garden was indescribable. It was strewn with wreckage, gaping with shell-holes, billowing with numberless nameless graves, a waste land speechlessly pathetic. The poplars and willow hedges had been blasted and splintered by shell-fire. Tommy calls these 'Kaiser Bill's flowers.' Coming from England, he feels more deeply than he would care to admit the crimes done to trees in the name of war.

Our chaplain was a devout man, but prudent to a fault. He never visited us in the trenches; therefore our burial parties proceeded without the rites of the church. This arrangement was highly satisfactory to Tommy. He liked to 'get the planting done' with the least possible delay or fuss. His whispered conversations, while the graves were being scooped, were, to say the least, quite out of the spirit of the occasion. Once we were burying two boys with whom we had been having supper a few hours before. There was an artillery duel in progress, the shells whistling high over our heads and bursting in great splotches of white

fire, far in rear of the opposing lines of trenches. The grave-making went speedily on while the diggers argued in whispers as to the calibre of the guns. Some said they were 6-inch, while others thought 9-inch. Discussion was momentarily suspended when trench-rockets went soaring up from the enemy's line. We crouched motionless until the welcome darkness spread again. And then, in loud whispers, —

'Ere! If they was 9-inch they would 'ave more screetch.'

And one from the other school of opinion would reply, —

'Don't talk so bloomin' silly! Ain't I a-tellin' you you can't always size 'em by the screetch?'

Not a prayer. Not a word of either censure or praise for the boys who had gone. Not an expression of opinion as to the meaning of the great change which had come to them and which might come as suddenly to any or all of us. And yet I knew that every man was thinking of these things.

There were days when the front was really quiet. The thin trickle of rifle-fire only accentuated the stillness of an early summer morning. Far down the line many a Tommy could be heard singing to himself as he sat in the door of his dug-out, cleaning his rifle. There would be the pleasant crackle of burning pine sticks, the sizzle of frying bacon, the lazy buzzing of swarms of bluebottle flies. Occasionally, across a pool of noonday silence, we heard the birds singing; for they did n't desert us. When we gave them a hearing, they did their cheery little best to assure us that everything would come right in the end. Once we heard a skylark, an English skylark, and for a little while, it made the world beautiful again. It was a fine thing to watch the faces of those English lads as they listened. I was deeply touched when one of them said, 'Ain't 'e a plucky little

'chap, singin' right in front o' Fritzie's trenches fer us English blokes?'

It was a sincere and beautiful tribute.

Along the part of the British front which we held during the summer, the opposing lines of trenches were from less than a hundred to four hundred and fifty or five hundred yards away. When we were neighborly as regards distance, we were also neighborly as regards social intercourse. In the early mornings, when the heavy night-mists concealed the lines, the boys would stand, head and shoulders above the parapet, and shout, —

'Hi, Fritzie!'

And the greeting would be returned:

'Hi, Tommy!'

Then we would converse. Very few of us knew German, but it was surprising how many Germans could speak English. Frequently they would shout, 'Got any Woodbines, Tommy?' Woodbines are the British soldier's favorite cigarettes. And Tommy would reply, 'Sure! Shall I bring 'em over or will you come and fetch 'em?' This was often the ice-breaker, the beginning of a conversation which varied considerably in other details.

'Who are you?' Fritzie would shout.

And Tommy, — 'We're the King's Own 'ymn of 'aters,' or some such subtle repartee. 'Wot's your mob?'

'We're a battalion of Irish rifles.'

The Germans liked to provoke Tommy by pretending that the Irish were disloyal to England. Sometimes they shouted, —

'Any of you from London?'

'Not 'arf! Wot was you a-doin' of in London? W'itin' table at Sam Isaac's fish-shop?'

The rising of the mists put an end to these conversations. Sometimes they were concluded earlier with bursts of rifle- and machine-gun fire. 'All right to be friendly,' Tommy would say,

'but we got to let 'em know this ain't no love feast.'

During the long stalemate on the western front, British military organization has been perfected until, in times of quiet, it works with the monotonous smoothness of a machine. Even during periods of prolonged and heavy fighting there is but little confusion. Only twice in six months of campaigning did we fail to receive our daily post of parcels and letters from England. Rations were certain to be awaiting the ration parties sent back for them at night. We had always an abundance of food. Corned beef, familiarly known as 'bully,' bread, bacon, cheese, army biscuits, tea, and sugar, were our staples, and so generously provided that we had great quantities for the women and children who still clung to their ruined homes in the fire zone. While Tommy often sang with great spirit, —

'Après la guerre finis,

Biscuits and jam, no bon!

What a relief when there's no bully beef!

Après la guerre finis,' —

he appreciated the fact that he was a well-fed soldier and complained little.

And so during three memorable months we adapted ourselves to the changing conditions of trench-life and trench-warfare, with a readiness which surprised and gratified us. Our very practical training in England had prepared us, in a measure, for simple and primitive living. But even with such preparation we had constantly to revise our standards downward. We lived without comforts which formerly we had regarded as absolutely essential. Personal cleanliness was impossible; sleep, a luxury to be indulged in sparingly. We lived a life so crude and rough that our army experiences in England seemed utopian by comparison. But we thrived splendidly. We were buoyantly, radiantly healthy. Although there were sad gaps in our

ranks, many new faces, these changes had come to us gradually. We had undergone a graded schooling in trench-fighting, and had been given time to forget that we had ever known the comfort and security of civilian life. During all of these weeks, however, we felt that we had an even chance of seeing home again. We were soon to experience the indescribable horrors of modern warfare at its worst; to be living from morning till evening, and from dusk to dawn, looking upon a new day

with a feeling of wonder that we had survived so long. There came sudden orders to move. Within twenty-four hours, the roads were filled with the incoming troops of a new division. We made a rapid march to a rail-head, entrained, and were soon moving southward by an indirect route; southward, toward the sound of the guns, to take part in the battle at Loos.

[Mr. Hall's narrative will be continued.]

THE BELGIAN WILDERNESS

BY VERNON L. KELLOGG

I

THERE are other towns somewhere in France besides those from which come the horrible tales of the trenches — the trenches, those long open graves in which the men stand waiting for red and screaming death by machines. These other towns are in what we of the Commission call the North of France, meaning that part of France now, and for a year past, occupied by the German forces. For the Commission for the Relief of Belgium does all the relief work in occupied France as well as in occupied Belgium.

In one of these towns I have been living. It is a small gray town on the bank of a winding stream that comes south swiftly through the high, forested Ardennes hills and then slows down to quieter reaches in the flatter land below. A single small round hill stands over the river and town, with a summer house, a searchlight, and an anti-aircraft gun on it. I was awakened un-

usually early some mornings by the gun's banging away at a reconnoitring French flyer. I remember one morning especially. I had not been in the place long, and so came out of bed with particular celerity when the gun began. From the window I could see the little hill across our garden and the river. It was a beautiful morning with the sun just risen, and high over the hill I saw the aeroplane lazily circling about, while the observer, I suppose, made his notes. The white planes glistened like silver in the sunlight, and as one after another of the little white puffs opened under and around the machine and blew slowly out into soft woolly white cloudlets, the whole thing was a fascinating picture. But when I remembered that from each soft puff three hundred shrapnel bullets whizzed out in search of their mark, the picture became more sombre. The puffs opened closer to the lazy great bird and it began to dip up and down to vitiate the range. And soon after, with a final audacious cir-

cling directly over the hill, it drifted away to the west — to my real relief.

Our small gray town is of no distinction, that is, distinction of position or beauty of architecture or of industrial enterprise. But, after all, it is distinguished above many others of more native interest by being now the Great Headquarters of all the German armies of the West. Each army of the several that occupy the North of France has its own headquarters, some town that is the scene of enormous activity and bustle. Each of these towns has its many soldiers, its piles of stores and munitions, its incessant coming and going of trainloads of new men for the front, and of relics of other men for the base hospitals.

But the Great Headquarters is not like this. It is quiet. The loudest sounds there come from the playing of children in the streets. In the larger buildings of the town sit many officers over maps and dispatches. Telephones and telegraph instruments, stenographers, messengers, all the bustle of busy but quiet offices, are there. The General Staff, the General Quartermaster's group, the General Intendant's department, scores, aye, hundreds, of officers, play here the war game for Germany on the chessboard whose squares are bits of Europe.

The small gray town is another headquarters, too; it is the great headquarters of all relief work that goes on in the North of France. Here lives, by permission and arrangement with the German staff, the American head of the neutral relief work — he and one other American who is the local head of the district including a hundred and fifty thousand people around the town. They live in a large comfortless house, and with them two German staff officers as official protectors and friendly jailers. And they, too, are part of the neutral relief work, for no man can live

with it and not become part of it. It is too appealing, too gripping.

We had seven orderlies and two chauffeurs, for we are provided with two swift gray military motors for our incessant inspecting. One of the orderlies is named cook, and he cooks, in a way. Another was a barber before he became corporal, which was convenient. And another blacked my shoes and beat my clothes in the garden with a rouch stick and turned on the water full flow in our improvised bath at a given hour each morning, so that I had to get up promptly to turn it off before it flooded the whole house.

Quite four nights of each seven in the week there were other staff officers in to dinner, and we debated such trifles as German Militarismus, the hate of the world for Germany, American munitions for the Allies, submarining and Zeppelining, the Kaiser, the German people.

We were not all of one mind. 'Now all keep still,' demands my officer, the Hauptmann Graf W., 'and my American will tell us just what the Americans mean by German Militarismus.'

They all kept still for the first ten words and then all broke out together.

'No, we shall tell *you* what it is. Organization and obedience — nothing more, nothing less. It is that that makes Germany great. And it is that that you must come to if you would be a great nation.'

I protested that I thought we are already a great nation.

'Well, then,' they answered, 'if you would continue great. Otherwise you will smash. Democracy, bah! license, lawlessness, disruption. Organize, obey, — or smash.' And they believe it.

The North of France comprises now two and a quarter million people. There were three million before the coming in of the Germans, but the with-

drawal, before the occupation, of practically all men of military age, and of others who would not remain behind the German lines, reduced the number by three quarters of a million. It is a population chiefly of women and children, and old and infirm men, a particularly helpless and needy people, and one that depends almost wholly on the relief they are now getting. In the Great Headquarters town almost exactly one half the population is on the daily bread- and soup-lines — six thousand out of twelve. And this is a peculiarly favored town, for the Kaiser has the pleasant fancy of relieving the place in which he lives when he visits the West Front from many of the hardships of an occupied place.

We divide the North of France for *ravitaillement* purposes into six districts corresponding, not with the original French political subdivisions, but with the necessities caused by the occupation of the region by the different German armies, each with a large autonomy of its own as regards the administration of the territory occupied by it, and the control of the people living in this territory. Each district has a Commission headquarters with an American in charge, sometimes with a 'second man' or assistant, and a German officer assigned to be his very constant companion. These officers are selected, not for fighting vigor, but for diplomatic and business capacity and for a speaking knowledge of French and English. They all have become immensely interested in the relief work and take an active part in it. They are all as vociferous as the American *délégués* in their demands to Commission headquarters, that in times of general shortage of supplies 'our people,' meaning the French civil population of the district, shall get their 'fair share,' always meaning more than their fair share. They struggle with the ar-

my authorities for special privileges for 'their people.' They even get suspected by the rigorous fighting type of officer of being pro-French! It is all very fine, and shows that human sympathy exists even in — others than ourselves.

One day my officer and I were driving down the Meuse valley in all the panoply of our military motor, which means two loaded guns sticking up at right and left of the soldier chauffeur and the orderly by his side, and a loaded Browning in each of the tonneau side-flaps. The Meuse gorge in summer is beautiful and restful — if the motor was not. We turned up a smaller, narrower, lovely side valley, the Haute Semois, which is to the Meuse rather as the Moselle to the Rhine. We were making for a village that had reported some distribution troubles because of a too active but too incompetent mayor. (We had to remove this mayor later! The military system has its advantages.) At a tiny *estaminet* by the stream side where we stopped to drink grenadine, if there was any, I fell into the usual food conversation with the motherly woman in charge. Did she get enough food and was it of good quality? Well, she had two daughters and two boys in the house. The husband was fighting in the French army; the oldest son had been fighting in it, but was now a soldier prisoner somewhere in Germany. She had not heard from him. She had been told, however, the name of the prison camp. She took care of the two little girls and two little boys, and kept open, more for sentiment than for advantage, the husband's little *estaminet*. It was hard work — but that was the least thing to worry about. As to the food, the bread was enough to live on — she showed a big loaf — and the rice and peas and beans and bacon, if scanty, were good. But there simply was n't enough salt. She could n't cook her things. She

made the bacon help out, but could there not some way be enough salt?

My officer looked hard at me. I explained that under our system — he understands system — I could not possibly order more salt for her alone, but — I could order more salt for the entire village; and I would. Then her share would be a larger amount. Then I looked hard at my officer. What about getting news of the soldier son? The officer could do no less than promise. He did, and he made his promise good. This was the only house we stopped at that day. We were afraid to know too much about any more. That is one of the sad parts of it. We are doing wonderfully for them all together, but there is so terribly much to be done for them each separately.

It is an anomalous position that our little group of Americans holds here, behind, but very close to, the fighting lines. We are, of course, potential spies, for either side. And where there are so many real spies a potential spy, even if he comes with guaranties of honesty and on acquaintance proves himself a man of honor and a rigorous neutral in all his expressions and behavior, must be treated, in some degree, as an unproved but possible spy. Military exigency and the military system demand it. And so it is uncomfortable for us, and wearing. There is a tension in the life there that gets on the nerves.

But we are treated also as gentlemen, and we have a freedom of movement and of association with the French population, observed movement and association though it be, that is extraordinary. The Germans can't like having us there, but they like *us*. At least this is the rule. And the French people rely, not only on us for food, but on our very presence for sympathy and confidence. With no authority, not even that of the neutral diplomat in a warring or occupied country, we have, nevertheless, a

peculiarly large authority. Part of it is, of course, the very tangible possession of the man who controls the food, — what kinds and how much each one shall have.

The Germans watch us, but so do the English. When I was in England on a flying trip to arrange for renewed leaves of absence from Oxford of three or four of our Rhodes scholars, Mr. Hoover, the 'big chief' of the Commission, the originator, the organizer, the constant stimulus and inspiration for us all and for the helping world outside, found in arranging for the return of one of these men who had come across the Channel to visit his college, that the English Intelligence Service had a record of each of us. And later I found that General von Bissing's government in Belgium had even fuller *dossiers* for us — special recognitions of somewhat equivocal compliment.

Although all the food for the French comes through the Commission, none of it is provided by the charity of the outside world. The money for its purchase comes entirely from French sources, from a group of banks in Paris. We have a monthly credit of about twenty-two and a half million francs with which we buy rice from Rangoon, maize from Argentina, wheat, dried peas and beans, bacon, lard, and condensed milk from America. We contribute our great buying and shipping organization, our distributing services, and our arrangement with the Allied governments and the Germans which permits us to import by way of Rotterdam and through Belgium into North France the needed food. It is distributed with the aid, of course, of innumerable French district, regional, and communal committees — there are 1882 communal committees alone — on the basis of a carefully worked-out ration, balanced as to proteins, fats, and starch, that has a food-value of about 1800 calories a day —

enough to live on, even if not to do violent work on. This is the ration: flour 250 grammes (making 325 grammes of bread), rice 40 grammes, dried peas and beans 20 grammes, bacon and lard 30 grammes, coffee and chicory 20 grammes, salt 10 grammes, sugar 10 grammes. It costs almost exactly 10 francs a month, which for two and a quarter million people amounts to our monthly twenty-two and a half million francs. Of course the people, or most of them, find a way to add something to this ration, especially in the summer, when they can grow some fresh vegetables and have some eggs and chickens and a little fresh meat. And we add some condensed milk and some other tinned things when we can. But there are whole communes, especially some nearest the fighting lines, which live solely on the ration. We distribute food to communes within cannon-shot of the lines. For example, we were feeding Loos until it was wiped out in the English offensive and German counter-attacks last September.

We hear all day long the sullen rumble of the cannon; we see all day long the slow Red Cross trains moving, as if tired and worn by their suffering freight, across the flat country; we catch glimpses in the sky of silver reflections from the white wings of the scouting aeroplanes. From a little hill near the front we can look across the German and French lines and see the towers of Rheims. Between us and them, men are killing each other, and being shelled out of holes as one smokes out wild beasts. But we have nothing to do with all that. Just beyond the hill is a little village of children, women, and old men. There has come from them some trivial complaint about the quality of the bread that the village baker makes from the flour from America. Is the trouble with the flour or with the baker? We have simply

come to find out and fix it. The people are not starving and will not be as long — but only as long — as flour comes to them regularly across an ocean, through a mine-strewn channel, along many canals, then in a railway car, and finally in a cart, from some mysterious source, by some unknown means. Evidently some strange Americans have something to do with it. Only, the bread ought to be better. No, we have nothing to do with cannon, trenches, or aeroplanes. We have to do with the other side of war.

II

The *ravitaillement* of the North of France occupies just one fourth of the Commission's activities. The rest is Belgium.

Immediately after Belgium was occupied by the German forces in August, 1914, it became a country isolated, as regards all trade-relations, from the rest of the world. The military activities and diplomatic decisions of the belligerents touching Belgium may be discussed, their wisdom, fairness, and humaneness questioned, but the outstanding fact that demanded immediate consideration by feeling people the world over, was the actuality of the isolation and its certain swift consequences.

The complete commercial isolation of a land, its encircling by a steel ring that permits no import of foods or raw materials for industry or commodities for commerce, and no export of manufactures or money or exchange even, may or may not mean swift catastrophe to the country. It depends on the degree of the country's self-sustainingness. It would not mean ruin to us. It has not spelled speedy catastrophe to Germany. But to a highly industrialized land like Belgium, whose imports and exports are, in normal times, great-

er per capita than those of any other country, whose annual production of bread-grains equals but one-fourth of its annual bread-consumption, whose self-sustaining agricultural class is but one-sixth of its total population, such an isolation means swift catastrophe and horror. The steel ring means starvation to the people inside of it.

This was so obvious to every one in Belgium, that in only a few weeks after the occupation efforts were made to begin the rescuing of the people from the starvation that was staring them in the face. An American mining engineer resident in Brussels, certain prominent business men of Brussels, and the Spanish and American ministers to Belgium, were the active promoters of these efforts. An appeal was made to London, and the interest of men of influence there enlisted, among them another American mining engineer of proved great financial and organizing capacity, tremendous personal vigor and philanthropic spirit. This was Herbert Clark Hoover, born in Iowa, but a product, as regards environment and education through boyhood to early manhood, of California. Despite great diplomatic and financial difficulties, a hole in the steel ring was effected by mutual agreement of the belligerents, and a neutral organization was established and financed for the purpose of obtaining the food necessary to keep Belgium from starving, and of carrying it into the country and there distributing it exclusively and equally to the civil population. This organization has come to be known as the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It is a purely philanthropic and strictly neutral organization, established on sound business bases. The soundness of its business methods and its true philanthropy are made impressively apparent in the fact that its overhead expenses for obtaining, the world over, and distrib-

uting to seven million people in Belgium and two and a quarter million in the North of France, \$80,000,000 worth of food-stuffs (up to December 1, 1915) have been seven-tenths of one per cent. Its books and papers are audited by the greatest auditing firm in London. Its reports of finance and method are open to the world.

This phenomenally low expense account is made possible by the volunteer character of its neutral personnel, the benevolent coöperation of great purchasing firms, of railway and shipping companies, of government telegraph lines, the free use of Dutch and Belgian and French canals, and the active volunteer service of thousands of patriotic Belgian and French men and women.

It has enlisted the benevolence of the world. Its gift ships of food and clothing have come across all the oceans. Its charity in money and commodities from the world outside Belgium has reached now the sum of twenty-two million dollars. Belgian charity has been greater even than this. The Commission itself has made a profit of over twenty million francs on food sold to the Belgians who can pay, which has gone, every franc of it, to feed Belgians who cannot pay. It is, even one who is connected with it may be pardoned for saying, a great and conspicuous exhibition and achievement of philanthropy in the midst of the greatest exhibition and horror of misanthropy; that our world has known. Its work and the superb Red Cross work are the great ameliorating conditions in a time of universal human disaster.

This is no place, nor is it yet the time, to attempt, even most concisely, a survey of the Commission's activities and methods. But just at this time one cannot touch this subject without giving swiftly two or three answers to questions that come to us constant-

ly from America — which has done so splendidly for this international charity, but can and should do much more. These questions are entitled to be plainly answered.

The first of these questions is, does Belgium still need outside aid? has not time ameliorated the economic situation of this land? The answer is implied in the statement that the military and diplomatic situation to-day is the same as that of a year ago. The steel ring is still there, as impregnable as ever. Save for the single hole in it, which is the Commission's hole and through which only Commission foods and clothing can enter, there is no other break in Belgium's commercial isolation from the world. Through this hole can pass no imports of raw materials for Belgium's factories, nor out of it pass any product of her manufacture. Just certain fixed quantities of certain agreed-to food-stuffs and clothing can pass through it. This was the condition when the Commission began its work, this is the condition to-day; this will remain the condition apparently as long as the war lasts, or the military conditions affecting Belgium remain unchanged. Time instead of bettering conditions tends to make them worse, in that with time the original stocks of traders, the means and credit of Belgian men of wealth, the clothing and shoes in the houses of the people become used up. The Belgians, like the French in the North of France, are not starving — because the Commission is bringing enough food to them to keep them alive. But that bringing must be constant, must be regular. One hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of food-stuffs must reach Rotterdam each month, and from Rotterdam be conveyed by canal boats, railway wagons, and carts to all the thousands of communes of Belgium and North France. To-day more than one million Belgians

are on the soup- and bread-lines — two hundred thousand in Brussels alone. Over a half million Belgian factory workmen are idle and without income save that from charity; they represent, with their families, a destitute population of two million. Nearly three million persons in Belgium are dependent either partly or wholly on charity. It is a condition of reality; and their constant relief is the condition of reality that the neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium and the Belgian *Comité Nationale de Secours et d'Alimentation* face to-day. The work must go on in the same measure that it has gone on. The Belgians are not starving, because they are being fed. They will not starve — so long as they continue to be fed.

Another question is, do the Germans take any of the food imported by the Commission? The answer is simply a plain and positive NO. I declare this of personal knowledge. The German general government of Belgium and the general staff of the armies of the West gave guaranties to the Spanish and American ministers in Brussels and to the Commission that none of the food imported by the Commission would be requisitioned, or its distribution interfered with in any way by the Germans. And these guaranties have been rigidly lived up to. To see that they are so lived up to is one of our principal functions. To the Allied governments that is what we are here for. The very few complaints that we have had of the attempt on the part of some uninformed soldier or group of soldiers to take any of the Commission food have, upon our referring them to the German authorities, been promptly investigated and any real infraction punished and the food returned. Our elaborate system of weighing and tabulating, reporting, following up, sealing and placarding all canal boats, railway wagons, carts, and storehouses, our con-

stant personal inspection and the active aid of our thousands of Belgian co-workers constitute an effective check against diversion of the food. Perhaps all this is not needed, for even more effective, probably, are the precise orders of the German authorities. The German soldiers obey orders.

Accepting this answer, there are still those who ask: But even if the Germans take none of your food, and even if they leave to the Belgians the whole of their native bread-grains crop as they do, — the whole crop of last year, amounting to one-fourth of the wheat necessary for this year's bread, is practically in our hands for equable distribution, — does not this provisioning of Belgium through the Commission give a military advantage to the Germans by relieving them of the responsibility or necessity of feeding the people?

Without touching the moot point of whether the Germans would or could feed these nine million people in Belgium and France, or touching the diplomatic complexities of this matter of responsibility, or even the matter of humanity involved in the manner of feeding, which has its own title to consideration, I shall merely say that it may well be believed that the governments of England and France have just as vividly before them as has any self-appointed war-strategist in America the question of military advantage or disadvantage in connection with this importation of food, and that the whole Commission work is carried on with the full permission and approval of the English and French governments. Also we may imagine the English people as a whole to be as seriously concerned with this question as the American people are. Well, the English people to-day are giving more money to carry on the work than the American people. These seem to me to be answers enough to any man who thinks twice.

III

The rice from Rangoon, the maize from Argentina, and the wheat and bacon from North America come to Rotterdam in cargo ships carrying about five thousand tons each. It is no small fleet. We must have one ship coming into port for almost every week-day of the month. These ships are gayly — and seriously — decorated with the Commission's long pennants and masthead balls and great signs along the sides, that every war boat and submarine and hydroplane may recognize them at long range. They have *laissez-passeurs* for all seas, but they must take their chances with floating mines — we have lost three this way. And there has been at least one case of a near-sighted submarine. The Germans will make this good in time.

In Rotterdam the cargoes are transhipped from the great boats of the ocean to the little ones of the Dutch canals. To Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels we can send canal boats of seven and eight hundred tons; to all the other and farther distributing centres we must use smaller ones, three to five hundred tons. We have the free use of the Dutch, Belgian, and French canals, and our fleet of lighters constantly traversing these ways runs up to nearly two hundred. They leave Rotterdam sealed and placarded with the Commission's potent labels that make sacrosanct all that is under them. The boats have their exact contents registered and telegraphed on to destination. They must arrive at destination with seals unbroken, and their contents discharged must tally with contents charged.

But the canals, numerous as they are and ramifying the land as widely as they do, cannot carry our food to all our centres. Railway wagons and horse-drawn carts do the rest. They too are sealed where possible, and

placarded always; as are, again, the provincial, cantonal, and communal magazines and canteens wherein the food-stuffs find final storage and from which they pass directly to the hands and mouths of the people.

I have swept the food from the wheat-fields of America to the bread-lines of Belgium as if with one great breath. It really comes by a myriad puffs; which are a myriad details of business and a myriad human incidents. The bread-lines themselves show a host of human touches, such a host of aspects of suffering, of helping, of humiliated, of desperate, of deceiving, of noble humanity as any Balzac could ask to have under his eyes. The soup of Brussels is made in a great central kitchen, in enormous cauldrons filled with giants' rations of vegetables and meats, by chefs of Brussels in high white cap, long spotless apron, and the proverbial goatee and pointed moustaches of a proper French cook. Carted swiftly to the soup- and bread-line centres it finds there the restless waiting human lines that are the complement of the Glory of War.

The bread- and soup-lines are only a part of the *secours* of Belgium. There are no small children in these lines, or only those brought along by mothers who have no one at home with whom to leave them. But there are many, many small children in Belgium who must be cared for, and they are. A beautiful Belgian organization, *Les Petites Abeilles*, has been taken under the protection and given the material assistance of the Commission, and these 'little bees,' a noble group of Belgian women and girls, are caring for thousands of helpless children; the sick and infirm ones are given special attention.

There are Belgians, as there are Americans, who would starve rather than go on the soup-lines. Even on the lines this one puts down five centimes and that one ten, on the table in front

of the man with the long list. There is in any society a class of persons to whom a catastrophe such as has fallen on Belgium comes with particular bitterness: persons who have never had charity although they have never been too far away from the danger line of need. Special provision has been made in Belgium for these *pauvres honteux*.

In a splendid *hôtel* in Brussels, that of the Comtesse d'U., some four hundred persons, cleanly dressed, gather once a day to sit down in dining-rooms, salons, and bedrooms, for a 'square meal' for which they pay four cents each. This meal has cost the countess and her friends eight cents. In addition she gives her beautiful house and her own devoted service, as her group of friends give theirs. This is but one of many such houses in Brussels and the other cities of Belgium. The people cared for are little shopkeepers, the struggling professional men, artists, musicians, who are never rich, but are always in normal times self-supporting and more than self-respecting.

But there are so many artists in Belgium, and they are so particularly likely to suffer unseen, that a special department of relief for artists by small gifts and small loans has been established. And there are special departments for doctors and pharmacists, for destitute foreigners, for help in rehabilitating churches and for the clergy, for maternity hospitals, for the feeble-minded, and so on. And a very special attention has been given the needs of the lace-workers. Nearly fifty thousand women and girls maintained themselves in Belgium's famous lace-making industry. An attempt is being made to keep this industry from being wholly interrupted. A special arrangement for import of a certain amount of the needed materials and the export of small quantities of the made lace has been effected. Part-time work has been

provided for a considerable number of the lace-workers, and these women and girls have thus been kept partly self-supporting, and have been held back from joining the weaker-minded ones who, in their extremity, have taken to the streets.

Another attempt to give some work to many thousand women, and some men, has been made in connection with the collecting in America, Canada, and England, and distributing in Belgium, of great quantities of clothing. Much of this clothing was old, and much of it sadly in need of repair. There was established in connection with the distribution centres a number of *ouvroirs* for the overhauling, repairing, and often complete making over of the clothing. These workrooms have given part-time employment to many thousands of tailors, seamstresses, and non-professional workers. One of the most impressive sights in Brussels to-day is the 'Pole Nord,' a great circus and variety hall, which is the headquarters establishment of the clothing charity. The recent appeal of the Commission to the world for clothes and shoes for Belgium and North France has called especially for cloth, rather than clothing, the making up of which will help the people, not only by clothing them more suitably, but by giving to many an amount of paid-for labor that will take them from the dolorous and humiliating soup-lines.

IV

The Belgians are incorrigible optimists. They have little news from the outside of how things are going with the war, so they make up their own news. And it is always good news. It keeps them brave; it keeps them, perhaps I may say without indiscretion, irreconcilable. They are also a people who resent interference with their personal liberty. It may again approach

indiscretion, but I cannot help saying that the German authorities of the general government of Belgium do not seem to understand this, or, if they do, they do not act wisely on their understanding. With whatever good intentions the authorities make their many and precise regulations, with whatever well-considered attention to details and industry of governing they post their almost daily proclamations of *Verboten* or *Verordnung*, these only result in a constant irritation of the Belgian population. Fleming and Walloon alike resent any too intimate ordering of their daily life. And they are audacious even to reckless daring in showing their objection. They seize every opportunity of feast day or anniversary for 'demonstrating' in one way or another. When they might not any longer, by order, flag Brussels with the Belgian colors on every excuse, they flagged it with the American colors. And when that was no longer permissible, they dressed themselves in black and flocked to the churches for special masses. If the shops of a certain unruly street are to be closed by order at seven in the evening, they close their shops at noon. Or when next time the order says that shops closed before the appointed time will remain closed indefinitely, they seize on the wording of the order, which says 'shall remain closed from seven till the end of the day,' to open them all at midnight!

Their daring carries them further, much further. How far, the all-too-frequent posted placards of military trials and condemnations to prison constantly reveal. There are even, of course, the few terrible notices of the death penalty and its execution. There is always the working of the underground telegraph. Military information, maps, the spies themselves, steadily pass the carefully guarded border. Even the terrible wire fences with their high-

voltage electrical currents which barricade Belgium from Holland, and Holland from Belgium, are crossed over and over again. The current postage for letters across the border is said to be two francs. That may be taken as the financial measure of the letter-carrier's chances. He probably carries more than one letter at a time.

I was driving once with my German officer in the North of France near the Belgian border. A French aeroplane passed high over our heads. The officer reached for his field-glasses and scanned it for a long time. As he put his glasses down he called my attention to a pretty green spot, a little flat field, on the summit of a low hill not far away. As he pointed to it, he said, 'There is where the last one landed.' His story was that it was quite too usual for a daring aeroplane to swoop down somewhere in the country, well away from a garrisoned town, in North France or Belgium, and leave the observer, who scuttles away into hiding while the pilot shoots up again and back to the west. The observer, if not caught at once, is usually safe when once in the care of the country or nearby village people. He is a trained military observer, and usually one already as a native well acquainted with the land. He gathers the information needed, and then has to work his way out across the border, some way. Not all, probably not many, get out. Sometimes he brings a little cage of French carrier pigeons, and whether he ever gets back or not, he trusts to his messengers to carry back their precious little rolls of paper tied to a leg. But some of the German soldiers are provided with shot-guns instead of rifles and their enemy is — the carrier pigeon. One night at the Great Headquarters we had a pigeon pie. They told me they were carrier pigeons and that one had had a neat little map of the head-

quarters village on its leg. Everything worth knowing to an aeroplane 'bomber' was on that map. They said that our house, the Commission headquarters, was especially indicated — to be let alone. It was a pretty story, anyway.

But I am straying from 'the other side of war.' There are many other bits that might be told. Only one shall I add. It is a word of appreciation of the young Americans — I am an old one — who have offered their services and performed their work in a way to bring warmth to the heart and mist to the eyes of a believer in our country and its way of producing men. Most of these helpers — a few more than seventy Americans have been so far in the service — are young college men, a considerable fraction of them being Rhodes scholars from the various Oxford colleges. Trained in college for anything but the specific work of the Commission, they seem to have found a training, that, added to a natural adaptability, honesty, discretion, and initiative, has made them capable actors in the world's work. Thrown into a situation requiring tact and utmost discretion, loaded with large responsibilities and asked to take care of themselves and important affairs of the Commission under most unusual circumstances, they have done it, almost to a man, with success. They have won the admiration of Belgians and Germans alike. They make one proud of America, and they lend great encouragement to the observer of American educational methods. Viewed in their working, these methods have seemed to many of us very faulty; viewed in their results, so far as young America is a result of education at all, our too easy pessimism is given a proper unsettling. I return to my university chair with a renewed confidence in American educational work.

BUSINESS AFTER THE WAR

BY RAY MORRIS

I

COMMERCIAL gatherings, these last twelve months, have been listening to a series of important addresses on the trade and financial conditions which may be expected to prevail after the war ends. If a dozen of these addresses, carefully selected as representing the sober thought of a group of prominent merchants and bankers, should be parallel-columned in journalistic fashion, the differences of opinion would prove not merely fundamental, but laughable, were it not for the immense seriousness of the subject, and the downright urgency of guessing the right answer to at least some of the problems discussed.

Banker A sees the United States entering a series of years of unexampled, golden prosperity, and he bases his thesis on a number of propositions which seem obvious. He points out that this country, relatively free from debt at the beginning of the war, will be in an immeasurably better financial position than Europe at the close of it. We shall suddenly step into the rôle of world's banker; we shall re-stock the belligerent countries with the products of our mines, forests, and workshops. With a prodigious trade-balance in our favor, and with our human resources of trained minds and skilled hands unwasted by war, we shall have a ten-year start on the rest of the world. Becoming South America's creditor, we shall do the business with South America hitherto done by England and Germany, and may placidly contemplate the commercial dissolution of those

powers. We shall say, like Mimi at the dragon's cave, 'Fafnir und Siegfried, Siegfried und Fafnir, brächten beide sich um!' All this, and much more in similar vein, from Banker A.

But Banker B sees it all differently. Europe is bankrupt, and rapidly becoming more so, if the term admits comparative degrees. We are not going to be able to sell goods to Europe, because she will not be able to pay for what she buys; our mushroom prosperity, our hundred per cent profits on war contracts, are making us unfit, not fit, because they are raising wages to a point which makes effective competition impossible, and is of itself unsound. Immigration from Europe will be so closely restricted that we shall lose the abundant supply of unskilled labor which is the foundation of so many of our industries. Instead of replenishing the stocks of the belligerents, the belligerents will dump commodities on our shores, confronted by hard times and low wages at home, and the necessity of restoring their exchange and protecting their gold reserves. We shall not do much business with South America, partly for the above reasons as affecting the price of our goods, and partly because South America must needs buy where she sells, and being a raw-material producer, like the United States, she will sell, not to a rival engaged in the same line of business, but to the European market common to both. In short, following the present inflation, we are in for a severe panic, followed by hard times and a 'long drag.'

It is going to make a good deal of dif-

ference to the United States whether Banker A is right, or Banker B, but it would take a bold prophet, in the light of past events, to write down his answer categorically, opposite even the primary points of issue, regardless of the multitude of ramifications, of actions and reactions, that must needs follow each main economic drift. Perhaps no single instance better illustrates the errors of trained commercial observers than the course of security prices in the first twelve months of the war. When the stock markets of the world went out of business, in August, 1914, the real economics of the situation did not matter; the certain thing was that a multitude of individuals and institutions, driven either by necessity or by panic, would liquidate their holdings on any free exchange that remained open, without much regard to prices obtained; that banks and lenders would be forced to recognize quotations and call in weak loans, thereby causing more liquidation and bringing about a protracted panic of great severity. This reasoning was self-evident, and the bourses of the world, in bending all their efforts to block free exchange and prevent quotations, undoubtedly handled the matter correctly and promptly. The transition from the suppressed markets of the later months of 1914 to the optimism and immense volume of trading at progressively higher prices, a year later, was certainly not anticipated by any considerable number of people, or the aggressive buying would have started many months earlier than it did.

The American market was agitated by three principal fears: the re-sale in America of American securities held abroad; the belief that the United States would either be drawn into the war or approach it closely, with attendant financial panic; and the feeling that the exhaustion of wealth and the

necessity for immense and continuing foreign loans would so raise the interest rate that the current return, especially on the best grade of bonds, would prove far out of line. Now, at the beginning of 1916, the first of these contemplated evils is seen to have happened, and to be continually happening, but it has not produced the expected effect. Our securities were held, not by Europe, but by individuals and institutions in Europe, and these individuals and institutions, after the shock of the first few weeks, acted in a normal and conservative manner, in which they were assisted by their respective governments. The selling was both gradual and skillful, and on a rising scale of prices, in a constantly broadening market. The full effect of the marshaling of American securities by the British government, for sale or pledge in this country, cannot yet be stated, but it is fair to assume that the disposition of them will continue to be cautious and intelligent. Our market has not only absorbed a flood of foreign-held securities already, but has been eager about it, our dealers calling on foreign dealers for offerings, especially of high-grade bonds, which are selling to-day not merely on a peace basis, but higher than for several months before the war.

The next market anxiety, concerned with the possible embroilment of the United States, came measurably near fulfillment when the *Lusitania* went down, with further shocks on at least half a dozen other occasions, notably at the time of the Arabic affair. But a long period of tense relations, with the daily scarehead in the morning paper, produced an effect that might have been anticipated, although it was not; the market became shock-seasoned, so that each successive threat of danger produced a relatively smaller effect than the preceding one. A comparison of American public apprehension over the

torpedoing of the *Arabic* and of the *Ancona* sufficiently illustrates the point.

The third factor, based on the belief that the huge competition for governmental borrowing would upset the rate of return on all American corporation securities, was regarded as fundamental by many of the ablest bankers in the country. There are probably few people to-day who would dare express the doubt that the capital waste of the war and the vast volume of emergency finance will not eventually produce some such situation as was anticipated, but meanwhile, certain immediate influences have been pulling the other way. The banks of the country are embarrassed with the piling up of surplus funds, individuals have unusually large investment balances, and prosperity is running high. But the investor reasons, quite correctly, that so long as the war lasts, governmental securities will tend to come along in increasing amounts, and probably at increasing rates of return. So he buys American corporation bonds instead of government bonds, and we see the curious comparison of high-grade railroad bonds, earning perhaps five or six times their charges, on a 4.20 per cent basis, while bonds protected by the joint credit of France and Great Britain, constituting substantially the only external debt of those two countries, which have a tax power against surplus annual national wealth amounting certainly to a hundred times the interest, sell on a six per cent basis.

Another rather characteristic example of bad calculation was the shutdown of the English nitrate works in Chile, at the outset of the war. Trade was paralyzed temporarily, and ocean freights were high, so the mines closed, in calm oblivion of the indispensable part which nitrates play in the production of modern high explosives. Needless to say, the mines are now open

again, and are receiving the highest prices in their history.

II

It is certainly a fair question whether we are organizing along the right industrial and commercial lines for the eventual peace; whether we know its raw materials. Presumably we are not organizing along right lines; it would be somewhat more than human and considerably more than American if we were. But there is a good bit of sheer fascination in attempting to reason out some of the tendencies that are just beginning to appear, and in wondering what the missing factors may prove to be, that will doubtless upset the calculation.

Take the shipbuilding industry as an example. It has cost, say, forty per cent more to build an ocean steamer in American yards than in British yards, most of the difference being the labor cost. It has probably cost nearer fifty per cent more to build an American boat than it costs to build a Norwegian boat, yet American shipyards are getting many inquiries to-day from Scandinavia, and, indeed, from many other parts of Europe. The home yards are filled up with admiralty work, or with merchant work driven there by the admiralty work somewhere else, and Germany has temporarily ceased to be a factor. Meanwhile, charters are so prodigious that many a steamer, purchased at full prices, has paid for herself in a few voyages.

Now, it goes without saying that this charter situation will not persist in its present brilliancy after the German fleet takes the ocean again. Will American deep-sea shipbuilding thereupon lapse to its former desperate condition? I think not, but I wish I could weigh some of the factors more certainly. It makes a tremendous difference, in the

first place, whether we have an armed peace or a relatively disarmed peace. If the admiralities of the world scramble for their own urgent tonnage requirements, American yards will be busy for years to come, since the war wastage, although of much less importance than it appears, leaves plenty of work to be done, while the overhauling and refitting of the many Atlantic liners that have been in transport service will cause much temporary congestion of facilities.

For a longer look at American shipyard prospects, however, the wage question is paramount, and the principle involved leads into many lines of industry besides the one cited. We all know that taxes in the belligerent countries and the countries of their armed neighbors are going to reach an after-war scale which it is painful to think about. I cannot imagine that the great estates will escape the major share of the burden; that the process, begun by Lloyd George with his taxation of unproductive land in England, will not be carried immensely further. I cannot see how the Prussian Junker is going to keep together his vast acreage, or how land-poor Russia can persist in her present system.

If this view happens to be correct; if the tendency is to socialize land holdings through cumulative taxation of great estates, I should anticipate, with the increase of peasant proprietorship, a reduction in the floating supply of agricultural labor, and a consequent wage-increase in that field, accentuated, of course, by the human waste of the war. But the changed conditions, although producing perhaps their most far-reaching effect through revision of land-tenure, will naturally act more promptly in industrial sections. Is it not correct to assume that a perpendicular rise in taxation will keep the cost of living high for a protracted period,

in conjunction with a tendency on the part of each country to turn to protective tariffs to prevent every other country from dumping goods on its shores, especially during the first great efforts to restore exchange?

For Europe is busy trying a currency and credit experiment, to-day, that has far more of Bryanism in it than Europe likes. She is finding out how much, or how little, of a gold 'cover' is really indispensable to stabilize currency under modern credit conditions. The supply of gold in the central banks is abundant, but the ratio of gold to circulating medium is steadily getting lower. Whether England, France, Russia, and Germany — to say nothing of the lesser states — can maintain their currencies on a gold parity, all of them, after international trade barriers are let down again, is an exceedingly interesting question. Meanwhile exchange quotations reflect some of this uncertainty, but more of the difficulty of maintaining credit balance between two countries, one of which is doing all the buying and the other all the selling.

Looking at this perplexing question merely from the wage side, and allowing full latitude for the possibility of doing the world's credit business with a smaller gold backing than has heretofore been attempted, are we not justified in surmising that wages paid in a cheapened currency will run relatively high in the terms of that currency; that the cost of living will rise, whether measured in commodities or in currency, and force wages up with it? Add to this the probable tendency to protective tariffs, the imminent changes in land-tenure, new taxes all along the line, and scarcity of labor everywhere, and it seems to me that the case has been made for substantially higher European labor-costs. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the new wage-scale will disappear after the war is ended. The

prodigious inflation of currency that has already taken place, especially in Germany, is resulting, and must result, in higher living costs (as measured by the depreciated currency), until the state land-bank systems of finance, and all other emergency expedients for capitalizing private earning power into non-gold-secured (or insufficiently secured) currency, are disentangled and wound up again. But thereafter, it will not be an easy matter to get wages back to the same relative purchasing power that they had before the war. In the hard times which may confidently be expected to follow any period of inflation, labor is nowadays more apt to suffer from non-employment than from reduction of nominal wages, just as in 1908, in this country, the labor that was employed at all drew wages that had a higher purchasing power, relative to the price of commodities, than any that had been paid in many years.

However great may be the dilution of gold reserves after the present war, it is not to be thought of that any one class in the community will have any purchasing advantage over any other: the money, such as it is, will be the same for all. And the very perfection of international communications and exchange can, I think, be relied on to accentuate the price of both commodities and labor, as measured in depreciated currency. If labor were to be very abundant, it might well suffer in relation to the rise in commodity prices; there would be plenty of historical counterparts for such a state of affairs. But labor is not going to be abundant. Apart from the actual war wastage, great armies returning from the field are not fully and economically employed at once; there is undoubtedly an adjustment to be gone through with, and just at the time when industrial replacements will be most active.

For a historical case in point, I should

think that Europe would witness an economic condition more like that in England following the Great Plague of 1665, when, for some years to come, land was cheap, labor was scarce, and there was a general and important rise in wages. As a matter of fact, the important rise in wages has taken place already, and an outside observer is inclined to believe that, in England, it might have gone even further than it has, if left to natural adjustment, and not complicated by the curious 'dug-in' condition of British employer and employee, each holding his battle-line as best he can in a struggle only second in importance to the struggle on the Continent. The British labor attitude, throughout the war, has been most unfavorable, as compared with the feeling of exaltation in the life-and-death struggle for the common cause which has so clearly ennobled the masses of the people in France and Germany alike. Viewed from this side of the ocean, the coal strikes, for example, are hard to understand in a nation fighting for its life. They suggest a class barrier which holds little promise for the future.

It seems to me that we can safely assume a tendency to high commodity prices and labor costs as well, not only during the war, but for some time afterwards. The vital question is whether European wages, rising easily in bad, or at least doubtful, money, will not tend to stay up after money gets good again, and thereby change their present relation to European commodity values. If it eventually works out this way, it will have a very important effect on certain American industries heretofore handicapped by high comparative labor cost; the shipping industry, as above mentioned, being particularly conspicuous in this respect.

In short, if we focus the discussion of after-war conditions upon American

shipbuilding for a moment, it is plain that we have rather a startling array of changed conditions to deal with, which may be summarized somewhat as follows:—

(a) Foreign yards so crowded with admiralty work and arrears of merchant work that prices should remain abnormally high and facilities should be scarce, for some time to come.

(b) Ship charters, now enormously high, and apt to remain somewhat abnormal until the shipbuilding arrears are met. Should the war close to-morrow, the crowding of slips could hardly cease in two years' time, and it seems more likely to last as long again.

(c) Higher relative foreign labor and commodity costs than heretofore, especially labor costs, thus tending to cut down the handicap under which American yards have worked.

(d) American yards prosperous, for the first time in many years, and hence able to equip on a more efficient scale than before, and apply some of the principles of quantity production that have made it possible for America to produce automobiles, for example, cheaper than they can be produced abroad, in spite of the difference in wages paid. As an instance of a type of work more analogous to shipbuilding, where America has been able to turn a high wage-scale into a low labor cost, by efficient production methods, the National Foreign Trade Council (U.S.A.) cites the erection of structural material used in modern tall buildings.

If we add to these considerations the further, vital one, that Congress is sure to add largely to the navy, and almost equally sure to find some immediate way to add to the American-built merchant marine, the over-year change in the situation, from the point of view of the shipbuilder, is so great as to admit no comparison with anything that he has ever experienced.

III

American prosperity is running high. The Steel Corporation is reporting close to its previous high record of unfilled orders, and may easily surpass that record in the months to come. All the independent steel works are centres of the greatest activity; there have been half a score of consolidations, and many more are talked about. Birmingham pig iron (No. 2) is selling above \$14 a ton, and a premium is paid for future deliveries, indicating the belief of the trade that prices will go higher. Copper metal is selling above 22 cents, at which price the operations of the copper producers are exceedingly profitable; and several great new companies have been recently financed, so that the copper production of the world has jumped to a new high record, at the same time that prices are fifty per cent higher than the average of the ten years preceding.

A tolerably important part of this activity in the metal trades is of course due to the production of war munitions, and it is exceedingly interesting to observe the way contracts for castings, forgings, lathe work, die-press work, and the other component parts of the manufacture of artillery, small arms, and shells (especially the two latter) have been spread around the country by the principal main contractors, both American and Canadian. The war lords' urgent demands and contempt of prices found us in a period of severe industrial stagnation; 1914 was the third consecutive bad year, with the result that commercial stocks, everywhere, were reduced to the minimum, and the metal trades, as usual, were feeling the depression as severely as anybody. Most shops with metal-working machinery had plenty of room for war orders, and filled up at high prices.

A comparison of the market valua-

tions of the companies since famous in the munitions business, eighteen months ago and to-day, would be almost incredible, if it were possible to make it. Many of the conspicuous companies of the present day were not organized at the comparative period, however, and others, through absorptions and regroupings, have completely changed their character (as, for example, the Midvale Steel Company), so that not only would a general comparison and valuation be immensely difficult to make, but the result would be of doubtful value, owing to the absence of any quotations at all on the securities of many of the absorbed companies. To deal with the two classic cases, however, it is readily demonstrable that the aggregate valuation of the preferred and common stocks of the Bethlehem Steel and Electric Boat companies was a little over \$20,000,000, at a random date in June, 1914. In the autumn of 1915, the stocks of those two companies exceeded \$130,000,000 in aggregate value, at current quotations; an appreciation of, say, \$110,000,000.

How is this prodigious skein to be unwound again, after the war? From being conspicuously unprepared to make munitions, we suddenly find ourselves in a condition of considerable over-preparedness. What are we going to do with the great workshops that have sprung up, overnight, to provide for this highly specialized form of activity?

Much of the answer to this question lies in the kind of peace that shall be made. If the war is fought to a finish of exhaustion (for it does not seem likely that it will be terminated by any single great victory — by a Marathon, a Metaurus, or a Waterloo), it is surely improbable that this country will be likely to step outside the bounds of any armament reduction or limitation that Europe may adopt. If the peace is pre-

mature, it seems not only likely, but pretty certain, that we shall be carrying our own great armament burden until the next outbreak. In that case, the great munition developments of 1915 will not be devoid of important service to the country.

Taking the question from the peaceful, commercial angle, however, it should be noted that most of the great plant extensions will be fully written off the manufacturers' books before profits are arrived at. On this assumption, there should be much idle factory space after the war, but it will mostly be the old buildings that are abandoned or torn down. The depreciation arrears of a series of bad years will prove to have been fully, even sumptuously, met in the new structures, the cost of which has almost invariably appeared, outright, in the price of munitions furnished under the first great contracts. A casual visitor to New Haven, or Bridgeport, or Waterbury, is thunderstruck at the immense areas that have been built up with this extraordinarily rapid development. American industry has never had a similar experience, and it has not yet found its bearings.

Assuming, again, the kind of peace which does not involve an immediate and prodigious war-burden by this country, it will be most interesting to observe the uses to which this highly efficient factory equipment will be put. Some of the powder-makers have plans for the utilization of at least part of their equipment in the manufacture of chemicals, especially acids, dyes, and coal-tar products, and there can be but little doubt that the United States will make new strides in this field, which has been characteristically German. Germany's enemy customers have already begun making inquiries here, not only for chemicals, but for many other industrial lines.

IV

Right here, however, we come upon one of the major after-war problems discussed, and disagreed on, by the bankers in the first paragraph. What is our situation going to be in competing with Germany, England, France—any of the warring nations, grasping their problems with a new fervor, and confronted with the immense need of restoring their respective exchanges to a better basis? German exchange, at this writing, gives the mark a value of just over nineteen cents, as compared with a normal value of nearly twenty-five cents; and yet Germany's purchases from the rest of the world have been at a minimum, as compared with England, France, or Russia. Even if we assume that this reduction in the value of the mark runs no further, — and that would be a very rash assumption indeed, — the exchange is going to make it intolerably expensive for Germany to buy her after-war needs here, unless she can be selling at the same time that she is buying. Conversely, anything she can sell here will produce a home value, in marks, fully twenty-five per cent greater than usual, since \$1000 will buy upwards of 5000 marks, instead of the usual 4000-odd.

This situation, naturally, is not confined to Germany; as a matter of fact, Russia is probably the one of the great powers most in need of restoring her exchange. But it can be accepted as axiomatic that each warring country, on account of the exchange situation, will for a time be able to sell profitably to us and to mutual customers, at prices that would be well below cost of production and delivery on a basis of normal exchange. Moreover, it is so clearly to the interest of each government to have these exchange-restoring sales, made by its own merchants, that all feasible governmental aid will doubt-

less be given to the export trade, offset, of course, by such tariff barriers as each nation may see fit to erect against the others. I believe that our own democratic administration recognizes this situation fully, and is likely to erect anti-dumping barriers in an efficiently undemocratic manner.

In other words, the outlook for permanently higher European wages (if the reader grants it) will not immediately become effective to our advantage as against the present exchange situation except in certain special industries, like shipbuilding; a situation which is practically certain to be materially worse before the war is over, although the better-regulated buying of the past few months and the marshaling of American foreign-held securities to sell back to us have all worked to correct the panicky feeling regarding the course of exchange which so many experienced observers held a few months ago. Later on, the quickest way for any foreign nation to regulate its exchange with us will be to sell us its own securities, but we are not ready to buy them just yet.

This leads to another train of thought suggested by those bankers whose economic disagreements started this paper. How about the foreign government bonds? They are surely going to be plentiful enough, after the war. Shall we buy them here, because they yield so much more than our own best railroad and municipal bonds, or shall we keep on refusing to buy them, and will our reason for refusal be that we are afraid that we are not going to get our money, or will it be prejudice, or the very shrewd reason that an oversupply of any commodity always means a break in the market? Or, for another supposition, will the price of the high-grade government stuff go to a figure which no longer tempts us (in which case, we ought, in the parlance of the Street, to get aboard now and go with

it)? I do not believe any categorical answer can be made to these inquiries, except to concur in the finding that over-production of anything breaks markets. There is going to be choice in government bonds, as there has been in the past; and somewhere down the line, in the Balkans or out of them, some government is going to repudiate something, before they all get their war debts paid off. But England, France, and Germany are not going to repudiate their external debts, although we shall probably see manœuvring, forced extensions, and the like, in the handling of some of their internal debt.

Is it not logical to suppose that when the war is over, or close to it, the best governmental securities will tend to rise rather suddenly — especially the short-time ones, and those not issued in such tremendous volume as to overburden their own particular markets? And if this takes place, will not these two kinds of high-grade bonds, the best governments, and the best American rails and municipals, tend to approach each other in price rather more closely than they stand at present? In other words, should we not expect that government bonds will keep on selling for something less than their acknowledged security-worth, and that the best American corporation bonds will keep on selling somewhat higher than their comparative security-worth, but that the two classes of securities will tend to draw together, impelled by the clamorous need for new development and restoration capital all over the world?

The vision of the conquest of South American trade is to me obscured by the barrier of exchange. Just now, we must finance South America or she must go without, but, at the time of writing, Argentina is the only South American country which has been successful in placing issues in our market, even in a moderately large way, al-

though the new extension of certain important banking interests into the southern hemisphere, coupled with the very evident desire of the trading companies to do the brilliant business offering, if only it can be financed, are pulling together to win over the reluctant American investor to a change of heart regarding South American securities.

Let us assume, therefore, that so long as South America can buy here cheaper than abroad, and get quicker deliveries, she will buy from us to the maximum extent that she can finance her purchases, and that there will be, to some extent, at least, a real change in the trade-relations between the two countries. But, while assuming that, let us not forget that South America and the United States are both producing, rather than consuming, countries; that both of us sell our grain and beef in foreign markets (although we of North America are buying both grain and beef from South America to-day, in addition to our great purchases of Brazilian coffee); that the principal market for Chilean nitrate has always been Germany. In short, let us keep clearly in mind the old maxim that it is apt to be profitable for any country to buy where it sells, and that South America and North America, both of them new, developing, borrowing countries, will normally find it easier to trade with consuming, lending countries than with each other.

As against this argument, it is undeniably true that, along with the constant rise in food-prices here, and our rapid development as a great manufacturing nation, we go through periods from time to time when our manufacturing and agricultural ratios get out of balance, so that it is temporarily profitable for us to import food-products. But our agricultural production is so desperately far removed from a condition of intensive efficiency, that a series

of years of abnormally high crop and meat prices is quite capable of stimulating production to an extent that we perhaps do not realize, unless we compare the acreage outputs of our prairie states with European figures.

Here is a further consideration. We are told that France and England used to be lenders, but have now become borrowers, and that we, who used to be borrowers, are suddenly constituted the world's bankers. This statement is certainly true, as made; what we must determine is whether it is a temporary condition or a permanent one. Can we not summarize a matter difficult of proof by saying that England and France, at least, have not yet given indications of taxing themselves beyond their recuperative power, or of changing their fundamental national characteristics, from being repositories of wealth and banking power, to being eager national producers, constantly borrowing to extend their commercial facilities? In other words, if we assume that France and England are going to succeed ultimately in paying their war debts, most of which are owed at home, and which are not as yet disproportionate to the war loads carried by other generations, then we must assume that these two countries are likely eventually to resume the kind of world-business to which they are accustomed.

The constantly increasing reserves of American money available for investment purposes find abundant outlet along the channels they like best; that is to say, in American development work. In so far as American development extends to foreign countries,—as, for example, the Cuban sugar and tobacco business, the oil business in Mexico, the copper business in Chile, and the beef business in Argentina and Uruguay,—American money will follow it, doubtless in increasing amounts. But the American public is not yet in-

terested in the kind of developments that have characterized British capital, especially in South America, and does not seem likely to turn to them during the period of years when England may feel cramped in her out-country development. Incidentally, it is a curious side-light on our governmental regulation that much of the speculative money which, ten years ago, would have gone into American railroad development, is being diverted, in these prosperous times, to industrial enterprises, because the investor feels that the profits in railroad securities have been strictly limited, while the losses have been left unlimited. This is the first strong commercial revival we have had since our national policy of railroad regulation assumed acute form, and it is the first one when railroad development and railroad securities have been neglected.

The purpose of this paper being to suggest, rather than to settle, some of the peculiar and novel commercial problems with which the country is confronted, it should be noted that the great world changes in commercial enterprise are usually the result of something quite different from armed struggles. England owes to the steam engine more than she does to Drake or to Marlborough, and, in the long light of history, it probably made very little difference to the status of Babylon as a world capital whether Alexander the Great or King Darius won the battle of Arbela. Thirty years hence, the economic effect of the Panama Canal, as shown in really vital commercial changes, seems likely to be greater than the effect of the Great War. Meanwhile, we can be reasonably sure that much of what we predict will be set at naught by changes now going on about us—changes which barely attract our attention at all, amid the clamor of arms.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON PRESERVING OUR BALANCE

'THE great art,' said the White Knight when he was sticking 'head-downwards' in a ditch, 'is to preserve your balance properly.' One hears much nowadays, especially in Europe, of a trait known as 'American get-there ability.' No two people define this quality alike; yet a general opinion seems to have obtained that as a nation we have a characteristic facility for seizing upon new ideas and turning them into immediate and practical use. But as a matter of fact we don't 'get there' to stay, if in our haste we lose our power of wise discrimination. In this country we are far from being 'head-downwards' on the subject of child-psychology. On the contrary, with shoulders thrown back and colors flying, we have mounted our hobbies and are off and away! Before our children draw their first breath we start closing in upon them with every kind of theory. Theories to the right of them, theories to the left of them, they are often victims, as really as were the immortal Six Hundred, to the fact that 'Some one has blundered.' In taking our children conscientiously, why must we let our idea of duty ride rough-shod over common sense?

One wishes we would pause long enough to think things out for ourselves and so instill into the situation a saner judgment and possibly some humor. For over-seriousness imposed on a child may prove a veritable boomerang. A friend of mine, meeting a little girl at Christmas time, said to her, 'What did Santa Claus bring you for Christmas?' To which the child replied, 'My father

and my mother gave me a desk built on hygienic principles.' There is an old French saying from the *Roman de Renard*, 'D'on fust c'on kint souvent est-on battu.' — 'By his own stick the prudent one is often beaten.'

We have made such undeniable progress in our methods of education that it seems all the more pity we have not stopped long enough here to differentiate between an experiment and a conclusion. Are we not in danger of forcing what is really worth while in our knowledge to such extremes that it defeats its own ends? The old saying that if you go too far east you will find yourself going west is applicable here. Often in listening to teachers of young children one gets a little worn with the superlative praise which attends their pupils' efforts, and one wonders if the pupils will always have to be surrounded by such an atmosphere to succeed in the struggle of life. The key is pitched too high; and every endeavor, good, bad, and indifferent, is attuned to it. I know a little boy who came home from kindergarten one day with something he had made, so indefinite in shape that his mother, not quite sure what she must praise, asked him what it was. He answered her from the depth of his instinctive wisdom, 'She [the teacher] talled it a dallant' ip [gallant ship] but me *knows* it's dus a *boat*.' I wish I could duplicate the scorn and disgust of his baby tone.

We all know how far the idea of *Mother Goose* as an unmoral book has obtained. In one modern abridged edition, 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe' ends, 'She gave them some broth and plenty of bread, And

kissed them all fondly and sent them to bed.' Why should the modern child be brought up with the wholly unnatural situation of the heavily burdened mother who behaves exactly as if nothing unusual had occurred? Their literary taste will be ruined if pursued on these lines. 'Spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed' is the only possible, logical course for a desperate-minded woman who 'did n't know what to do.'

One delightful child I know protests against the new version. 'Oh, please don't read it that way; I like the old way best.'

'Why?'

'Oh, it's so much jollier that way.'

'More jolly having broth without any bread, and getting a spanking besides?'

'Well, there were such lots and lots of them, it could n't have been a hard spanking, you know, but the kind of a one when some one chases you with a stick and even if you do get a whack on the legs you don't stop to think how much it hurts, you just run and run. It sounds so jolly, all of them together.'

'But,' I object, 'it says "spanked them all soundly." That sounds like real spanking.'

'I like the old way best anyway,' he affirms stoutly. 'Real spankings are very nice in the morning.'

'In the morning?' I ask mystified.

'I always like the morning after I am spanked the best of all.'

Little philosopher of life, I call him, with a nice literary instinct!

There is a reading book which takes for its theme *Mother Goose* characters. Old friends, dear to every normal child's heart, are dragged from between their comfortable covers and made to do duty in a reading book, as even more insufferable prigs than was the Rollo of my own early reading days. Then we knew instinctively that Rollo was a

prig, and having put him in his proper place we wrested what wild enjoyment we could from him. But it is distressing to see 'Jack and Jill,' 'Mary, Mary,' and 'Little Miss Muffet' taken from their own vignettied setting of four or five lines and stretched out painfully through as many pages of utter twaddle. It is unfair to attack our children in such a way.

In a spelling book in use now in some of our public schools there are quotations from *Alice in Wonderland* at the head of several of the lessons. For instance, the lesson containing the words addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, is headed with:—

"I took only the regular course," said the Mock Turtle.

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and writhing, of course; to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied, "and then the different branches of Arithmetic: Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." This is followed by the words, 'Make a list of your school studies which correspond to the Mock Turtle's subjects.' I wondered, when I saw it, how much these few lines, isolated and dislocated from a classic, would add either to the clearer understanding or to the culture of the Roumanians, Slavs, Italians, and the rest, who throng our public schools.

There is a volume of poetry selected for children which also illustrates what I have in mind. The poems are well chosen and the introduction to the work is good, but the whole book is marred by the explanatory notes with which each poem is prefaced. In the notes the idea of giving the children what is best in the thought of the poem has led to ludicrous misrepresentations. In each one the moral side has been the main, and in some, the only interpretation of them. As well stand before one of Monet's subtle interpretations of water and look for the moral effect of it! It is

such distortions as this which cripple the æsthetic value of certain things in education.

Why should we blunder by over-emphasizing the moral of a thing when its real value is preëminently an æsthetic one? It is as bad as playing an exquisite piece of music with a wrong and false accent all through. It is not reading it truthfully. It is artificial.

How Thackeray would have laughed (a laugh with some resentment in it, too) to have his ballad of 'Little Billee' introduced to the readers with the following words: 'It carries a good lesson good-naturedly rendered.' I cannot for the life of me find the 'good lesson' in it. I have tried to turn and twist every part of it into a lesson, but it still evades me. The nearest I can get to it is when 'little Billee,' about to be eaten by 'gorging Jack' and 'guzzling Jimmie,' marks time by asking if he may climb to the 'top-gallant mast-head' and say 'the catechism which my poor mammy taught to me.' But even then his mind could not have been upon his devotions with one eye carefully peeled for land ahead.

Again take the introduction to 'Little Orphant Annie.' It tells us 'how truly a little child may be overtaxed and yet preserve a brave spirit and keen imagination'! This certainly has the advantage of being able to give Mr. James Whitcomb Riley a totally new point of view.

To 'The Noble Nature' of Ben Jonson is appended, 'Small virtue well polished is better than none.' The comment on Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' is, 'The lesson of this masterpiece is insensibility to crime.'

Truly the American conscience has run amuck here! The rainbow-colored bubble of one's imagination has been pricked with a pen!

There seems to be among these unbalanced faddists an anxiety to inter-

pret for the child. They lead him carefully along lest he miss something that would add to his more perfect development. Poor little bound-in feet that were made to fare forth joyously on their voyage of discovery! Cannot these people understand that they are insulting his common sense, that his intuitive perception will by itself lead him close to the spirit of the thing? It is the part of wisdom to lend a hand only when we find him going as far astray as a little boy of six who was reciting 'Barbara Frietchie' to me. After reciting the lines, —

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said, —

with great elocutionary fire, he stopped suddenly; and then, after a moment's thought, he asked, 'Do you know why the leader would n't let his soldiers shoot her?'

'No,' I said. 'Why?'

'Because he did n't want to waste any of his dood bullets on dat old gray head!'

HOUSEKEEPING FOR MEN

THERE was a time when I believed that women had no intrinsic talent for housekeeping. Since trying a few weeks of it, I am convinced that men have absolutely none either. As a sociologist, I shall devote myself to the question how the race ever overcame the frightful technical difficulties and rose to even its present low position.

My friend Achates and myself, set unbefriended in a summer cottage, found ourselves taking three hours to prepare and dispose of our first breakfast. When the last plate had been thoughtfully put away, we sat down and computed. Three meals a day at three hours per meal was nine hours a day devoted to the mere primitive act of supporting existence. Achates had hoped to practice four hours a day; I

to write. I tried to cheer him up by pointing out that if we slept a decent eight hours a day, we should still have three full hours for pure recreation. But he refused to be comforted. He was for fleeing at once to effete and servile civilization. The urgency of the situation required an immediate application of the steeliest intelligence to this immemorial profession of womankind. We telescoped the advance of the centuries into ten minutes. Our first act was to abolish the hot lunch. Instead of building our roaring wood-fire, we regaled ourselves with sardines, cheese, sandwiches, and milk. For breakfast I constructed an unalterable and stereotyped form of bacon and eggs, triscuit, and chocolate, and to it applied the most recent principles of scientific management. Every utensil, every motion, every process, was carefully regulated. Each morning the meal was put through in the same order of twenty-six moves, and I soon felt the fierce joy of efficiency in following my incomparable ritual. In the course of a week I had reduced my working-time sixty per cent, and on those mornings when Achates happened to get the wood placed right in the stove, we would attain a maximum and inclusive speed of less than an hour.

Our only remaining problem then was dinner, and in the solution of this we called in social adaptation. We could think of no better technique than to make ourselves so popular in the community that we should be constantly invited out. But there were nights when we were not popular, and then our technique was strained to the breaking-point. I felt a naïve gratitude toward cans, until Achates began talking about benzoates and things. When the butcher deigned to drop in on us, we had meat, and I got many novel cannibalistic pleasures from the lurid sizzling of chops over the fire.

If it was I who supplied the technical ingenuity, it was Achates who gave the really creative color to our work. He early came into possession of the cookbook of the Village Ladies' Social Circle, and into its mysteries we adventured far. Achates had a weakness for muffins, and one evening, having selected that recipe which appealed most to his sense of form and balance, we went to bed in a deeply solemn mood. When I came down next morning, I found Achates in the act of pouring out a golden mass into a pan. The pan was flat, and when I asked with my quick technical intuition how this mass proposed to biscuitize itself, he assured me that this was the way his mother always did it, for he had often watched her. In the process of baking, he said, each little muffin differentiated itself out from the golden mass, and stood gloriously by itself. When the pan should come on the table, he assured me, there would be a golden cluster of nicely intelligible muffins. Something told me that the dough was much more likely to flow evenly into one large muffin, but Achates said darkly that there was something mystical about it all. He could n't explain how it happened, but he just knew it did.

Far from being unsound, my prophecy had not been pessimistic enough. When we took our pan from the oven there was not even one muffin. That lovely golden mass, mixed after the most orthodox rules of the Ladies' Social Circle, had merely flowed silently in a thin sheet over the pan. The laws of gravity had done their deadly work and only a thin crust remained. The discouraged dough had not even had the energy to 'rise.' The whole mass had acted in the most unfeeling and unmuffinlike way. We ate our breakfast in depressed mood. We were now willing to ascribe to woman not only talent, but genius in housekeeping. And

not only genius, but a truly magical command over the forces of Nature, the character of which, not having the divine afflatus, we could only dimly surmise.

FADED ENTHUSIASMS

IN Mr. Scudder's biography of Lowell there is a curious reminder of the change that overcomes us all, earlier or later as the case may be, in reaching what Dr. Holmes calls the table-land of life. The biographer says of Lowell that 'upon writing of Carlyle when he himself was nearing the line of fifty, there was an undercurrent of reminiscence of his own callowness. He remembered his devotion to the Carlyle of the *Miscellanies*, and was more or less conscious that he had outlived his first enthusiasm.'

This passage was forcibly brought home to me the other day when I took down from its shelf an old volume of the French dramatist, Sardou, whose lightest line I loved once to the point of adoration, and was impressed less by its supreme cleverness than by its theatrical artificiality. My own marginal notes, made at the time the original players were still performing in Paris, touched me no longer. Even the masterpiece, *Patrie*, the only play of all Sardou taken over to the Théâtre Français by right of eminent domain, seemed to me but fairly good melodrama, — its hero long-winded and tiresome and something of a *poseur*. I doubt if I could sit through to the end of him even in the theatre now!

Here is a change, indeed! How queerly we are all made up! Do we outgrow things thus every year or two, I wonder, and wake up to find them tedious and unprofitable? Do we live a while with

our Carlyles, only to throw them over? Is mortal man so fickle that nothing of all he has done may grow familiar, nothing bear the test of repetition? Will the utterance of genius, some day, fail to stir him? The great lines of Othello and Hamlet, for instance, grow feeble and pall?

If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened
death,

And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

No! Those lines will live as long as there are tongues to speak and ears to hear them. We read them at all times and seasons, and they grow in beauty. They defy analysis, like the note of the nightingale.

The enthusiasms of the day and hour I suppose to be merely temperamental. They are signs of an active mind, and we should be grateful for them rather than otherwise, whether swiftly outgrown or not. For they are but surface-eddies of the current, and have but the slightest relation to the depth below. Even if some of them endure to the point of permanence, they are more likely than not to hold their proper place, and do no harm. The effervescence of youth is an excellent thing, and the more of it we keep in middle age or later life, the better. Contrariwise, if, one by one, our images totter, fall, and break, no matter. We can sit in serene contemplation of their fragments. 'Through plot and counter-plot,' through all time and change, the 'Nightingale in the Study' will still sing on.